

**COMMENT OF
THE DAY**

A New Policy?

QUIETLY and discreetly Government this week announced relaxation of controls over the importation of coal. Certainly it is not a subject of burning public controversy—like other commodities such as rice, for example—and the new policy as applied to coal does not deserve bold headlines. There are considerations, however.

Originally, there were suggestions that coal—like rice—was to be turned over by Government to a small group of substantial, well-known importers whose reputation in that particular trade had been firmly established in past years. Now it appears from Government's announcement that coal importation is to be thrown open to any merchant. And there is no longer need to maintain reserve stocks.

BY this action Government appears to establish a new precedent—and therein lies the interest. Allowing for the difference both in the actual commodities and their relative importance to the community, it is pertinent to ask whether this same policy is now to be applied to rice. Or, to put it another way, has Government re-examined import policies for reserved commodities generally and found the old system unsuitable, inadequate and prejudicial to the community's economic welfare?

Rice, it may be recalled, was confined to a selected group of 29 importers. The whole point of the criticism that followed the announcement of that plan last year was that it was wrong in principle to hand over the rice trade to a small privileged group of merchants because theoretically the system was open to abuse. At any rate, it was a system that was bound to keep ruling prices above those in any other part of Southeast Asia.

Government's attitude over rice suggested that it justified the system of restricted licensing on the grounds that only a few specialists knew the intricacies and complexities of the trade and that it was therefore better to be confined to the few. Surely that argument can also be applied to coal. It cuts both ways. Similarly, if coal can be imported freely by any merchant who wants to engage in that trade, then why cannot rice? A statement from Government on future policy will be awaited with interest.

**IT'S GOING TO BE
DEEDS, NOT WORDS**

**Chou En-lai And Relaxing
Of Far East Tension**

KRISHNA MENON'S COMMENT

From LES ARMOUR

London, June 3.

India's roving ambassador Krishna Menon told me tonight he was certain both sides in the Formosa dispute were genuinely seeking peace—and that he could see no problems which could not be settled by negotiation.

He declined to say whether or not he was taking any specific proposals to Washington with him, but he said "No doubt I'll be seeing people about the situation."

He said he didn't think there was anything to be gained by making his discussions with Chou En-lai public at this time—"but that isn't to say we are treading on eggs. We are not."

Seated behind a massive mahogany desk in a dark and slightly dingy top floor room in the offices of the India League in the Strand, Mr. Menon said: "The Chinese Premier has said he is very hopeful. He said that I didn't. But he wouldn't say that unless he thought there would be a relaxing of tension—he certainly wouldn't have said it if he thought that tension was going to increase."

Moreover, he said, there were signs there would be deeds and not mere words to back up the conviction. "As I said before, the release of American airmen is a sign. There are likely to be more signs."

He emphasised, however, that his visit to the United States wasn't officially connected with the Far Eastern situation—"I am going to a meeting of the United Nations Trusteeship Council in New York, and then I am going to San Francisco."

The visit could not be officially connected with the Formosa question because "India isn't a party to the dispute in any sense."

But he said he thought, nevertheless, that India could be of use in the problem "because nobody questions our motives, although they may not agree with what we say."

Despite his optimism, however, Mr. Menon insisted, "We must approach the problem with an appropriate sense of the gravity of the situation. The problem is really one of peaceful approach."—London Express Service.

**Dalton Quits The
Shadow Cabinet**

London, June 3.

A former Socialist Minister, Hugh Dalton, quit the Labour Party leadership today and called on his ageing colleagues to do likewise, so younger men could have a chance to rebuild the election-wrecked political machine.

The 67-year-old former Chancellor of the Exchequer said he was resigning from the Party's "Shadow Cabinet," "and I hope that a number of my fellow veterans will do likewise."

But he refused to join the "sack Alties" cry.

Mr. Dalton, a Member of Parliament since 1924, announced his decision in a letter to the Socialist leader, Clement Attlee. Mr. Attlee is 72. But Mr. Dalton made clear his call for young blood specifically excluded the Party chief.

MAKE IT YOUNGER
"It is essential in my view that from the start of the new Parliament, there should be a much younger Shadow Cabinet," wrote Mr. Dalton.

The average age of the Labour Shadow Cabinet is about 60; that of Sir Anthony Eden's Tory Cabinet is 55.

Mr. Dalton told Mr. Attlee he firmly hoped Mr. Attlee would continue to lead the Party.

"I myself have decided not to be a candidate for our Shadow Cabinet in the new Parliament and I hope that a number of my fellow veterans will decide likewise," he said.

"But your own position is a very special one. It is, in my strong hope that in the interests of Party unity you will continue as leader when the new Parliament meets. This hope is shared, I know, by many of our colleagues. No one else among us, of whatever age, can do this difficult job so well as you can."—United Press.

**TODAY'S
WEATHER**

A statement issued by the Royal Observatory this morning stated that at 3 a.m. Hongkong Summer Time the tropical storm was centred about 170 miles south of Hongkong and was almost stationary. A trough of low pressure extends from the northeast of the storm to a depression centred east of Honshu. Winds of 40 knots have been reported near the centre.

The forecast for today is: Fresh or strong northeast winds, mainly cloudy, with occasional rain. Cool.

The strong wind signal which was hoisted on Thursday evening was lowered at 10.30 a.m.

Only .04 inch of rain fell between midnight and 9 a.m. today.

Seeks Asylum

Vienna, June 3.
World famous Hungarian swimming coach Istvan Hunyadi has asked the United States authorities here for asylum. It was learned today. Hunyadi was here to take part in a swimming match between Austria and Hungary.

The American Embassy here refused to give any information on Hunyadi. However, it was reliably reported that he has already left Vienna and is in the American occupation zone.

—France-Press.

**Child Falls 15 Ft.
Is Unhurt**

Washington, June 3.
Three-year-old Billy Oliver fell out of bed here, went through an open window and dropped 15 feet to the ground—and escaped unhurt.

He had been clutching his pillow and landed on it.—China Mail Special.

**China Mail
Feature
Highlights**

Here are some of the highlights in today's feature section:

P. 6: Beginning today, "The Royal Success Story," by Richard Dimbleby.

P. 7: "Ticket to Trouble," part 3 by Leonard Mosley; "The Quick at Sea," another in the Did It Happen? series by T.E.B. Clarke.

P. 8: "The Price of Speed," by Chapman Pincher; Teenage Friends: True or False, by Arthur Hunter.

P. 9: Week-end Woman: new beachwear fashion from London.

P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports reviews.

**Man's Sight
Dramatically
Restored**

Norwich, June 3.

Mr. Peter Barr, totally blind since 1952, had an argument with his wife last week, struck his fist on his palm... and there stood the wife he had never seen gradually materialising before his eyes.

"In about 15 minutes, I could see," 34-year-old Mr. Barr said when the story was told here. "The first thing I did was kiss my wife, then I broke up my white stick and threw it in the fire."

After that, there was a celebration in champagne with friends.

Mr. Barr's sight was affected while serving with the Royal Air Force in North Africa during World War II. Gradually his sight became less and less, until in 1952, complete darkness closed in.

It was in that darkness that he first met his wife and later married her.—China Mail Special.

**Calling Up
Reservists**

Paris, June 3.

The French government tonight decided to recall to the colours about 9,000 former national servicemen living in Algeria to join in the fight against terrorism there.

A government spokesman told reporters after a Cabinet meeting that the government had decided to authorise the Governor-General, M. Jacques Soustelle of Algeria to recall a batch of former conscripts.

These would amount to between 8,000 and 10,000 men, including both Frenchmen living in Algeria and native-born Arabs.—Reuter.

**Motor Cyclists
Trapped**

Cuneo, Italy, June 3.

A peasant, Giovanni Asmar, 32, alleged to have laid a trap for motor cyclists who roared past his farm "raising clouds of dust," has been committed for trial here.

Police claimed he tied a length of wire across the road 30 inches from the ground in which six motor cyclists crashed and had to be taken to hospital.—China Mail Special.

BRITAIN'S INDUSTRIAL CRISIS

**Eden Being Forced To
Walk A Tight-Rope**

London, June 3.

Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden was walking on a tight-rope between Labour leaders and right-wing members of his own Conservative Party today as Britain's nationwide railway strike went into its sixth straight day.

On the Labour front, Sir Anthony must avoid antagonising the 450,000-member National Union of Railwaymen (NUR) into joining the walkout. The NUR has so far opposed the strike, which was set off last Sunday when the 67,000-man Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen (ASLEF) walked out in support of a claim that their wage level had not kept pace with NUR wage boosts.

A misstep by the Premier could also throw the weight of the London bus drivers and conductors union into the strike.

Displaced Korean POWs

**Strong Accusations
Against India**

Seoul, June 3.

The South Korean government today demanded that the Indian government immediately permit South Korean officials to interview non-repatriated Korean prisoners of war in India to "ascertain their real wishes in the matter of residence and determine the nature of Indian pressures and pro-Communist tactics" in handling them.

The official government spokesman, Dr. Karl Hoag Kee, said in a statement: "The Indian government has absolutely no right to deny the Republic of Korea access to those (Korean prisoners) who in effect are citizens of this country and who now are claiming asylum in the land of their birth."

"Nor has it any right to deny the United Nations its proper and legal jurisdiction in the matter," Karl added.

Seventy-six Korean prisoners of war who refused to go either to North or South Korea went to India in January last year with Indian troops which had taken custody of prisoners in the Korean demilitarised zone.

A few of them were reported to want to go to North Korea and 43 others were later reported to have chosen Latin American countries or South Korea as a place of permanent residence.

But, Dr. Karl said in the statement today, "In desperation, some of the ex-prisoners decided to stay in India. Five, or perhaps six, were sent back to Communism in one of the most barbarous and inhuman acts in human history. They were sent to certain torture and death—and obviously decided to go only under heavy pressure and Indian brand of brain-washing."

BEATEN UP

Dr. Karl continued: "The 43 who want to come to free Korea have told the United Nations that the Indians have been importing them to return to Communism. When they refused, they were beaten and their leader was imprisoned. They were forbidden to talk to correspondents, prevented from protesting to Premier Nehru and otherwise treated as common criminals."

"Such actions by the Indian government are cruel, uncivilised, totally illegal and designed to give aid and comfort to the enemy of the free world," Dr. Karl said.

The Korean Foreign Minister, Mr. Pyun Yung-tai, had announced that the South Korean government officially requested

Sir Anthony is being pressured from the other side by right wing members and businessmen, who feel they have a score to settle with the unions.

The Government has set up a special inter-ministerial committee to meet economic difficulties stemming from the strike.

The Prime Minister is scheduled to make his second broadcast speech within a week on Sunday to explain his Government's plans to cope with the emergency.

If the management of Britain's nationalised railways boosts the ASLEF's wages, the NUR will immediately seek a corresponding wage rise.

TWO POSSIBILITIES
It was believed that the management might agree to negotiate on the highly expensive double wage increase if it were allowed to raise Britain's railway fares, which are among the lowest in Europe.

The management might also settle for a state subsidy to compensate the pay rise.

Meanwhile, hundreds of reserve policemen and firemen were being recruited in London to control traffic and ensure order during the walkout.

Hundreds of cots and mattresses were delivered to the House of Commons today to accommodate Members of Parliament who might not be able to return home after late debates because of the rail tie-up.

Parliament is scheduled to reopen next Tuesday.

On the water front, 221 more dockers walked out today to bring the total of men out of work to 20,028 in the strike which hit the ports of London, Manchester, Hull and Rochester 12 days ago. A total of 168 ships are tied up by the strike.—France-Press.

**HAWK ATTACKS
ALPHISTS**

Bellia, Italy, June 3.

Two Alphists, Giovanni Ribot, 25, and Mario Guerri, 24, clung helplessly to the side of a mountain here early today while a furious hawk attacked them with its beak and talons.

When the bird finally wheeled away into the sky, the men's clothes were in shreds, and blood streamed from their all over them.—China Mail Special.

**NOW 3 FLIGHTS WEEKLY
HONGKONG - TOKYO**

**FLY
JAPAN AIR LINES**

FLIGHTS
LEAVE
HONG KONG
MONDAY
WEDNESDAY
FRIDAY

BOOK YOUR RESERVATION NOW

JAPAN AIR LINES CO. LTD.
CAXTON HOUSE, DUDDELL ST., H.K. TEL. 33824
PENINSULA HOTEL, KOWLOON. TEL. 53032

For Smoother Riding!

MARFAK
Lubrication

CALTEX

Central Cooling

No doubt some earnest persons have from time to time devised a formula for the measurement of thirst. They might, for instance, multiply the temperature (in degrees centigrade) by the humidity (in degrees of discomfort) and divide by the energy expended in the game in progress or in strokes per hole, goals per chukka, runs per over. But whatever the variables involved, the answer remains constant. Take a long glass of Rose's Lime Juice with a couple of ice-cubes floating hold it to the light and gloat over its pale translucent greenness, rock it gently until the ice-cubes tinkle. Then put yourself outside it.

**ROSE'S
Lime Juice**

—MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE

KING'S * PRINCESS

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. | At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

SHOWING TO-DAY

He Faced An Empire of
Barbed-Wire and Bullets...
To Keep The Most Dangerous
Bargain of All!



Technicolor

Universal International presents
**KIRK DOUGLAS · JEANNE CRAIN
CLAIRE TREVOR**

MAN WITHOUT A STAR

Starring WILLIAM CAMPBELL · RICHARD BOONE · MARA CORDAY · MYRON HANSEN

EXTRA MORNING SHOW
TO-MORROW

KING'S at 11.30 a.m. PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.
John Wayne in "FLYING LEATHERNECKS" Paramount presents
in color by Technicolor. A PROGRAMME OF
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
At Reduced Prices

LEE Theatre

DAILY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

SHOWING TO-DAY

PATHE OVERSEAS LTD. presents
DOMINIQUE WILMS
EDDIE CONSTANTINE
LA NÔME VERT DE GRIS
Poison Ivy
WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES

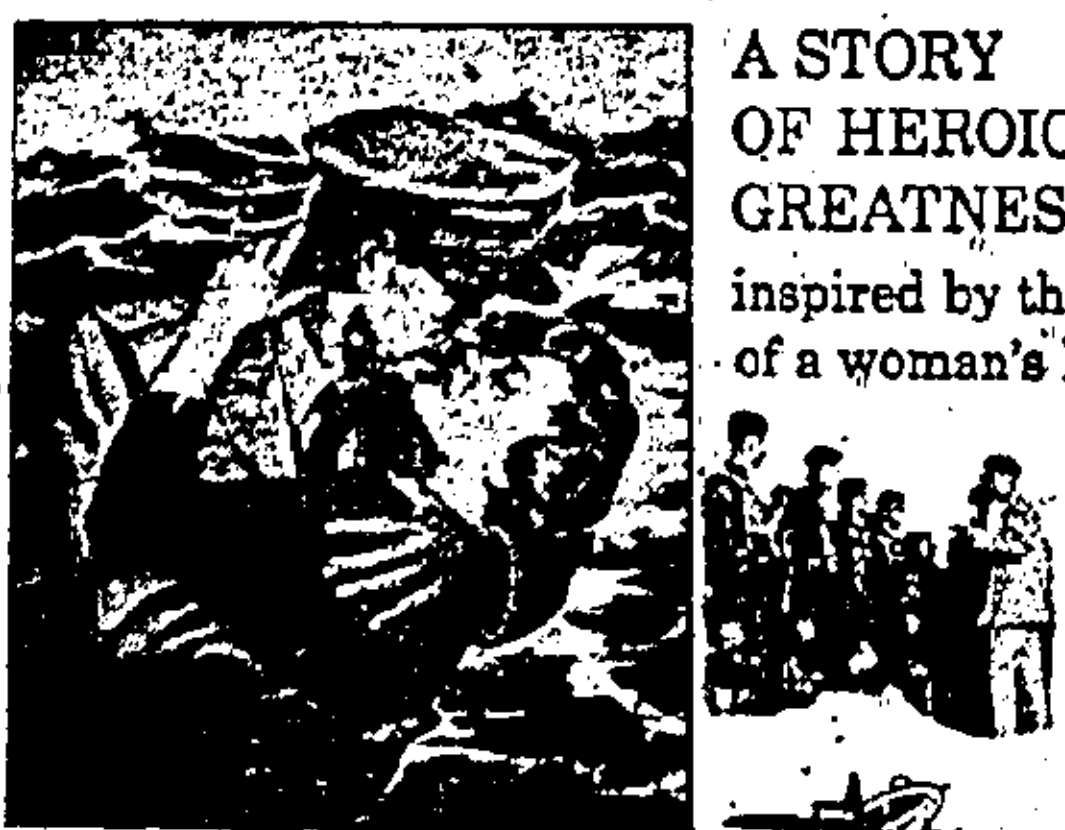


MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.00 NOON
20th Century-Fox Presents
MIGHTY MOUSE COLOUR CARTOONS
At Reduced Prices: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

NEW YORK - GREAT WORLD

CAUSEWAY BAY, TEL 78721 KOWLOON, TEL 53500

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



A STORY
OF HEROIC
GREATNESS...
inspired by the depth
of a woman's love!

HERBERT J. YATES
presents
THE ETERNAL SEA
Starring STERLING HAYDEN · ALEXIS SMITH · DEAN JAGGER
with BEN COOPER · VIRGINIA GREY · RICHARD CRANE · Screen Play by ALLEN RAYMAN
Story by WILLIAM WISTER HAUNES · Executive Producer ROBERT J. RAYMAN
A REPUBLIC PICTURE

ROXY & BROADWAY

OPENS TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



"CAMELLIA"

茶花女
Starring
Li Li-Hwa
Chang Ying

A Chinese Picture in Mandarin Dialogue
ROXY: 5 Shows To-morrow "CAMELLIA"
Extra Performance At 12.00 Noon
BROADWAY: To-morrow Morning Show At 12.30 P.M.
FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME
Reduced Admission: \$1.20 & 70 Cts.

Fred Astaire COMING
Leslie Caron in "Daddy Long Legs"
Color by DE LUXE · CINEMASCOPE

FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

The recent Scott Brady picture — "The Law vs. Billy the Kid" will probably have reminded western fans that the infamous William Bonney is no longer a hissing character and that although his early part in the cattle wars of the 1870's was not altogether an example to the young, his motives weren't as self-centred as the cowboy novelists have made them.

In a picture made some years ago, Robert Taylor played Billy in the grand manner and with the current fashion for reviving some of the better outdoor films, it's coming back to the Hoover and Liberty screens.

Exploiting his English accent, Ian Hunter has been made into a law-abiding English rancher whose death at the hands of the Hickey gang (Hickey himself being played with his customary oiliness by Gene Lockhart) is the spark that fires Taylor into returning to lawlessness after a period of unusually good behaviour.

To Brian Donlevy falls the task of showing him that the law must be left to the man who wears the right badge.

Pierre Cheyney

En Francais

The thrills come thick and fast in "Poison Ivy", with Eddie Constantine playing Peter Cheyney's slap 'em and kiss 'em hero in a fashion that should make his creator rest happily.

That favourite haunt of the sensation writers, Casablanca, is the locale for the opening of the picture, and naturally the action takes off with a bang—in a bar. A young man is involved in a fight with what appears to be a stranger, and during his resulting period of haziness babbles incoherently of gold.

His flights of fancy mean nothing to the police—as any reader of Peter Cheyney's books will anticipate—but to Eddie Constantine, beloved of the gods, bearer of a charmed life and powers of deduction that would shame even a newspaper correspondent, they spell international crime involving almost every known crook in the business.

Before leaving "Poison Ivy", a word on Constantine himself: although he is a household word in France he was born in America and completely failed to make a name for himself there.

In spite of persistent trying, the nearest he got to screen work was in a crowd scene in "Alexander's Ragtime Band". He next tried to hit the headlines as a singer, but there were many other "bass" voices going into the battle with bigger guns behind them, and this too was a failure.

It wasn't until he went to France with his wife—a ballet dancer with the de Basil company—that he began to find his feet via parts in quite small films. The final joke is that Hollywood: they are talking of making a film of his life-story!

Cowboy Under

A Microscope

"Man Without A Star" is one of the new type westerns in which one man is brought into the open and peered at through a magnifying glass which exaggerates every movement and gesture he makes.

In the old style and routine westerns the plot always runs true to pattern and although there may be a featured player, his capabilities are usually such that the glare of the limelight is tempered towards him and his acting imperfections partly masked behind western props, character actors and plenty of horses.

Kirk Douglas, on the other hand, is obviously of the opinion that he is now an experienced actor to shout, whisper, fight, and make love with nothing to distract the attention of the audience from his performance.

To a certain extent he is justified in this assumption. He is an interesting personality, he does command attention and he can act. The question is whether all the amount of energy he expends on proving it in "Man Without A Star" is worthwhile.

He's just a roving cowboy who is continually moving on away from the wire fences that



A scene from "The Eternal Sea".

The New Films At A Glance
SHOWING

EMPIRE: "Striporama". Just what the title suggests, with some of the stripping being done by leading burlesque specialist Lili St. Cyr.
HOOPER AND LIBERTY: "Billy the Kid". A western on a grand scale. Robert Taylor, Brian Donlevy and Ian Hunter.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Man Without A Star". A western in which the hero rides into town, rights its wrongs and rides on. Kirk Douglas, William Campbell and Jeanne Crain.
LEE: "Poison Ivy". A Peter Cheyney thriller in French with English sub-titles. Eddie Constantine and Dominique Wilms.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Eternal Sea". A display of moral and physical courage from a US Naval commander. Sterling Hayden, Alexis Smith and Dean Jagger.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Paris Follies". A light-hearted musical based on the revue. Raymond Bussières and Robert Dierly.
ROXY and BROADWAY: "Camellia". Greta Garbo's celebrated role played by Li Li-Hwa.

COMING

HOOPER and LIBERTY: "Athena". A back-to-nature family whose youngsters are named after Greek goddesses try to convert a crooner and a young business man to their moon-struck ways. Edmund Purdom, Jane Powell, Vic Damone and Debbie Reynolds.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Four Guns To The Border". A western in which the bad boys have a change of heart. Rory Calhoun, Walter Brennan and Colleen Miller.

LEE: "I'll be seeing you". A girl on temporary leave from prison and a nerve-shocked soldier helps to rehabilitate each other. Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten and Shirley Temple.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Union Pacific". A western dramatizing the building of the railway linking the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of North America. Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Creature With The Atom Brain".
ROXY and BROADWAY: "Daddy Long Legs". A re-make of the old Janet Gaynor picture with Leslie Caron taking her role and Fred Astaire that of Fredric March.

are gradually transforming the wide open spaces into separate farms. He has no family, no hopes, no ties, loneliness is no problem to him, as in spite of his lack of ambition, he is completely self-sufficient.

Not a very vital character on which to hang a film. However, Kirk Douglas works hard on him and presents him to us on a plate as a sort of western Robin Hood, taking sides against his nature, with Cassidy who wants to fence in his range. Even worse than Cassidy in the eyes of Kirk Douglas, is Jeanne Crain who wants to get rich quickly by grazing more cattle than the land can stand, so that in three years all the grass will have gone and she will leave for the East having made her fortune, ruining men of Cassidy's type in the meantime.

Nothing much is accomplished there—a big fight between men of the rival ranches and although it is Cassidy who is the victor, one feels that a woman as ruthless as Jeanne Crain (an unusual role for her) will soon rally her forces and fight back. However, at this point Douglas rides on out of the story and the film ends rather inconclusively with the somewhat unpleasant little tough (William Campbell of "Cell 2445" fame) being thrown into the arms of Cassidy's daughter as Frankie Lane sings off screen "The man without a star".

Film For Tired

Businessmen

With two strip tease shows on in Hongkong at the same time, the tired businessmen whose meat this is traditionally supposed to be will be able to have a high old time.

"Striporama" gives the TBM Lili St. Cyr (who has Walter Winchell's approval, according to the publicity items on this picture), Rosita Royce, whose doves do most of her work for her and Georgia Southern—a dancer from that southern state who looks, like the others, as though she deserves, at the very least, a bad cold!

mirals with such familiarity that one's sense of proportion is sorely tried.

We've been used to films about the sea in which everyone from an able seaman to the first lieutenant has a problem, but we're not used to watching an admiral writhing under the microscope and although one cannot help admiring the strength of purpose of the man who inspired the film, I'm not sure that I like to see a group of responsible men being made to look silly because they have overlooked an old unrecalled regulation allowing a wounded officer to choose whether or not he will be retired.

Of course there is a great deal more to the picture than this—some excellent action shots of aerial warfare from a carrier—interestingly photographed scenes from the "brain" of the carrier while it's aircraft are carrying out an attack many miles away—and some good acting from both Sterling Hayden (who I must confess I didn't think had it in him) and Dean Jagger.

But the force of character of Admiral Hoskins would have come over with more power had his story been treated with less sentimentality.

We all know that every sensitive man with a family likes to be with them, knows and appreciates their loneliness while he is away from them, and when faced with a choice, would rather accept a job using less than his capabilities in order to be able to spend more time with them.

But, as the point of "The Eternal Sea" was to emphasise Admiral Hoskins' battle and victory over the prejudice against using a man who had lost a leg gallantly in action, too much stress was laid on his private life and the influence of his wife—an unwelcome role taken by Alexis Smith.

Fernandel Faces

And The Follies

Don't be put off by the more sensational aspects of "Paris Follies". True, there is quite a lot of burlesque and suggestiveness, but the combined comedy efforts of Raymond Bussières and Louis de Funès as a plumber and a chief of police respectively are so hilarious that if the other part offends you, you can afford to ignore it.

The long-suffering producer is attempting to carry out a rehearsal of the "Follies Mericourt" throughout the film. The plumber interrupts, his wife carries on back-chat with the artists on the stage, the principal dancer's replacement turns out to be a tylist, a panther escapes, the chief of police gets accidentally mixed up in the show—all of which diversions are treated with a mixture of amused indulgence by the female director (a mature character slightly involved with the producer) and amused irritation by the producer himself.

Bussières has the face of an amiable horse—a slightly more acidic Fernandel with the same infinite variety of facial expression. Make a note of his name, anything in which he appears is bound to produce the unexpected.

The Admiral's
Dilemma

"The Eternal Sea" fairly bristles with brass. Hardly anyone is less than a captain and the director treats ad-

NEW BRITISH STAR



Jean Carson, a new young English star who will soon be appearing in J. Arthur Rank's "As Long As They're Happy"

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. | 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

SHOWING TO-DAY

Something New.....Something Different.....



PARIS FOLLIES

Featuring the Famous BLUEBELLY Girls and a Brevé of 100 FRENCH BEAUTIES

Distributed by United French Film Ltd.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

5 SHOWS TOMORROW

"PARIS FOLLIES"

EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.

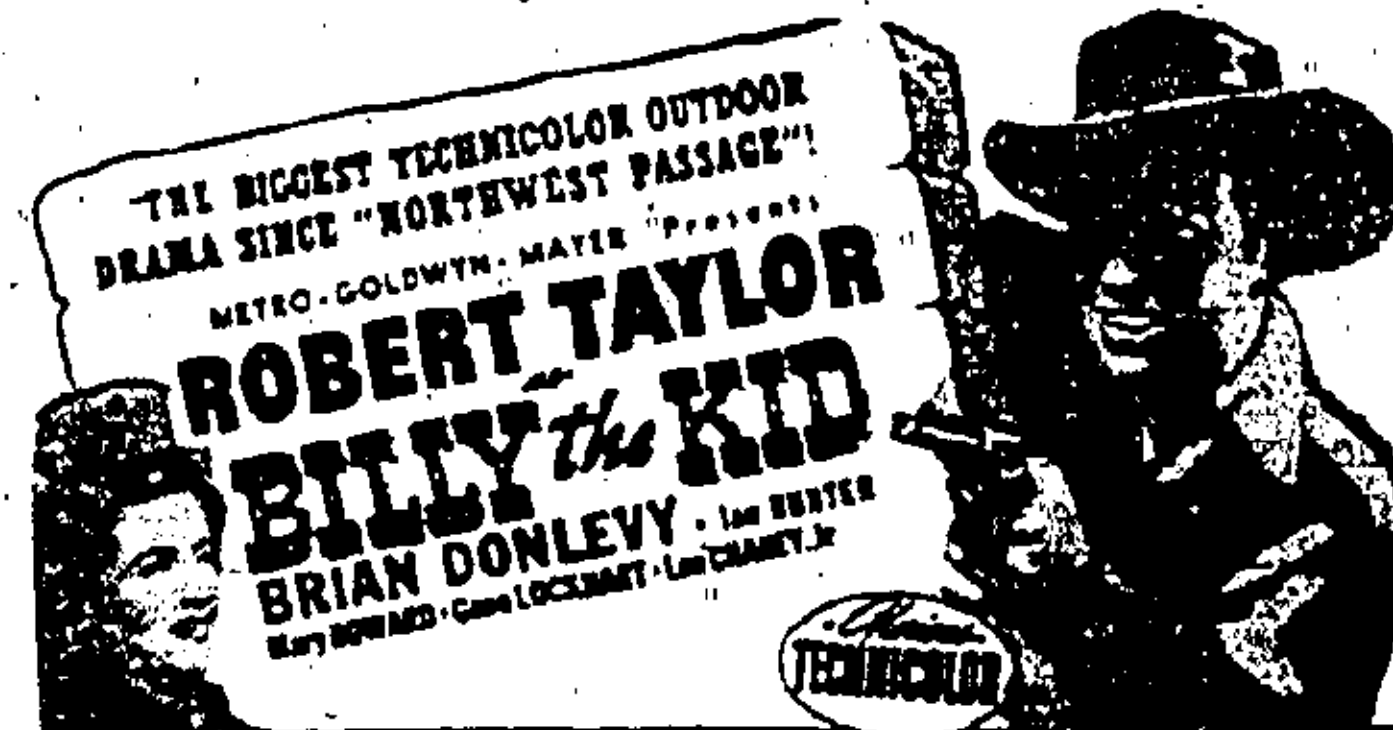
HOOVER : LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL 72371 KOWLOON TEL 50335

OPENS TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE BIGGEST TECHNICOLOR OUTDOOR
DRAAMA SINCE "NORTHWEST PASSAGE!"



**ROBERT TAYLOR
BILLY the KID**
BRIAN DONLEVY · LILI ST. CYR
Screen Play by LEE RAYMAN · Story by LEE RAYMAN

ADDED ATTRACTION

A VISIT TO M-G-M STUDIO

Actual behind-the-scenes view of the booming activities at the studio as well as glimpses of pictures in production.

SUNDAY MORNING MATINEE: REDUCED ADMISSION

HOOVER at 12.00 noon LIBERTY at 12.30 p.m.
Assortment of Newest 1955

MGM COLOR CARTOONS

In CinemaScope with Perspecta Stereophonic Sound.

EMPIRE

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN COLOR
The three most exotic stars
in ONE GREAT SHOW!



STRIPORAMA

LILI ST. CYR
GEORGIA SOTHERN
ROSITA ROYCE
with BETTY PAGE · JACK DUMMOND
M. & Mrs. AMERICA and THE VENUS BEAUTIES

TO-MORROW

SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.

TONY CURTIS in

"BEACH HEAD"

(TECHNICOLOR)

Reduced Prices: \$1.00, 70 Cts. & 40 Cts.

The Garrison Players

MEMBERS ARE REMINDED THAT THE

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

will be held at 8.30 p.m. (prompt)
on TUESDAY, JUNE 7th

in the

SEAMEN'S MISSION

Gloucester Road

NEWCOMERS INTERESTED IN DRAMA
ARE INVITED TO ATTEND.

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Confucius Speaks
To Him In Dreams

New York.

Three times in the last 30 years Confucius has said things in dreams, to Yun Gee, the well-known Chinese-American artist and inventor.

The last time, Confucius said a mouthful, Yun Gee figures that by following the great philosopher's advice he stands to make a million dollars within three years. Confucius, in the dream, told Yun Gee how to complete a game for which the world has waited 45 centuries.

The game is four-man chess. Gee claims Archimedes in 250 B.C. and Confucius himself in 500 B.C. both tried, and failed, to invent it. On the "four-dimensional" board which Gee has patented, four, three, or two persons can play chess or checkers.

First Anniversary

This is the first anniversary of the four-man chess set, and during the year, Gee says, 10,000 sets were sold in America, the Philippines, Cuba and Canada. There are nine million chess players in the United States and more than 100 million elsewhere in the world. Gee expects his sales (the sets are at three prices: \$3, \$7 and \$10) to jump to a million sets next year and five million the year after that.

"As soon as we are selling 10 million sets a year, we'll start building my lunar tube—in Arizona, where there's solid ground," Gee said, bubbling with optimism.

The reference was to his celebrated "Tunnel to the Moon," which he designed, copyrighted, and had signed by three engineering consultants in 1946.

Confucius, appearing in dreams, gave Gee in 1925 his "diamondism" method of painting, which is now internationally known; in 1934, four-man chess; and in 1954 four-man chess.

His Own Idea

But the moon tunnel is his own idea. One portion of cynical engineering opinion is that he should have had some help from Confucius on that one, too. Briefly, it consists of a huge aluminum tube running up 30 miles to where the atmosphere ends, and continuing as a half-a-mile-wide, 220,000-mile long, bamboo-ribbed canvas "tunnel" hooked to the moon.

Gee's theory is that air would rise from the earth and fill the tunnel, enabling airplanes to make the flight. Since the project would cost \$200 billion and take 1,000 years to complete, Gee expects to be consulting engineers only from the beginning of construction.

"I still believe the tunnel is the only way, basically, you can get to the moon," he said. "Getting there with a rocket is nonsense—it's crazy."

However, the four-man chess set is a going institution and has been pronounced good. Each player defends against all the others. Chess pieces are conducted to opposing boards by a diamond "bridge" (Confucius 1934) assisted by a "Detour" (Confucius 1954).

Would Shakespeare
Have Approved
Of "Joe Macbeth"?

By Robert Musel

London.

A loud shriek of "murder" rent the air, on the set of "Joe Macbeth."

"Who screamed?" I inquired innocently. "Shakespeare?"

For there are those who would say this movie doth murder "Macbeth," as surely as the voices said he murdered sleep.

Square-shouldered, burly Paul Douglas stared me down. "I have reason to believe," he said, "that the Bard would have approved of what we are doing here."

Douglas did not reveal his associations with Shakespeare, who died three centuries before Columbia decided to convert his tragedy into a gangland thriller. He was in costume as Joe Macbeth—fat hat brim down over his eyes, hands jammed into the pockets of his long, dark overcoat. He looked like an underworld big shot—and, in fact, he was just that.

Perfect Casting

As far as producer Mike Frankovitch is concerned, Douglas is a double case of perfect casting. Not only does he fit perfectly the role of a modern-day Macbeth but he knows enough about Shakespeare to argue with aroused Britons who consider the film just this side of sacrilege.

"Joe Macbeth" was written by Philip Yordan who got an Oscar this year for the film "Broken Lance." He describes it as a "paraphrase" of Shakespeare.

Macbeth has become "Joe Macbeth." The scheming, ambitious wife who goaded him to murder is now Lily Macbeth and brunette Ruth Roman is giving the part a few sexy overtones that Shakespeare left out of the sleep-walking sequence.

King Duncan is the big boss. Duca. But even without the "4" in his name he still gets kudos. The three witches have been distilled into one sassy fortune-teller named "Rosie."

The Blasted Heath
The "blasted heath" on which they stirred their cauldron is now Tommy's Tip Top Cafe and several other juke-box and gin joints.

Douglas, who generally stars for a percentage, has to be a shrewd judge of scripts. He feels Yordan has made a clever and exciting conversion of the Macbeth story.

"Look at it this way," he said. "The Macbeth idea has been copied so many times by writers who claimed their scripts as original that it's refreshing to get an honest admission that a story was inspired by Shakespeare—even

though there are many different versions.

Those who have read Macbeth will recognize our story. Those who read it and didn't understand it will now understand it. And those who never read it will now know what it's about. So everybody ought to be happy."

Except, perhaps, Shakespeare. —United Press.

78 rpm records
on the way out

New York.

The popularity of 78 rpm gramophone records has taken its worst crash in years. It is closer than ever to becoming the "horse and buggy" of the music world.

It has all but vanished from many record cabinets. The rumpled room—where teen-agers decide what kind of music will be heard—may be its last refuge.

For "extended play" 45 rpm and the "long play" 33-1/3 rpm records are becoming the best-sellers of the trade.

Tin Pan Alley in recent weeks has reported drops up to 50 per cent in sales of 78s compared with sales last winter.

The big price cuts on the longer-playing records, put into effect shortly after the beginning of the year, was a severe blow to the 78s.

The trend away from 78s has been accelerating terrifically, said Mr. Larry Karaga, Vice-President and operations manager of RCA Victor records.

"Four months ago our sales of single records were divided about half and half between 78s and 45s. Now 78s are down to about 40 per cent and 45s up to 60 per cent."

At Columbia records, a spokesman said the 78 rpm record had faded even more sharply. The old type record now accounted for only 35 per cent of Columbia's total sales.

The 78 has been losing popularity ever since LP records went on the market in 1948. But the shift to longer-playing



BILLY GRAHAM
visit, the first made by Royalty, put the American evangelist back in newspaper headlines.

Mrs. Graham's comments were in answer to questions about the effects such a campaign imposed on the preacher.

Mrs. Graham said she and her nine-year-old daughter, Virginia joined the evangelist because he was on the go almost constantly.

"If I didn't travel around with him occasionally, I would see practically nothing of him at all," said the smartly-dressed Mrs. Graham.

He is away from home about 80 per cent of the time. But knowing how important his work is, I am quite content to have it that way.

Mrs. Graham and her daughter have tried to stay in the background during the London visit. However, the British Broadcasting Corporation persuaded her to appear on a woman's programme and reporters managed to catch her in the hotel lobby.

At home, she noted, such freedom to wander was often hampered by other sightseers trying to get a glimpse of the evangelist and his family.

Mr. Graham's fame brings busload upon busload to the family's home at Montreat, North Carolina, his wife explained.

"We have only a small garden, and often when we sit outside we find ourselves being inspected by groups of people," she said. "It's hard for the children."

The three youngest children were in Montreat in the care of their grandparents. While Virginia was allowed to travel with her mother, she was carefully kept from the publicity that surrounded her father, Mrs. Graham said.

United Press.

Two scientists of the British Natural History Museum demonstrated to more than 650 British scientists last week that whales are quite active and versatile conversationalists.

They also have vocal cords. But the study of how and why the whales carry on their conversations was a specialty in itself, Drs. Fraser and Purves said.—United Press.

They're hungry," Dr. Fraser interpreted.

There were a number of sort of agonised groans which in whale language seem to be little murmurs of contentment.

Next there was a rattling sound which the scientists explained were emitted by whales when they were angry.

Then there was a sharp, high-pitched whistle.

"That's fright," Dr. Purves said. "They whistle like that when they're disturbed or alarmed."

When a male whale sees a blubbery female swimming by in the mating season he chirps like a bird in the spring.

Small Audience

Usually only other whales and perhaps a few nearby fish are the only audience. But zoologists recently became interested and started eavesdropping. They have found some interesting things about these largest of the world's surviving mammals.

Whales have ears. "Very much like human ears," Dr. Fraser said. "They've been adapted to surround the problems of picking up water-borne rather than air-borne vibrations."

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Did it seem funny to you how they agreed so heartily when I mentioned that you were a good cook?"

Billy Graham's Crusading
Gives Him A Big Appetite

London.

The strain of constant crusading demands that "Billy Graham eat four or five meals a day, his attractive wife said.

"In that way," she explained, "he keeps up his strength and also prevents any tendency towards ulcers."

Mrs. Graham and the eldest of her four children were among the 56,000 people attending his services in vast Wembley stadium. The crowd on the last night brought the five-day total for the London crusade to 278,000.

Also on hand for the services was the Duchess of Kent, Her

about the effects such a campaign imposed on the preacher.

Mrs. Graham said she and her nine-year-old daughter, Virginia joined the evangelist because he was on the go almost constantly.

"If I didn't travel around with him occasionally, I would see practically nothing of him at all," said the smartly-dressed Mrs. Graham.

He is away from home about 80 per cent of the time. But knowing how important his work is, I am quite content to have it that way.

Mrs. Graham and her daughter have tried to stay in the background during the London visit. However, the British Broadcasting Corporation persuaded her to appear on a woman's programme and reporters managed to catch her in the hotel lobby.

At home, she noted, such freedom to wander was often hampered by other sightseers trying to get a glimpse of the evangelist and his family.

Mr. Graham's fame brings busload upon busload to the family's home at Montreat, North Carolina, his wife explained.

"We have only a small garden, and often when we sit outside we find ourselves being inspected by groups of people," she said. "It's hard for the children."

The three youngest children were in Montreat in the care of their grandparents. While Virginia was allowed to travel with her mother, she was carefully kept from the publicity that surrounded her father, Mrs. Graham said.

United Press.

Whales DO Talk
SCIENTISTS HAVE
HEARD THEM

London.

Two scientists of the British Natural History Museum demonstrated to more than 650 British scientists last week that whales are quite active and versatile conversationalists.

They also have vocal cords. But the study of how and why the whales carry on their conversations was a specialty in itself, Drs. Fraser and Purves said.—United Press.

They're hungry," Dr. Fraser interpreted.

There were a number of sort of agonised groans which in whale language seem to be little murmurs of contentment.

Next there was a rattling sound which the scientists explained were emitted by whales when they were angry.

Then there was a sharp, high-pitched whistle.

"That's fright," Dr. Purves said. "They whistle like that when they're disturbed or alarmed."

When a male whale sees a blubbery female swimming by in the mating season he chirps like a bird in the spring.

Small Audience

Usually only other whales and perhaps a few nearby fish are the only audience. But zoologists recently became interested and started eavesdropping. They have found some interesting things about these largest of the world's surviving mammals.

Whales have ears. "Very much like human ears," Dr. Fraser said. "They've been adapted to surround the problems of picking up water-borne rather than air-borne vibrations."

UNIQUE
VC
STOLEN

London.

One of the first Victoria Crosses ever awarded has been stolen. It was on display, with a collection of other regimental medal awards, in the officers' mess at the Royal Engineers' Depot at Barton Stacey, Hampshire.

And most embarrassing for the officers there, it was on loan to them from the R.E. mess at Chatham.

The V.C. in the collection, awarded to Corporal William Lendrim in the Crimean War, is one of the most valuable ever struck.

Apart from being in the first batch, military reference books describe it as unique because Lendrim had three different citations for it.

Stamped on Medal

And the date of each citation is stamped on the medal. The cross then could form a highly-prized, highly-priced item in any collection.

(One item of the corporal's courage: He stood on top of a magazine to extinguish burning sandbags.)

The collection was missed from the mess three weeks ago. But it was not reported.

A senior officer at Barton Stacey said: "It was wrongly thought that someone had sent the medal ribbons to the cleaners."

Once the theft was realised, civilian police from Andover were called in.

Believe it Or not!

Indianapolis, Indiana.

A shipment of diamonds from Belgium was delivered to the Rest Jewellery Co. here on which the duty was \$1,500.

By mistake the package bypassed the Customs office and was delivered at a cost of only 10 cents postage due.

The jewellery store called the Customs officials about the mistake and paid the \$1,500.—United Press.

Believe it Or not!

Indianapolis, Indiana.

A shipment of diamonds from Belgium was delivered to the Rest Jewellery Co. here on which the duty was \$1,500.

By mistake the package bypassed the Customs office and was delivered at a cost of only 10 cents postage due.

The jewellery store called the Customs officials about the mistake and paid the \$1,500.—United Press.

Believe it Or not!

Indianapolis, Indiana.

A shipment of diamonds from Belgium was delivered to the Rest Jewellery Co. here on which the duty was \$1,500.

By mistake the package bypassed the Customs office and was delivered at a cost of only 10 cents postage due.

The jewellery store called the Customs officials about the mistake and paid the \$1,500.—United Press.

Believe it Or not!

Indianapolis, Indiana.

A shipment of diamonds from Belgium was delivered to the Rest Jewellery Co. here on which the duty was \$1,500.

By mistake the package bypassed the Customs office and was delivered at a cost of only 10 cents postage due.

The jewellery store called the Customs officials about the mistake and paid the \$1,500.—United Press.

Believe it Or not!

Indianapolis, Indiana.

A shipment of diamonds from Belgium was delivered to the Rest Jewellery Co. here on which the duty was \$1,500.

By mistake the package bypassed the Customs office and was delivered at a cost of only 10 cents postage due.

The jewellery store called the Customs officials about the mistake and paid the \$1,500.—United Press.

Believe it Or not!

Indianapolis, Indiana.

A shipment of diamonds from Belgium was delivered to the Rest Jewellery Co. here on which the duty was \$1,500.

By mistake the package bypassed the Customs office and was delivered at a cost of only 10 cents postage due.

The jewellery store called the Customs officials about the mistake and paid the \$1,500.—United Press.

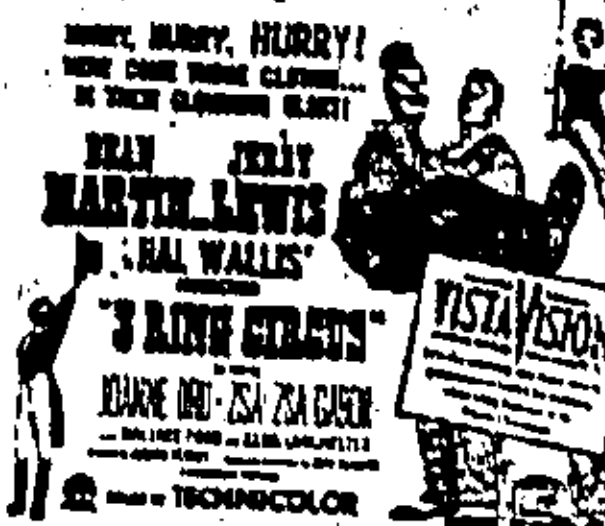
Believe it Or not!

Indianapolis, Indiana.

A shipment of diamonds from Belgium was delivered to the Rest Jewellery Co. here on which the duty was \$1,500.

CAPITOL RITZ

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.



THE RACERS
in CINEMASCOPE
Color by DE LUXE 4-5-7

Sunday Morning Show
AT 12.30 P.M.

"SUBMARINE COMMAND"
with William Holden

ORIENTAL
AIR CONDITIONED

4-Track Stereophonic Sound — Giant Wide Screen!

20th Century-Fox presents
KIRK DOUGLAS • BELLA BARRY • GILBERT ROHLIN
THE RACERS
in CINEMASCOPE
Color by DE LUXE 4-5-7

SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30 p.m.
Gregory PECK — Barbara PAYTON
in "ONLY THE VALIANT"

A. MAN HING CHEONG

Exclusive Custom Tailor,
with half a century of
experience and Craftsmanship.

COMPLETE RANGE
of
AMERICAN
ANTI-CREASE
(55% Dacron - 45% Wool)
SUMMER SUITINGS
AND ALL ENGLISH
SUITINGS FOR YOUR
SELECTION.

54, QUEEN'S ROAD, CENTRAL. TEL: 23336

**Dana PRESENT
THEIR NEW
MAKE-UP IN
POWDER FORM
Danamask**

NEW TIMES CALL FOR NEW METHOD.

Dana With their new MAKE-UP IN POWDER FORM, have introduced a real revolution in the Art of make-up.

What is Danamask?

It is neither a beauty powder nor a cake or paste. It is a MAKE-UP IN POWDER FORM, adherent and lasting despite its wonderfully fine texture.

Danamask conceals face wrinkles under a light satinous coating, hiding all skin defects. This wonderful MAKE-UP IN POWDER FORM emphasizes the natural appearance allowing the pores to breathe freely, and does not dry the skin.

Danamask is the real synthesis of all existing make-ups. All the ingredients entering in its composition are absolutely harmless to the epidermis.

POUDRE MAQUILLANTE

Color by Technicolor
A Paramount Film

HOMESIDE NEWS PICTORIAL



A special feature of the Searchlight Tattoo taking place at the White City in July will be a performance by the Arab Legion Band (the Band of the Army of Trans-jordan). It comprises 150 musicians, including bagpipers. Six of them are here snapped stepping out at Woolwich Barracks, where they are staying.



LEFT: With a helping hand from his wife, actress Jacqueline Makepeace, British bullfighter Vincent Hitchcock takes baby Vanessa, five months old, for an outing. The 28-year-old matador from Southend—he has killed more than 140 bulls—has retired from the ring, and plans to become an actor. (Express)



COLONEL James Carne, the Glorious Gloucesters' VC (second left) paraded the other day in a guard of honour. It was for 21-year-old Anne Valentine, who married Captain Stanley Davies at the centuries-old parish church of East Budleigh, Devon. Captain Davies is the Army chaplain who was made an MBE for his part in the Gloucesters' stand at the battle of the Imjin River, in Korea. (Express)



THE Rev. Elsie Chamberlain, who is to become the first woman chairman of the Congregational Union. She is probably the first woman to head one of the great religious denominations. She is on the staff of the BBC's religious department. (Express)



AT the Chelsea Flower Show, Her Majesty the Queen Mother, a keen horticulturist, admires the colourful exhibits. The show was visited by all the Royal Family. (Express)



SERGEANT Ivor Sopp, 26-year-old British soldier who became a Moslem and changed his name to Sharif bin Abdullah, shows his 18-year-old wife, Aminah, the sights of London. And on the tour he discarded his Army uniform and donned a multi-coloured Malay outfit. (Express)



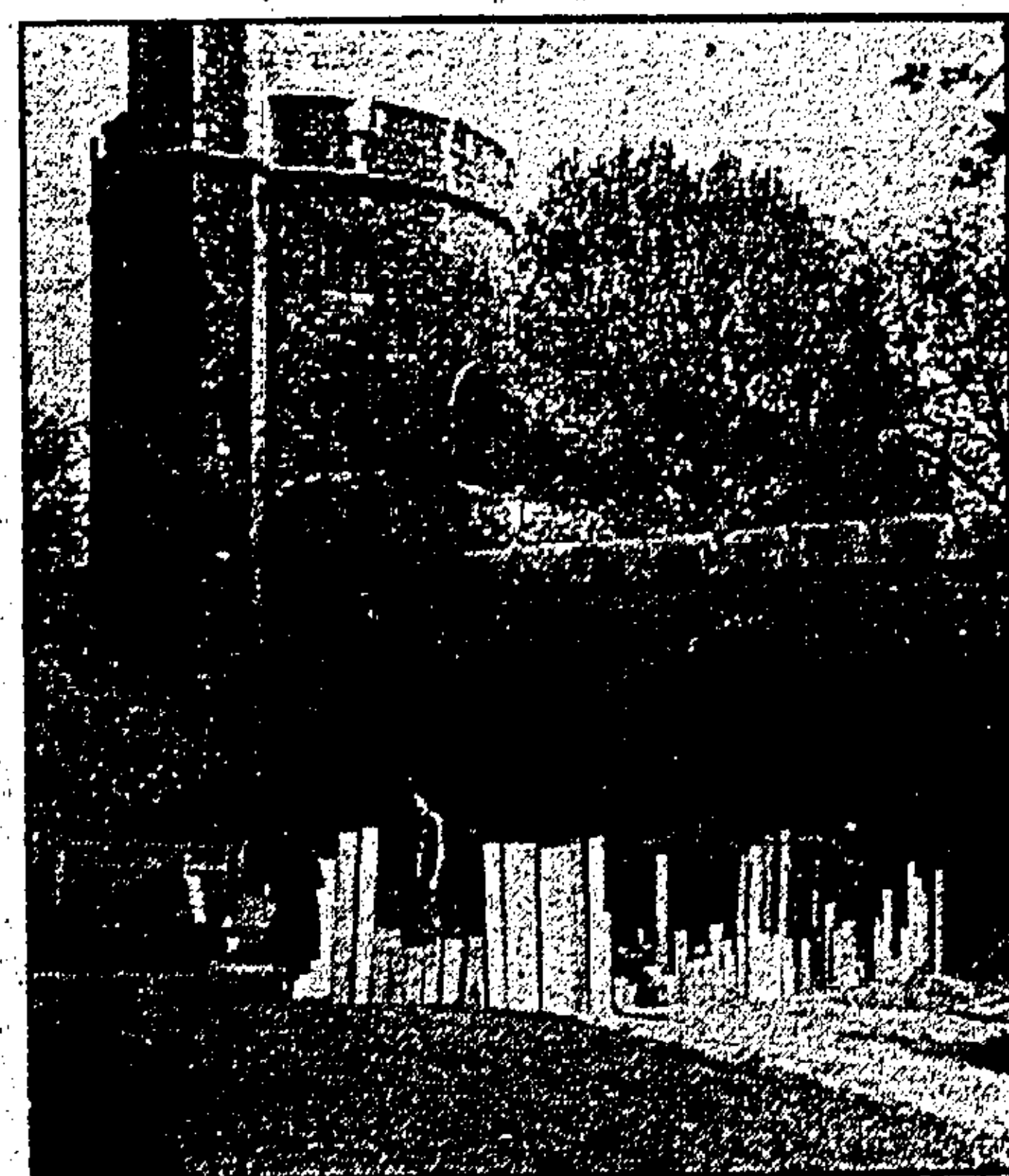
RIGHT: A church service and parade to commemorate the centenary of the formation of the Corps of Military Police was held at Inkerman Barracks, Woking. Picture shows the different uniforms of the Corps seen. Left to right: Ordinary present-day uniform, a Chelsea pensioner in the uniform he wore in his day, mounted uniform of 1900 and modern No. 1 Dress. (Army News)



HEAVY rain did not dampen the spirits of many who went to the opening of the summer season of the Battersea Festival Gardens in London. Clutching candy floss in one hand and a gaily coloured umbrella in the other, actress Chin Yu (left) keeps the rain off herself and Josephine Griffin. (Express)



WHAT'S it like to command an American Air Force base? An 11-year-old English boy found out on U.S. Armed Forces Day at Brize Norton. Martin Eagle (above), of Oxford, was injured in collision with an American lorry and underwent several operations. The airmen admired his courage, and decided to make him colonel for a day. (Express)



THEY are digging a hole at the Tower of London. And at the bottom of it they hope to find history older than the Tower itself. The history they hope to find is the remains of a Roman wall. So far, there have been no signs of it, but digging is continuing. (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



BLACK MAGIC
ASSORTED
CHOCOLATES

PARIS NEWSLETTER
FROM SAM WHITEThe Gipsies
Lose Their
Viscountess

IN 1939 the Viscountess de la Rochefoucauld, then 39, left her husband, heir to the Duc de Doudeauville, France's premier aristocrat, and her daughter for what was to be a week's visit to her family in Madrid. She never returned. Instead she went to live with the gipsies in their cave dwellings outside Granada.

The 58-year-old Viscountess de la Rochefoucauld was never seen again until a few weeks ago. He wrote to her regularly during the intervening 16 years, as did her daughter Sylvie, now 30.

They continued to plead with her to return to them; for the last few years their letters remained unanswered. She was the daughter of a Marquis de Viana, head of one of Spain's richest and noblest families. When she married the viscount in Paris in 1924 it was almost a royal occasion. In Spain, family and Church joined forces to induce her to return, but finally they too confessed failure.

Despite her defiance she was never devoid of money. Her cave was luxuriously furnished and even equipped with bath and telephone. She lavished money on her gipsies, and especially on her close gipsy friend, Lola Medina, one of the best-known gipsy dancers in Spain. She made a will leaving all her wealth, including large estates in many parts of Spain, to her and to her gipsy friends.

FELL ILL

Two years ago she fell desperately ill, and cancer was diagnosed. Once again her family tried to persuade her to move from her gipsy encampment. She refused even to see them. Then four weeks ago she was reported to be dying. Her husband flew to Spain, and finally succeeded in moving her to a clinic in Malaga.

Several of the gipsy friends followed her there. On several occasions they had to be forcibly evicted as they attempted to see her. Before she died she was reconciled to her husband.

Her funeral in Madrid was attended by leading members of the Spanish and French aristocracy. In Spain, where women never attend funerals, dozens of women followed her bier to the cemetery.

Before her death she changed her will, leaving everything to her husband and daughter.

BOTTLE A DAY

DIVORCEE blonde Barbara "Bibi" Rockefeller, a former beauty queen who has recently received a settlement from her ex-husband, banker Winthrop Rockefeller, of five and a half million dollars—five million for herself and her son and 500,000 for her attorney—is in Paris receiving treatment for allergy to alcohol. The treatment is proceeding well.

Mrs Rockefeller can now take a bottle of champagne a day.

QUOTES

Rubens: My experiences have taught me that marriage does not add anything to a friendship.

MP M. Brunel: France is for foreigners the most beautiful country in the world because they see it through a glass of wine.

Paris newspaper summing up on a speech by former Foreign Minister, M. Georges Bidault: "M. Bidault criticised sharply the Austrian Chancellor, M. Raab, British foreign policy, American diplomacy and of course M. Mendes-France. He concluded that the Free World finds itself in great peril."

Parliamentary question of the week—Independent MP M. Jean Nocher wants to know what measures are going to be taken to protect German officers in uniform when they come to Paris.

All Aboard

The Giles Family Holiday Guide
starts at the railway station

"Never mind about 'undignified,' Vera my girl, it's the only way we can be sure of making Aunt Fanny's in time for tea."

DUDLEY POPE TELLS ANOTHER OF
THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIESTHIS NAME WAS
DYNAMITE

THE name Nobel is dynamite, and the name Nobel is also peace. They are two factors which do not mix—or do they? Perhaps they do in the paradox that was Alfred Bernhard Nobel.

He was the industrialist for whom death paid high dividends. He dreamed of world peace, and invented dynamite, a ballistic and fulminating cap; as an atheist he despised Christian ethics; and he died after founding an explosives empire—leaving a will in his desk which gave a fortune for establishing a peace prize.

If labels are wanted to describe this man then there would be sufficient. He was a chemist (and a great one) an industrialist (one of the greatest of them all) and an idealist. Alfred Nobel was born on October 21, 1833, in Stockholm. He was the third son of a brilliant, though eccentric, Swedish engineer. When he was 11 his father, Immanuel, went to Russia and set up a torpedo and mines factory at St Petersburg. Besides improving and exploiting these new weapons Immanuel found time to invent other things. Included among them was a light-weight coffin with a lid which could be opened from the inside to allow the occupant (if he found himself alive) to breathe.

At 17 Alfred was sent to America to study, returning to Russia to work with his father and brothers. Immanuel's three other sons were also brilliant, and he classified Ludwig as being the one with the most genius. Alfred with most industry, and Robert the most courageous. Emil, the fourth and youngest, had but a short time to live.

Of the three surviving sons, Alfred was later to be the most successful, although both Ludwig and Robert—with Alfred's help—made fortunes in the Russian oilfields.

Before Alfred returned to Russia an Italian professor had discovered a derivative of

glycerine and nitric acid called glyceryl trinitrate and that was the subject Alfred chose for his researches.

It was a dangerous field. Nitrogen compounds of varying stability formed the basis of all explosives, and nitrogen trichloride an oil too unstable for the purpose, cost many lives. Nitroglycerine in its initial raw form, was equally as dangerous.

But by 1859 Alfred and his father thought they had perfected a method of using its explosive powers. For five years "Nobel's Blasting Oil" brought them riches.

Then Immanuel's factory at Heleneborg blew up. His youngest son, Emil, was killed along with the chief chemist. The shock caused him to have a paralytic stroke from which he never recovered.

Because of this tragedy, and because of the explosions which followed, Alfred sought a way of making nitroglycerine safe to handle. For months the stocky, bearded little man laboured over his test-tubes. Finally he did something which was to revolutionise the whole field of explosives. He mixed the liquid nitroglycerine with a clay called kieselguhr. This made it solid. In 1862 Alfred Nobel patented this substance—dynamite.

The Heleneborg factory was rebuilt elsewhere, another was built in Germany and a third was built at Ardeer, in Scotland, and called the British Dynamite Co. They all made vast profits for the young chemist.

Still Alfred continued his experiments and one day in 1875 he cut his finger in the laboratory. He patched it up with collodion and carried on his experiments with nitroglycerine. Suddenly he noticed that the nitroglycerine in the finger dressing was uniting with the nitroglycerine. Nobel, at the age of 42, had discovered blasting gelatin.

Blasting gelatin, a smokeless powder, followed. Its main potential use was obvious—as a propellant for shells and bullets there would be no tell-tale puffs of smoke to give away the firer's position. Italy immediately started to make it under licence, while the



ALFRED NOBEL
—for him death paid high dividends.

French accused Nobel of spying on their own experiments. The British War Office loyally stuck to its gun-cotton—for a time. Then it too adopted ballistics.

Nobel then invented fulminating caps. More inventions followed and soon he had 129 patents. Before he was 50 years of age Nobel was reaping fortune from the profits of 15 factories all over the world, and he also had a big interest in the Baku oilfields.

These are the bare facts of Nobel's life as the brilliant chemist and successful industrialist. But what of Nobel away from a laboratory bench and office desk?

He was the loneliest of men. Although a millionaire who could buy anything money could buy he did not understand one quite commonplace thing—how to make friends. Nor did he have any time for women. Perhaps he could not analyse and label them. Maybe he found nitroglycerine sufficiently unpredictable.

Above all things he loved to talk of science, literature—and peace. Peace was a strange topic for an inventor of explosives, and hardly compatible with his view that democracy was a useless form of government

which should be replaced by a system of elected dictators.

Disarmament, a method of achieving peace, was useless he said. The only way to avoid wars was to advance military science until war was impossible. "On the day when two army corps will be able to destroy each other in one second, all civilised nations will recoil from wars in horror and disband their armies," he wrote.

He could not foresee the destruction of a city in less than a second; and his theories on the sanity of nations were equally as incorrect as his view on "the first, but usually repulsive sex." Eventually, as he grew older, he gave up his activities in his explosives factories and went to Italy, where he lived at San Remo in a mansion which had a laboratory attached.

While his factories continued to pour out explosives—which, due to no small measure to his discoveries, were to revolutionise warfare—he made many plans for the elimination of wars.

Among his ideas was the formation of a council of Europe to which countries must submit disputes a year before making war. The year's wait, he thought, would give them time to have second thoughts. No doubt, it would have done, but their second thoughts may have been the same as the first.

He also suggested a system of collective security under which nations guaranteed to band together against a possible aggressor. But all his ideas had the same theme—peace through strength, peace because nations were frightened to make war, not peace because no nation or no man genuinely wanted war.

His own evaluation of himself as a dealer in death was that he manufactured explosives to save lives; that his dynamite and blasting gelatin saved many lives in mines and quarries because they could be used with safety.

But why, one might ask, did he manufacture smokeless powder, which had only one potential use in armaments?

In December 1896, Alfred Nobel was a sick man. He wrote: "It seems an irony that they now prescribe nitroglycerine for me. They call it Trinitrin, so as not to terrify the druggists and the public."

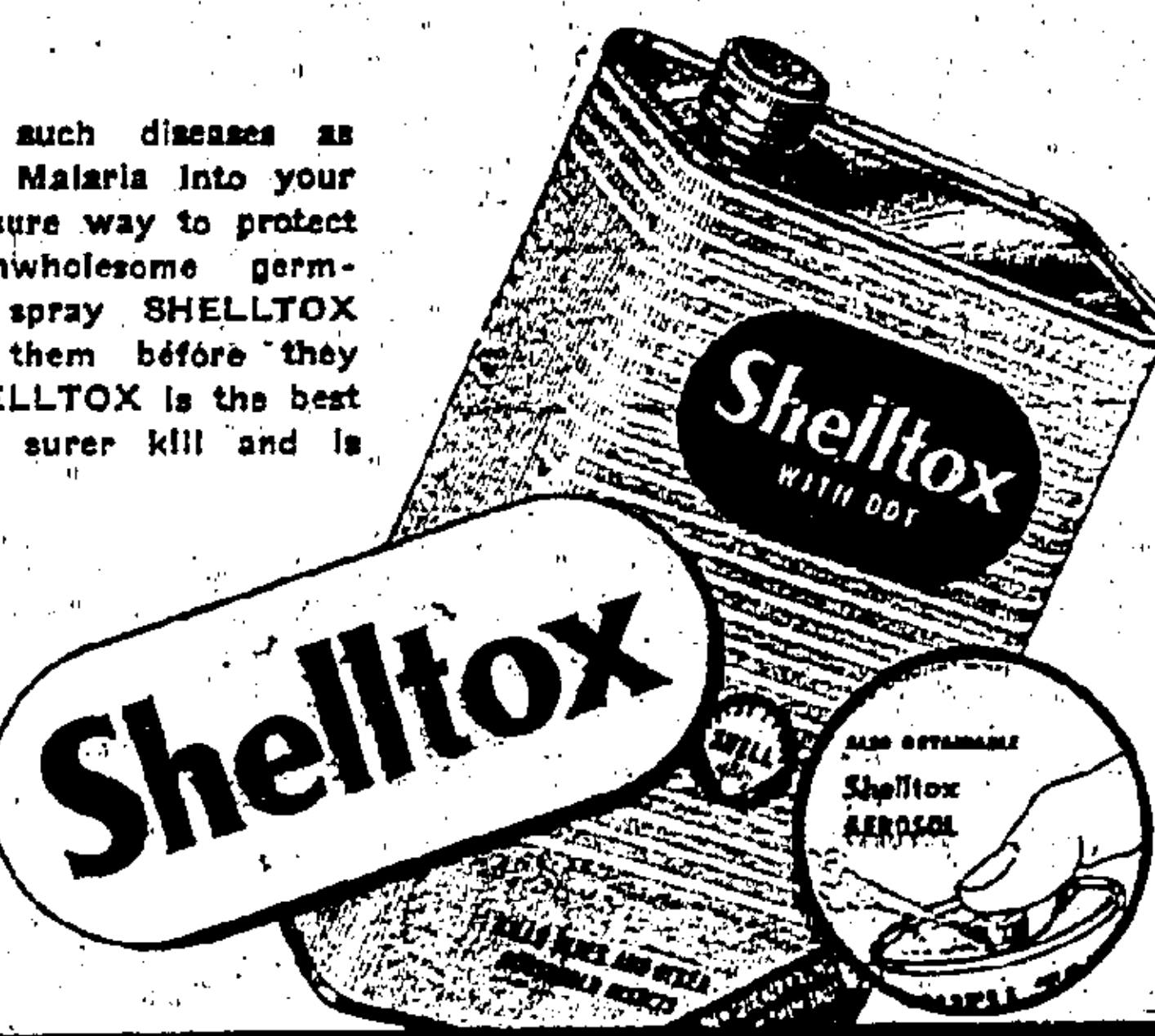
One day he sat down at his desk in San Remo to write a report on some samples of nitroglycerine powder. He had just completed it when he had a stroke and died.

In the desk was his will. He had left a considerable sum—21,700,000 by the time the lawyers had finished arguing about it and taken their pickings—to establish peace prizes. These would be awarded to the person who shall have most or best promoted the fraternity of nations and the abolition of standing armies and the formation and increase of peace conferences.

Altogether five awards were established—for war towards peace, and for chemistry, physics, medicine and physiology, and literature. Today the prizes, perhaps the most valued of all, are worth about £10,000 each.

DEATH
TO ALL
PESTS

I am a KILLER!

let me clear
your home of
pests that flySHELLTOX NOW GIVES
A QUICKER Surer KILL.Kill them
for sure withAnd by the way my twin
brother KILLS Cockroaches!

EVER HEARD A SNAIL SING?

From ROBIN STAFFORD

SNAILS sometimes sing—and that's only one of the facts packed into a new, 410-page encyclopedia, all about snails.

It has been written at the request of the Paris Museum of Natural History by M. Jean Cadart, teacher, snail-breeder, and son of a snail-breeder.

He says that snails cannot stand wind or drought, and that Frenchmen eat 600 million of them a year—enough to stretch, end to end, one and a half times round the world.

A snail, according to M. Cadart, has a pretty hard time from the cradle to the table.

He just can't hurry. Remember Lewis Carroll? "Will you walk a little faster," said a whiting to a snail, "There's a porpoise close behind us and he's treading on my tail."

But it isn't the snail's fault that he has to stop for breath every yard or so. He is like a fish out of water and has to retire inside the comfortable humidity of his shell.

Animal psychologist Mr P. H. Fischer, who was consulted by M. Cadart, says that snails have slight memories. And that can be frustrating.

In the time it takes a snail to get from A to B many things can happen—it can rain, a breeze can blow up, night may fall.

All of which involves an acclimatisation session inside the shell, by which time the snail's whose memory isn't all that good, has forgotten what it wanted to do anyway.

M. Cadart reports that the snails on his farm sing a high reedy kind of song after light

rainfall or when they are put into cages ready for sale.

Snail eating has not always been an exclusively French habit. In the Stone Age cavemen used to stuff cabbages with grilled snails when no one had managed to shoot a pterodactyl for lunch.

Moses banned snails from the Hebrew table on religious grounds. But the Greeks and Romans doted on the "helix aspersa"—the Burgundy and little grey snails going at 3s. a dozen in most French restaurants today.

The book gives a hundred recipes, ranging from snail shell broth to a snail omelette. If you want to breed snails, all you need is a grassy field. The snails find their own food.

"CLUBLINER"

THRU-PLANE LUXURY FLIGHTS TO

TOKYO
OKINAWA
TAIPEI

(Via Hong Kong Always to Taipei)

- Sleeper Seat Comfort
- Complimentary Beverage Service Anytime
- Finest in Meal Service

Low Cost Tourist Service Also Available

For Tickets, Information, Reservations

HONG KONG AIRWAYS

24/26 Pedder St., Hong Kong, Telephone: 28504

Panama Hotel, Kowloon, Telephone: 99161

AND

NORTHWEST ORIENT AIRLINES

Ground Floor St. George's Bldg., 100 House Street, Hong Kong

Telephone: 32630, 23172, 28171

Or Your Travel Agent



RICHARD DIMBLEBY, the man who has enjoyed unique opportunities of seeing its first two years unfold, reports on THE ROYAL SUCCESS STORY



Our Young Queen Has Done Her Work Wonderfully

TWO years ago, on government the United Kingdom about the world. It says that rainy day in the Commonwealth ac- nothing of the tremendous June 1953, I sat in cording to their laws and responsibilities of State that Westminster Abbey customs, to uphold Law and the Sovereign must bear: of the self-sacrifice and devotion to duty of the ceremony of Coronation maintain the laws of God, tion. I saw Her Majesty the Protestant religion, and the Queen sign the only the Established Church. written contract that exists. It is a brief enough docu- between the Crown and the ment, this Coronation Oath, people, the parchment Oath to cover the governing of in which she swears to millions of people spread



THE DAY OF DEDICATION

Not is there any reason why it should, for it is in the royal tradition that the children are taught from their earliest years that they are the servants of their people, and that they must give their whole lives to service.

Now, two years after her Coronation, we can see how faithfully the Queen has done her work, how clearly she has fulfilled the wish that she expressed in her Christmas Day broadcast from Auckland, New Zealand, in 1953: "I want to show that the Crown is not merely an abstract symbol of our unity, but a personal and living bond between you and me."

IN PRIDE OF PLACE

It is not easy to express the feelings that we have for the Queen, or the part that the Monarchy plays in our daily lives.

Love, admiration, loyalty, respect, these are the obvious emotions shared by us all. But behind them there is something deeper and more mysterious that it is difficult to put into words.

I have attended scores, perhaps hundreds of royal and State occasions in my capacity as a commentator. I have struggled many times to find the right words to describe the true meaning of the Sovereign to the nation.

Her very existence is a guarantee of strength and solidarity, not just to us at home but to the several separate



AND THEN DAYS OF DUTY WITH A SMILE

nations that make up the Commonwealth family, to each of which she is as much "our Queen" as she is to us in Britain.

I wonder if it is not just Her Majesty's personal qualities that affect us, but the realization that we of Britain and the Commonwealth have preserved our security and our freedom throughout the centuries under royal government.

When we look at the Queen, we see, in fact, the Sovereign who, in changing human form, has guided and guarded our affairs for 900 years.

Any assessment of the two royal years since the Coronation must give pride of place to the Sovereign who, in changing human form, has guided and guarded our affairs for 900 years. Elizabeth tried twice to start the long journey as a Princess, being prevented first by her father's illness and second by his sudden death. When finally she reached the Commonwealth peoples she was Queen, and Queen of each country in which she stayed.

This she made clear when she opened the Australian Federal Parliament, addressing it "not as a Queen from far away but as your Queen and part of your Parliament."

EACH IS INDEPENDENT

THE Australian Prime Minister had the same thought in mind in his speech at Canberra. "The moving truth tonight has nothing to do with high pomp or regal splendour: it is quite simply that you are in your own country and among your own people."

We at home are apt to take too much for granted the co-operation of the Commonwealth. We must realize that the days have gone when Britain laid down a course of action, confident that the Empire countries would follow suit automatically.

Today the hard fact is that each country of the Commonwealth is an entirely independent unit, free to follow policies, if it so desires, that conflict with ours, to form alliances and enter treaties without reference to us.

Each is strong, wealthy, and immensely proud of its independence. Yet each acknowledges gladly the one link that

holds the world-wide family together—the Queen.

The Royal Tour undoubtedly brought Britain into closer and more sympathetic contact with the Commonwealth and Empire. Furthermore through newspapers, films, television, and radio, it brought those countries closer to us.

To see the Queen acclaimed all over the world, to see her against the splendour of mountain, desert, and prairie of new cities and rich farmlands, all within her personal domain, was to realize more vividly than ever before how vast is the family to which we belong, and how important to the peace and prosperity of the world.

ROLE IN THE FUTURE

I THINK there is no secret in the fact that the unparalleled success of the Tour led to discussions about the future role that Her Majesty may play as Queen of so much of the earth's surface.

It will not be long surely, before the speed and comfort of air travel will make it possible for her to have a home in each of the Commonwealth countries (and, perhaps, within the Colonial Empire also) which she can visit regularly. It will be our loss, but knowing the full meaning of the Queen's presence with us, we can hardly begrudge the other members of the family their share of the comfort and sense of pride and well-being that she brings.

Second only to her outstanding service to the Commonwealth in the past two years I would put the success with which Her Majesty has combined the roles of Queen and mother. She has contrived to fulfil her arduous programme of engagements (often far too arduous) and her daily work on documents and State papers while still remaining a young, unspoiled woman and a devoted parent.

One of the finest royal portraits ever painted, that by Annigoni (and I am an insular enough to wish that we had not been forced to go to Italy for a work of such calibre), has captured this combination of youth and dignity.

The young Queen, in her Carter robes, gazes steadfastly, proudly into the future, the symbol, as the artist said, of the new Elizabethan Age.

Annigoni explained: "In the very pose, the tilt of her head, and the richness of the Carter robes I tried to convey all the regal majesty and dignity of the Throne. But that was not all the picture had to show. I wanted to capture in her the spirit of youth. It had to be a portrait, too, of a beautiful young woman."

A great deal is written about the Queen's "private life" that is unworthy; the Royal Family is subjected to torrents of sentimental inaccuracy, indeed sheer fiction.

The truth is that Her Majesty has little or no private life as we know it. She carries a perpetual responsibility to which she has dedicated herself. If we admire her devotion it is our duty to see to it that the few moments of privacy left to her are respected.

Particularly is this necessary in the case of the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne. The Queen has asked that Charles and Anne shall not be treated yet with the formality due to royalty—a request which may be construed as a mother's desire that her children should not be spoiled.

HELP AND INSPIRATION

THIS much we can do to lighten the Queen's burden and to help her to maintain the delicate balance between her life as the Sovereign and her life as a wife and mother.

It would be a practical way of expressing our gratitude to her for all that she has done in the two years since she took the Oath and signed her contract with us.

We may leave it, perhaps, to that master of simple, forthright speech, Sir Winston Churchill, to sum up all that we feel in the words which he used when addressing the Queen at his farewell dinner at No. 10, Downing Street:

"Madam, I should like to express the deep and lively sense of gratitude which we and all your peoples feel to you and to His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, for all the help and inspiration we receive in our daily lives, and which spreads with ever-growing strength throughout the British realm and the Commonwealth and Empire."

NEXT SATURDAY: THE CHALLENGE TO THE DUKE

SAND, SUN, SOCIETY—AND 29,000 ROOMS

By Jacqueline Engert

NEW YORK. CENTRAL Park has finally burst into a green Spring bloom. The benches are back again in Rockefeller Centre where secretaries and tourists compete for a place in the lunch-hour sun to watch the crowds on Fifth Avenue. The smart set is back from Florida.

It was a long cold winter. But even while the New York temperatures hovered around freezing point it was fashionable to have a suntan. Snobs basked secretly by sunny lamps in their centrally-heated apartments, but the authentic glow came from Florida. During the cold months, it was a society must.

Specialties fled from the bitter winds which whipped along the city sidewalks. With their frail poodles tucked under their arms, they migrated in hundreds to the "sunshine state" and the millionaires' winter playground. There, one society custom and another bubbled with the names of celebrities having fun and frolic by the brisk blue ocean and the palm trees.

Swanky hotels and night clubs did a booming business. Millionaires threw extravagant parties for friends in the "one of a kind" social gatherings were attended by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Hollywood film stars, the glamorous, the wealthy and the hangers-on.

Gold Coast

Batches of little businessmen took off for Florida too—to do business with as many tycoons and relaxing executives as they could find, sojourned in the luxurious winter sunshine.

Along the "gold coast," Miami and Miami Beach take in most visitors of the gold-planning resorts. Miami has seven miles of ocean beach. It has a special following of old people, who sit out the winter in the sun year after year and trail northwards with the coming of spring like migrant birds.

Newest Miami attraction is a \$1,250,000 aquarium. Hammerhead sharks, sailfish and other ocean creatures wallow in deep channels through which 6,000 gallons of ocean water is pumped per minute. (Celebrities can go deep-sea fishing themselves for \$40 to \$80 a day.)

Miami Beach is claimed to be the world's hotel capital—its eight square miles provide 29,000 hotel rooms. It was developed from an unknown village in a mangrove swamp to a millionaire Carl G. Fisher spent in the balmy sunshine.

Their War

A group took refuge in the Everglades and refused to recognize the United States Government. Until recently—until tourists penetrated their territory—they lived undisturbed. Shortly after the United States did so, they declared war on Hitler as a separate nation.

But Florida, the "playboy state," is growing up. Industry is moving in among the hotels. Huge new housing estates are going up for workers, and thousands of Americans are moving south to live all year. Millionaire Carl G. Fisher spent in the balmy sunshine.

SHOTGUNS GUARD DIAMOND MAKERS

From RICHARD KILIAN

TWO scientists, working in a barn on an isolated farm near New York are making diamonds cheaply by chemical process. And they never move far from their guns.

Rifles and shotguns are loaded and ready for instant action. At night the barn is lit up by floodlights to discourage intruders.

For the two men—Dr Leandro Tomarkin, from Switzerland, and Mario Vilella, from Puerto Rico—have worked out the formula for making diamonds from ordinary carbon.

The success of the new process is the result of five years' work at the farm at Spring Lake.

The secret can be revealed because Dr Tomarkin and Mr Vilella have been granted a patent. Now they are planning to move into larger quarters.

They are not the first to produce diamonds—an international sign of wealth—in a laboratory. Last February the General Electric Company announced

that its research laboratories had created diamonds—but production costs were uneconomical. At Spring Lake Dr Tomarkin and Mr Vilella said their process is already "highly economical."

Who are these men?

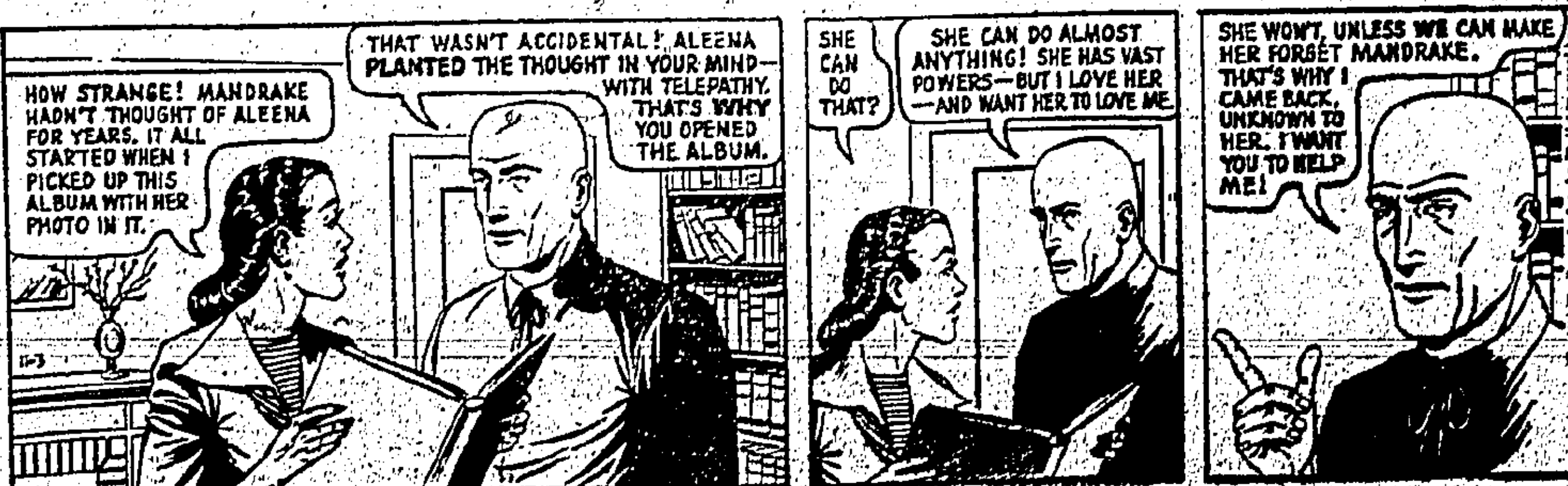
DR TOMARKIN—he is 59—came to the U.S. from Paris in 1940 to organize a scientific congress. He stayed on.

MR VILELLA is a graduate of San Juan University, Puerto Rico.

They met, discussed their ideas, raised some money, and bought the farm at Spring Lake. They installed a 300-ton hydraulic press which gave them the high pressures needed—as much as 350,000 lb. a square inch. They heated the materials necessary by electricity—as high as 6,000 degrees Fahrenheit—in a small, aluminum cylinder. And after years of patient, lonely, and devoted work they produced a real diamond.

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



Tiger

THE GOLD MEDAL
Championship
BEER



Distributors: A.S. WATSON & CO. LTD. Tel. 38720

THE QUACK AT SEA....

FACED with the necessity of finding a completely new job, I'd be willing to try almost anything provided it was neither maritime nor medical.

I am a poor sailor, I love my warm bed, and the sight of blood turns me queasy. It therefore seems quite preposterous that once, at the age of 21, I served in the Merchant Navy as a ship's doctor.

Before any pillar of the B.M.A. has time to raise his eyebrows, let me explain that I was not engaged in this capacity. I joined my ship—a tramp steamer of some 900 tons—with the rank of purser.

A passenger

Ordinarily, of course, tramps of that size don't carry pursers, but my friend at the company's head office—who had casually asked if I'd like a trip to South America for the mere cost of my keep—explained, when I jumped impetuously at the offer, that Board of Trade regulations made it necessary for me to become one of the crew.

"To all intents and purposes you'll simply be a passenger," he assured me. "Nobody—and he chuckled at the very idea—"is going to ask you to do any work."

Which shows how limited is the knowledge of Legation Street about the ways of the men it sends down to the sea in ships.

"Purser, eh?" sniffed the Captain when I went aboard at Barry Dock. "Oh, well, I expect I can find something to keep you occupied. What've you been doing till now?"

His face lit up when I told him I had recently come down from Cambridge.

"Medical student? Ah, that's good. You'll be our doctor. And I was conducted forthwith to the ship's surgery, protesting in vain that I had read law at the university.

Tremulous hands

The surgery was a tiny compartment sandwiched between the galley and the officers' bathroom. Except that it lacked a jar of leeches, it appeared to contain the original stock-in-trade of some long-departed healer who had no doubt styled himself "barber-chirurgien." On a rickety, semi-bald couch lay the tattered remains of a medical encyclopaedia which must have been published only a few years after they ceased to spell "scurvy" with an initial "C."

Thus equipped, ignorant and squeamish, I set out for the River Plate with the well-being of 34 men placed with apparent confidence in my tremulous hands.

For the first three days I had no patients, and I wouldn't have cared much about their fate had things been otherwise, for I could find nothing in my surgery to alleviate seasickness. And then, a bare hour after my first solid meal, I received a visit from a most important sufferer.

It was the Captain himself. He had developed a boil in an inaccessible spot; would I kindly deal with it?

I have never prided myself on having a poker face. One glance at it, and the Captain's rugged features registered a blend of compassion, contempt and sudden musing.

"Still haven't found those sea-legs? Never mind then, I'll see what the steward can do."

Another week

Off he went at some haste, leaving me to seek myself for nausea and throat with the brandy I had thoughtfully added to the dusty bottles on the surgery shelves.

When a week passed without another call on my services, I began hopefully to believe that the Captain's report of my ineptitude had spread throughout the ship. It proved false optimism. On our first day out from Madeira, I was summoned from my bunk with the news that the enormous African with the unlikely name of Robina had slipped off an iron ladder running down to the engine room.

I found Robina lying all over the threshold crouching in the surgery, grinning placidly while the Japanese steward washed coal dust from his bare torso.

Did it happen...

Another story in this series of FACT or FICTION tales. Did this actually happen? This is a riddle for YOU to solve. Tomorrow the answer will be published.

What seems to be the trouble? I inquired, attempting a bedside manner but achieving only an apprehensive croak.

The Jap grinned. "Collar-bone broke," he announced cheerfully.

I looked up "collar-bone" in the encyclopaedia. "The arm," I read, "should be strapped across the body as shown in Fig. 6." The page containing Fig. 6 was missing.

"I'd better strap it," I told the steward hollowly.

His grin expanded. "No straps. All right, I'll bandage it." I lost my nerve. "Ask the Captain if he'd please step down here."

Robina had been silent through this exchange, but with the departure of the steward he began to groan again. His eyes were rolling. Rolling in agony, I told myself miserably—till I noticed that they veered always in the direction of the brandy bottle.

One patient

Well, at least there was one thing I could do for the poor devil. I poured him a stiff measure, and he had just time to thrust the empty glass back at me before the Captain stalked in.

"The Captain was in a bad temper," he demanded. "What's all this nonsense?"

"I think it's a broken collar-bone."

"Impossible. That'd mean putting back to Madeira. Give him a dose of salts."

"But surely... I mean, if the bone's fractured."

"It's always worked before." And he stalked out again.

Orders are orders. To have ignored them would have been mutiny. I gave Robina a dose of salts—and that night, sure enough, he was back on his job.

Faith in me as a healer seemed now to have been finally dispelled. Or so I thought, until we'd crossed the Equator, when I was made unhappily aware that I still retained one loyal patient, Robina.

This time the big African fireman came staggering to the surgery with a hard pressed against his forehead.

His lower flank complaining of between groans, of intolerable shooting pains. I immediately diagnosed appendicitis, but as the encyclopaedia began at Bunions, and I couldn't remember which side one's appendix was on, I treated him again for a fractured collar-bone.

Destination

In writing my report of the case, I thought it prudent not to mention my subsequent discovery that the brandy bottle was missing from the surgery. It had no doubt disappeared while I was busy dispensing the salts.

That night there was a fight in the fo'c'sle and as Robina was a leading participant, it seemed clear that my medical knowledge had again prevailed.

We reached our destination, Rosario, and discharged the coal we had brought out, then began a slow journey back along the Plate picking up maize at small river ports. With the comforting knowledge that real doctors were now within easy call, I was able to relax—until the Captain found a new job for me.

One of the firemen had gone adrift in Rosario. The police had picked him up and relieved him of the few pesos he had left after his jag. Now it was necessary for a ship's officer to go and collect him. I knew instinctively, the moment I was picked, that it was Robina I should have on my hands again.

"On no account, let the get near a drink," the Captain adjured me as I left.

There was no mistaking the delight on the shiny black face when Robina saw who had come to escort him to Villa Constitución. Twice on the way to the station, and again while we waited there, he complained eagerly of feeling ill. He collapsed as the train came in, and I had to engage a porter to help me aboard with him.

The patient rallied once we had got moving. Unfortunately, however, we had to change at a station big enough to boast a bar, and he had a relapse during our ten-minute wait there.

A crowd gathered to enjoy the spectacle of the big African writhing in agony on the platform, and it was with dismay that I saw one of them produce a flask eventually from his pocket as a reward for the entertainment.

I suppose I should have waved it away, but I know, if I had, either Robina, or I would have remained behind on that platform when the second train steamed out—and I prefer not to contemplate which of us it would have been.

TICKET

TO

TROUBLE

By LEONARD MOSLEY

LOUISE FRASER, a young British actress attending Cannes Film Festival, is told to take a mysterious packet to "Jules," a young man who will be playing in the Casino at midnight.

Cannes. "PERHAPS it is life or death itself," the Algerian carpet seller had said. And today I know what he means.

Have you ever seen a murdered woman? It did not occur to me that it would ever come within my experience. I am 23 years old. I have spent the last five years of my life trying to discover how to be a good actress.

But how does a good actress behave when she is confronted by a body?

I have a terrible feeling that it may all have been my fault; that if I had been on time, Elsa might still be alive. I meant to be at the Casino at midnight exactly, as the carpet seller had asked me.

But I am speedily discovering that no one at film festivals is ever on time, that no film ever starts when it is supposed to, and sometimes never seems to finish at all.

Tonight was German night at the film festival. The delegation of German stars waited until the last possible minute, then swept in under the arc-lights and took their seats.

I went up the stairs to my seat with Peter Glenville. He is the son of that famous principal boy, Dorothy Ward, and her husband Shaun Glenville. He is a fine director and I once had a part in one of his plays.

The German film was one of those half costume romances that seem to go on and on, full of lovely scenes and turgid acting.

When it was over, we walked along the promenade towards the Casino. I did not realise that it was so late, and I thought there would be no harm in going to the party that the Germans were giving at the night club attached to the Casino.

I danced with Peter Glenville and took a drink of champagne from Anatole Litvak (he made that famous film "The Snake Pit," you'll remember).

I felt like a great success, until I glanced at my watch—and realised that it was ap-

proaching one in the morning. And I had a date with Jules in the Casino for midnight.

I excused myself and went up through the communicating corridor to the Cannes Casino. I showed them my passport and handed over 300 francs and they let me pass through.

ALL the gambling tables were crowded. I saw the Dockers playing at one table, the Begum Aga Khan at another. Doris Day was having a mild flutter.

But where was Jules, the young man for whom I was looking?

I glanced towards the roulette table near the entrance, to the bar—and I saw him. He was seated by the croupier, and he looked very pale. I walked slowly over to him and I knew at once that this was the man with whom I had my rendezvous, for each time the croupier called "Messieurs, faites vos jeux," he put down a red 1,000 franc plaque on the three and five. That was the signal.

I went up to him, leaned over and said: "I am Louise Fraser." I fumbled in my handbag and was about to pull out the envelope containing the key.

He was a good-looking, bronzed young man; a typically healthy South Coast Frenchman, I thought.

Suddenly he looked up at me and I saw panic in his eyes. He pulled me down towards him, so that his mouth was close to my ear, and he said: "Why did you come so late? At all costs do not talk to me now. Pretend to play at the table."

HE pushed some chips towards me. I took two of them and placed them on No. 24, which is my sister's birthday, and waited.

—and the croupier shovelled a pile of chips towards me. "Good. Play them again," said the young man, and I put everything I had been given on No. 17, which is the birthday of my dachshund dog. Once more the croupier pushed a pile towards me, and gradually I began to realise that I was winning money.

"Good," said the young man. "Now take your money and cash it. And then go out on to the harbour wall and you will find an English car with the number WPF 796. I cannot leave now, because I am being watched."

But you will find Elsa in the car—and you will give the envelope to her."

He was very pale, he looked very frightened, and his tone of voice was so urgent that I could not help but obey him. I took up my chips and walked to the cashier, and absent-mindedly stuffed the notes into my purse.

I was only half-aware that I was suddenly in possession of a good deal of money.

I WALKED out of the Casino and on to the harbour front, searching for the car WPF 796. "Don't hesitate," the young man at the table had said. "Just open the door and get inside, and there you will find Elsa."

Half-way up the dock I saw the car. Yes, there was a woman in it. I knew by the silver sheen of her hair that it was the woman on the train, the woman Elsa, who had given me the envelope. I opened the door of the car and slipped inside.

"I am tired of all this conspiracy," I said. I took the envelope and thrust it into her hand. "Here is the key. You wanted me to deliver. I don't want to be troubled with it again."

Then I started to tremble with terror. For the hand to which I had confided the envelope was cold. Elsa, when I leaned against her, suddenly slumped against the side of the car.

WHEN I looked at her I saw the marks on her neck. I knew she was dead.

And, from the back of the car, came a soft sound of somebody breathing. I turned around swiftly and made to leave the car. But a strong hand reached over and wrenched my fingers away from the handle.

"Once more I have to ask you, Miss Fraser," said a familiar voice. "To hand me over the envelope."

I knew I was back with the shaven-headed young man with the eye-patch—the one who had tried to strangle me. The one who had obviously already strangled Elsa.

"Good," said the young man. "Now take your money and cash it. And then go out on to the harbour wall and you will find an English car with the number WPF 796. I cannot leave now, because I am being watched."



Drawing by Koolman

The captain was in a bad temper. "What's all this nonsense?" he demanded. "Give him salts."

sort of responsibility on board. He said it couldn't do much harm, so long as you never had a proper patient.

"What about Robina?" "Oh, Robina. We've been lumbered with that—before. Always coming the old soldier to try and dodge his turn. He just can't get it into his thick skull that we're not all plain mugs."

I didn't say so but it occurred to me that Robina conceivably had something there.

WORLD COPYRIGHT RESERVE.

DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES NO

Put your tick in the space above and keep this page until Monday, when the answer will be given with another story in this series by

Hesketh Pearson

Did yesterday's story—Death Played the Flirt, by Bernard Miles—actually happen? Answer—YES.

What a doctor thinks of women

LADIES, YOU APPAL ME

By Dr Bellamy Hobson

MAN is a reasoning animal. Woman, on the other hand, proceeds by intuition. That is the only explanation for the extraordinary things you do.

Tommy's temperature is 102. Any reasonable being would conclude he was too hot. Not his mother. She shuts the window, lights the fire, puts on an extra eider-down, takes his temperature an hour later and just can't understand why it has gone up to 103. By some extraordinary mental process she thought he was chilled!

Your poor husband has a tummy upset and can't stop being sick. What do you do? You keep bringing food and urging on him, telling him he must keep his strength up.

Why is it that, when a woman has been trained to be a nurse, and had the intuition kicked out of her, she is a miracle of competence; but when she hasn't, she couldn't be more dumb?

No married woman would dream of cooking without having a cookery book, but how many possess a manual of home nursing?

No, they rely on that fly-blown verse: "What pain and anguish rack the brow, a ministering angel bow!"

Ministering angel, my foot. Most of them don't know a draw sheet from a bedpan. If asked to give a blanket bath, they just gape. They wash thermometers in hot water and wonder why they break.

They make arrowroot so that the spoon stands up in it. They can't keep a temperature chart. They think nursing means straightening up the bedclothes, making the sick room a hot house, and wondering why an invalid can't eat Irish stew.

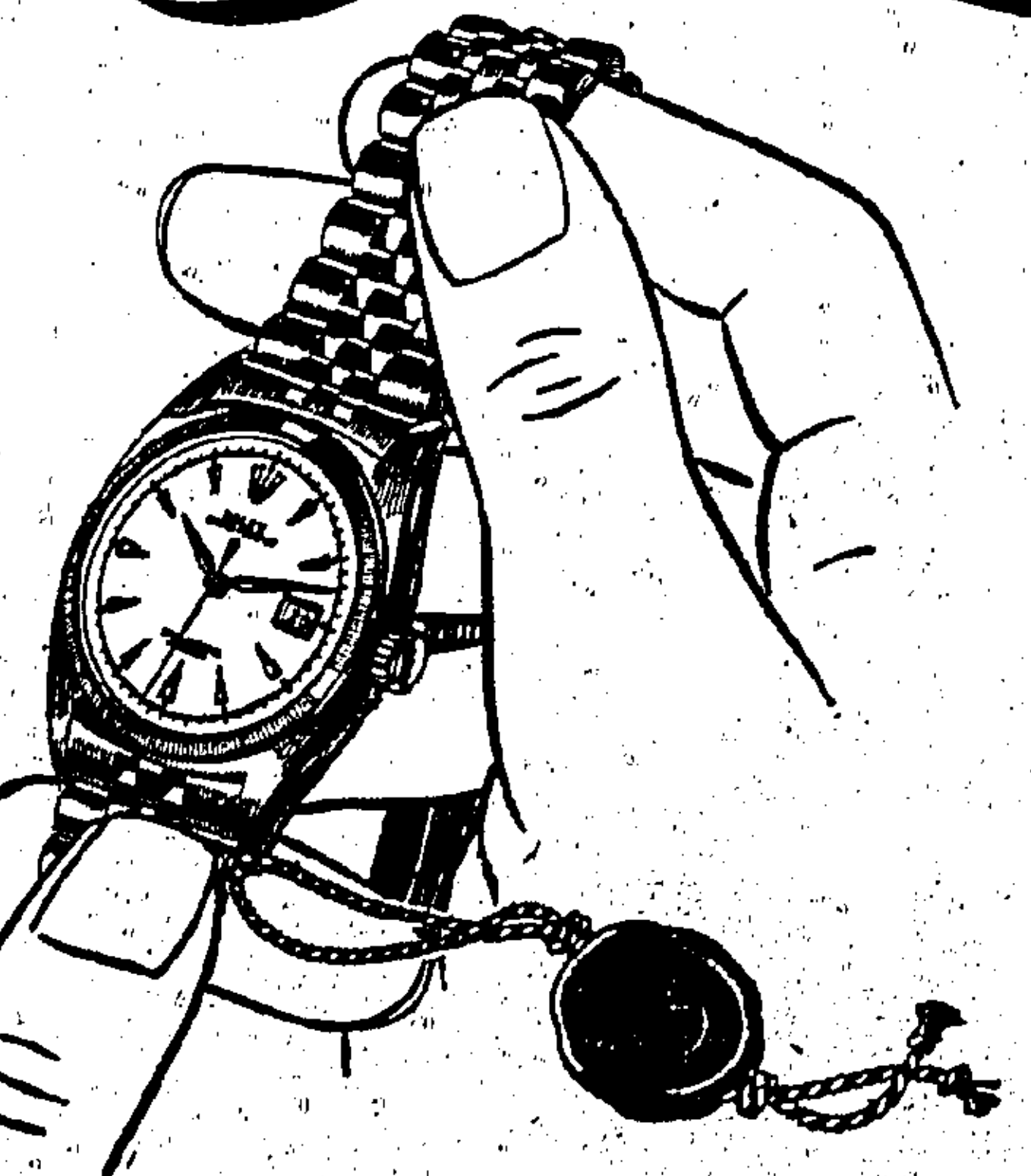
Ladies, you appal me. You can't even tell me in simple language what you are suffering from. You use weird language, and say you have "gastric" or "intestinal catarrh."

I don't know what you mean, and I'm quite sure that you don't. Why not give up this attitude and THINK?

Most of the time you don't notice a ticking clock. Now and then you do. Most of the time you don't notice your heart beating—but if you do, what a scare it throws. Instead of being reassured the thing is still ticking over, you rush to the doctor afraid it will stop.

Yet if your ankles swell like piano legs, which surely indi-

ROLEX



The extraordinary accuracy of Rolex wrist-chronometers is attested by the fact that over 250,000 Official Timing Certificates have been issued by Swiss Government Testing Stations—three times as many as the rest of the Swiss watch industry combined.

ROLEX

A landmark in the history of Time measurement.

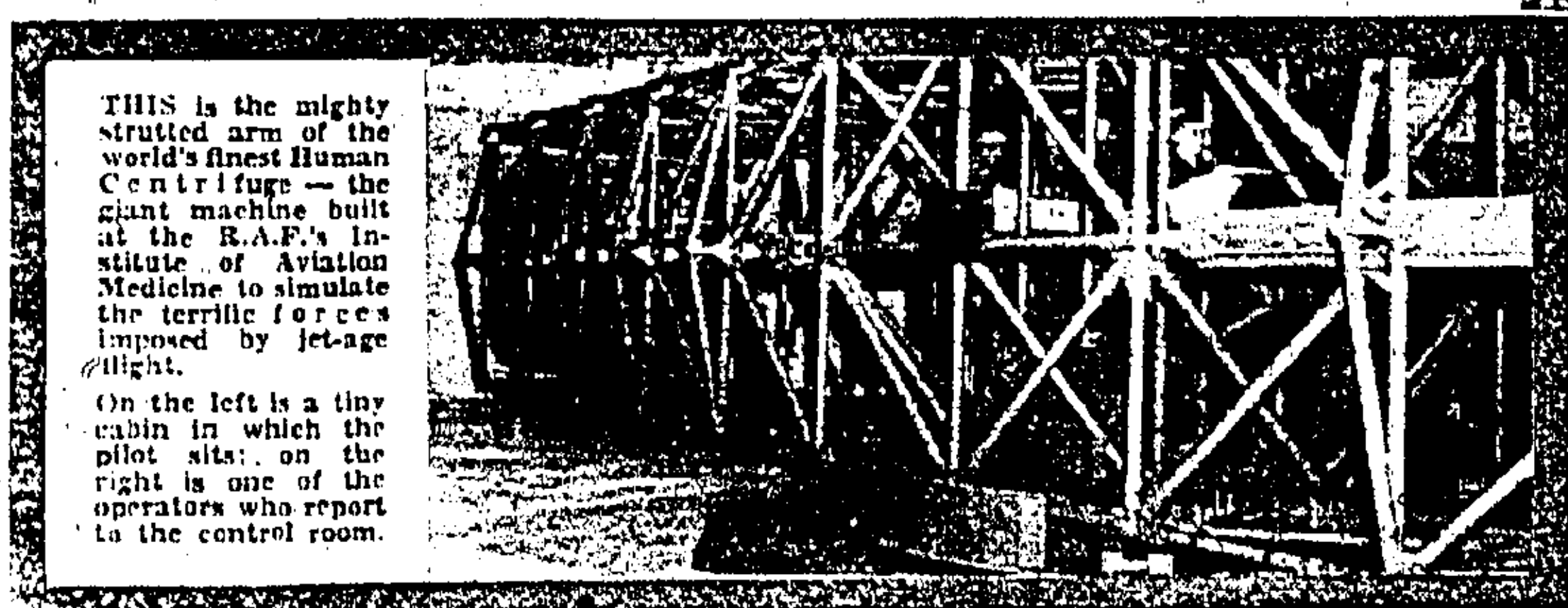
NEXT WEEK: WATCH OUT FOR NEW THRILLS

THIS IS THE PRICE OF SPEED!

First pictures from Britain showing the strain jet-age airmen must submit to

A SUPER merry-go-round built to find out just how much punishment the jet-age airman can take while still staying in control of his plane was put into action at Farnborough, Hants, yesterday. TWO CABINS like miniature space-ships hang from the ends of a 62ft. rotating arm which will whirl men round until they experience devastating strains up to ten times the force of gravity.

HOW THE MONSTER MERRY-GO-ROUND WORKS



THIS is the mighty strutted arm of the world's finest Human Centrifuge — the giant machine built at the R.A.F.'s Institute of Aviation Medicine to simulate the terrible forces imposed by jet-age flight.

On the left is a tiny cabin in which the pilot sits; on the right is one of the operators who report to the control room.

by CHAPMAN PINCHER

THE first man to dare the forces which simulate the toughest physical stress imposed on pilots in jet-age combat was Flight-Lieutenant James Fitzsimons, an RAF doctor-scientist.

I saw him strapped alone in the green-lit cabin slung from the arm of the Human Centrifuge, as the giant merry-go-round is called.

His only protection was an anti-G (for Gravity) suit. Electric leads were attached to him to measure his heart-beat, brain-waves, and blood-pressure.

Greying out

THEN the huge concrete arena housing the £350,000 machine was cleared.

Standing in the control room I heard Fitzsimons' voice over the loudspeaker give the signal: "Ready to start, Controller."

Switches were thrown, and the 2,200 horse-power motor began to spin the strutted arm.

Suddenly its speed rose with fantastic acceleration. The cabin swivelled out until it was almost horizontal. For five long seconds the control room dial registered "5 G's"—five times the normal force of gravity.

"My cheeks are sagging," Fitzsimons called. "I cannot move my arms now. Difficult to talk." Then faintly: "I am greying out."

If Fitzsimons' seat had been fixed to a spring balance at that moment it would have registered his weight as nearly half a ton.

His lungs, stomach, and internal organs felt as though they were being dragged from their moorings.

His blood had become momentarily as heavy as Molten iron. Rushing away from his head to his legs, it had starved his eyes of their blood supply so that all looked gray.

Only the self-inflating rubber balloons of his anti-G suit pressing on his legs and stomach stopped him blacking out completely.

Then came the comment: "I am all right now," as the machine slowed down.

In a quiet recording room RAF doctors hope to develop other

watching robot pens trace out a running record of Fitzsimons' reactions during his ordeal.

Charts showed the exact rate at which blood was drained from his face and just how his heart had tried to win the battle against increasing G's.

Soon Fitzsimons and other RAF doctors of the Farnborough team, led by Group Captain William K. Stewart, will be "risking the rigours of up to 10 G's."

The cabins will be fitted with dummy controls so that the pilot's reaction time—the delay before his muscles begin to obey his brain—can be measured under G's severest stresses.

Redding out

THE doctors will even be whirled upside down to measure the effects of "redding out"—the painful pressure caused by blood rushing to the brain in a power dive.

It is the violent changes of speed in the twists and dives of supersonic flight which subject a pilot to the savage stresses of G—not the speed itself.

From their findings the RAF doctors hope to develop more effective anti-G devices.



"G"—WATCH AS IT TAKES A PILOT INTO ITS GRIP...

THIS is what happens at the moment when an airman feels the tightening grip of his insidious enemy, G—the force of gravity. The loose skin of his face is pulled downwards, his eyes begin to burn, his eyelids feel dry and gritty. As blood drains from his eyes his vision is blurred and he "greys out."

As the G force increases, his teeth are bared like those of a snarling dog. His blood—as heavy as molten iron when the stress reaches six G's—runs to his legs and blinds him by robbing his eyes of their oxygen supply. He "blacks out."

Under the stress of still more G's, his heart is beaten in its efforts to pump the heavy blood to his brain and he becomes unconscious.



Those Teen Age Frenzies—True Or False?

An Investigation By ANTHONY HUNTER

"COME away, dear," said the short-sighted old lady. "It must be a fight."

It was worse than that—it was a riot.

From a safe distance I watched 500 sobbing, swooning, shrieking teenage girls fighting literally to scale the vertical sides of the London Palladium.

Above their heads a slim, passable-looking chap of 26 mopped his brow and waved wanly. He had just climbed hurriedly to the roof to avoid the risk of being torn to pieces.

This is fan-fever. The hunted man was Johnnie Ray, American crooner and idol of bobby-soxers' dreams. His voice has been compared to a "buzz-saw" and a "siren."

He is not the only one. He is at present the reigning "Nabob of Sob" to weep, tear his hair, and gesticulate over

the stage microphone. The answering fan fever is earning him a reputed £150,000 a year.

FRANKIE LAINE

Vying for the title of the singer teenagers most want to tear to pieces is Frankie Laine, whose "honey" (tonghorn to older ears) voice brings in about £120,000 per annum. He, too, is met with fighting and hysteria at the airport. Girls chase him to his hotel room and tear off his coat. They howl and roar at his performances, almost loud enough to drown that "honey" voice.

Then there is Frank Sinatra, who pioneered the swoons of young female audiences, and Eddie Fisher, who regularly loses his shirt to fans and is, therefore, an up-and-coming

singer, earning more than £20,000 a year. Even Britain has Dickie Valentine, who, despite his modest £11,000 a year, can raise a very noisy swoon from 4,500 crazy fans.

What is this fan-fever? Is it a real emotion? Or is it just a rowdy outburst for boydens and Teddy-girls? Do the bobby-soxers really worship these "heart-string halloosers" or are they whipped up by sweating publicity men and "professional" swooners placed strategically in the audience?

There was only one way to find out. I went to see ten of Johnnie Ray's fans picked at random.

My first fan was Janette Robertson, an attractive red-head of 17, who lives in a most respectable suburban home in

Cambridge Drive, Lee, S.E. She goes to college to learn shorthand and typing. She is quiet, well-spoken.

Her grey-green eyes sparkled as we spoke of Johnnie Ray: "The moment he comes on the stage I scream. It's such a relief to see him." She said: "Marry him? Good heavens, no. But when he sings, I might do anything. It's his terrible personality."

Miss Robertson organises fan clubs (more than 1,000 full members) in her spare time and "all for love."

"Just hysteria," that is how a doctor described Sylvia swooners. "They don't care tuppence for him really."

Margaret Downey, a tailor's cutter of Roman Way, Holloway, and considered to be Johnnie's No. 1 fan, caught her breath: "I would throw myself into the Thames if he refused to see me in his dressing-room," she sobbed. By the look in her tear-filled eye, I believe she might. "But he always does invite us in," she added. "He's so kind and natural to his fans."

The newspaper columnist said: "It's just sex gone mad."

Jean Ebdon, 18, who lives at Wishart Road, Kidbrooke, is a typist (90 percent of Johnnie's fans are). "He's quite different from a boy friend. I want to mother him, he's so boyish. He just makes me go sort of mad and want to rush at him."

ALL AGREE

Jean Smith, of Alexander Drive, Norwood, is 20 and has no boy friends. "How could I with Johnnie needing me," she said. "I worship him. When he sings it's just him and me. I feel as if I want to tear him to pieces, but I like him, too much for that."

A brunette, Jillian Brown, aged 17, of Belmont Park, Lewisham, S.E.: "He is such a little boy. It brings out all my motherly instinct. When I see him I want to rush up and bite him. Then I feel all weak."

Sheila Mew, Asylum Road, Walworth, aged 16: "He is the type who wants looking after."

I would look after him. I believe every word he is singing. A well-known hypnotist thinks fan fever is simple: "Just mass hypnotism, it's all done with the hands."

Josephine Jannaway, aged 16, of Anerley Road, Upper Norwood, rolled up her eyes and cried: "Oh, oh, Johnnie—this is for life. I can't look away from him. I'm spellbound. I've only got to listen to his records and I'm off again."

Also 16, Pam Jessett, of Kingslake Street, Waltham, S.E., said: "It's his actions. When he comes on the stage, I scream and scream. When he starts to sing and holds out his hands, I'm deaf to everything except his voice."

WORSHIPS HIM

What have all these girls in common? Average age 17, all respectable, sensible, likable girls on any subject but "their Johnnie." All have been to see him a dozen times, all wear "I Love Johnnie" sweaters, scarves, or rings. All have bulging "Johnnie scrapbooks," pin-ups and a complete record album. All joined Johnnie clubs of their own accord after seeing him.

All agree on one thing (the first thing they say when you plumb the "ooohs and aaaaahs"): "It's his sincerity, he really means what he sings."

As I sat talking to Shirley Oliver of Woodlands Lane, South Oxhey, Hertfordshire, and Silvia Borrell, Theobalds Lane, Highbury, both aged 19, Shirley spoke for all the fans: "When he cries, he really cries, and you feel so sorry for him that you cry too."

Then she spoke for half of the fans I saw: "I wouldn't marry him if I could. I'm going to be married next month."

Silvia spoke for the other half: "Oh, dear, if only I had the chance."

What is fan fever? Is it sex-mad, degrading, rowdyism, hypnotism, or what?

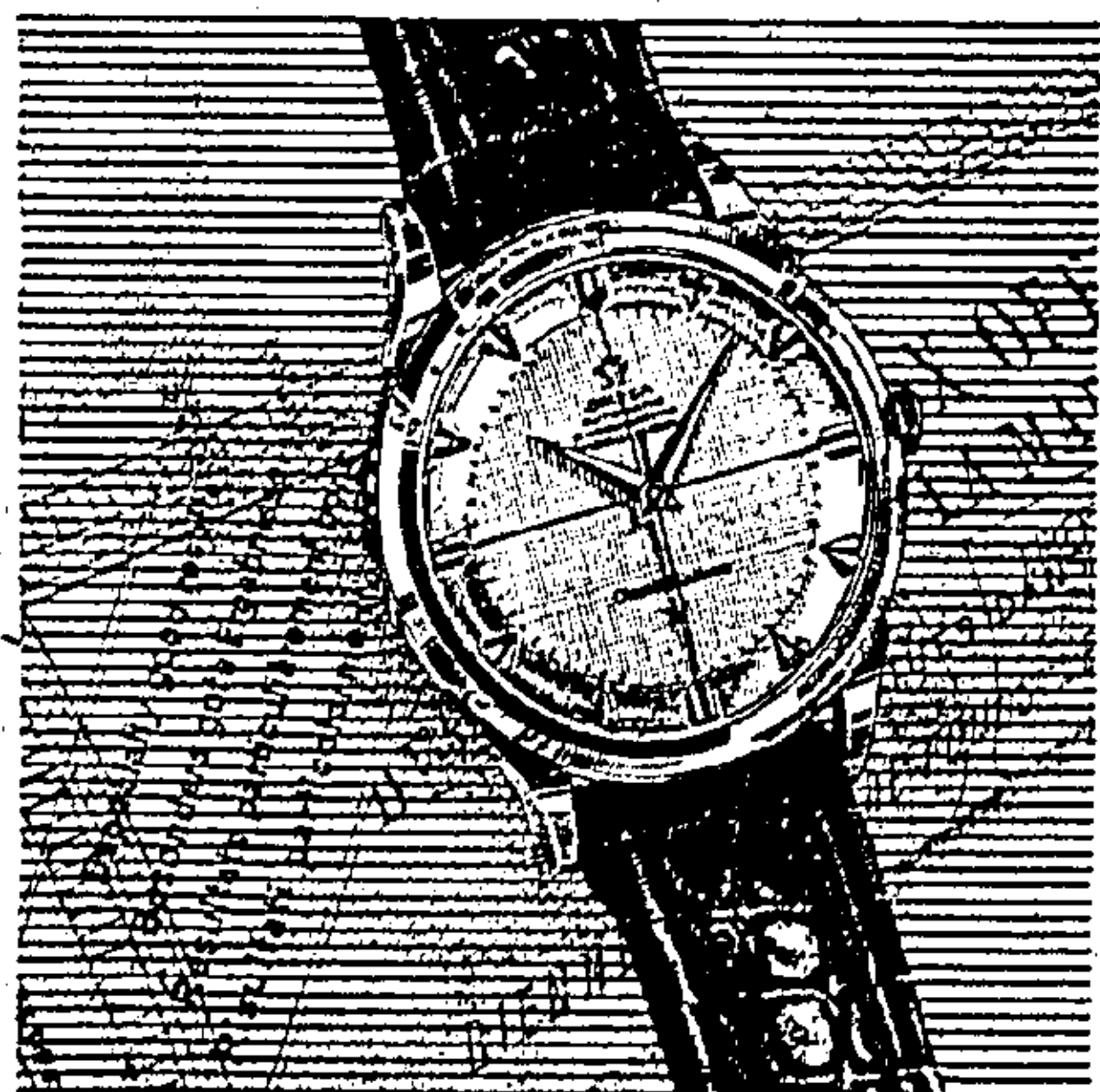
Let Pam Jessett's father, landlord of the Two Eagles, have the last word: "All girls are a bit crazy when they're young. I'd rather Pam was a young Ted rather than a Teddy-girl. Only Johnnie Ray suffers and he's paid to do it."

What this new self-winding chronometer means to you...

A chronometer is a "super watch"

It has been specially made, specially adjusted, and has passed stringent government tests for accuracy. Every Swiss chronometer is sold with an Official Rating Certificate showing just how it performed in these government tests. Particularly good chronometers are awarded a distinctive notation: "especially good results" printed on this certificate.

Before you buy a chronometer, look to see whether it is officially certified with "especially good results." Every Omega Constellation is! Automatic, waterproof, shock-protected, antimagnetic.



You'll know the Omega Constellation by the observation engraved on the back of the case—your guarantee of an "especially good chronometer."

Ω OMEGA Constellation

Société Suisse Pour l'Industrie Horlogère S.A. Geneva, Switzerland.

OMEGA * Tissot

They Were Afraid To Vote

By JOHN McKENNA

FOREIGN correspondents

who covered the General Election here marvelled openly at the singular lack of fuss which attended it. Some of them even appeared before the TV cameras to tell viewers that the British General Election was a model for other countries. And, so, for the greater part, it was.

But a short bus ride from the TV studio in the Strand—in fact, just across the Thames in Lambeth—an aspect of the election was revealed which redounded to no one's credit.

Many of the four thousand coloured colonial immigrants—mainly from the West Indies—who live in the Brixton district

of Lambeth did not vote because they dared not.

It had nothing to do with colour bar or racial prejudice. Any of them who had arrived before October of last year was entitled to a vote, and the great majority of Lambeth locals would have liked to see them exercise their right as British Citizens.

They did not vote because, in many cases, they were scared that they might be evicted from the grossly overcrowded rooms where they live.

They had never been listed as voters because get-rich-quick landlords—in most cases immigrants too—had refused to divulge the number of tenants paying them rent. The landlords knew that if they listed every tenant as a voter, local health authority inspectors would swoop to investigate obvious overcrowding.

These facts were confirmed by the Mayor of Lambeth, Herbert N. White, who has not spared

himself in improving race relations in his borough.

The fact that British citizens had, however much their own fault, been deprived of a vote was bad enough. What was really alarming was the bald confirmation of often expressed fears that a mass influx of colonial immigrants could perpetuate and create slum conditions.

So far Her Majesty's Government has been wary of any raising of the colonial immigration issue. They have argued that the immigrants, as British citizens, have every right to come to Britain, and once in the country cannot be identified as other than ordinary citizens.

Constitutionally and morally, the argument is irreproachable. But it does not offer any solution to a worsening problem which might in time become explosive.

Some time in the life of the new Parliament the problem is going to have to be faced and an answer found.

JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

...this situation calls for a San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



Two versions of the beach story. Left: The miniature dress of striped cotton, with bloomers underneath and a separate calf-length skirt. Above: Cotton coiffe jacket over shorts, in striped cotton.

New Beach Clothes Are Soft And Feminine

By ANNE SCOTT-JAMES

IN a wonderful year for fashion, the news in beach clothes is plentiful and inspiring.

The new holiday things are as delicious as a ripe watermelon in a good season, for water melons.

The big trend is for softer, more feminine beach clothes, with the "miniature dress" the newest line.

This is a summer dress cut short above the knee, or shorter still. It is usually in cotton, and you wear it as a newer alternative to a shirt and short shorts.

If you prefer shorts or trousers, you'll want one of the new shapes in tops to go over them.

There are overblouses of all sorts, from middie blouses to

London. striped cotton sweaters to wear over your shorts or skirt, rather than tucked in.

There are stylish standaway jackets of the coolie, smock, or tunic type. There are old-fashioned blazers.

There is much more colour on the beaches this summer, much less white. And there are new fabrics for beach things, including wool jersey. I report this as news, but I don't take an enthusiastic view of it. Cotton in all its forms seems much more practical to me.

Hats are the only crazy beach fashion that I would spend money on. Eccentric pants look dated. (Personally, I never wanted to look like a pirate.)

Erotic wraps are never really comfortable. But Italian straw hats in outlandish shapes or with flying

straw hair are amusing—and cheap.

Swimsuits are cut in new ways; they are properly constructed jobs, rather than scraps of cotton.

Most of them are boned, many of them have knitted skirts; some are in wonderful prints.

Sun-ran will be lighter. Sun-glasses will be smaller. Hair will be longer and tidier. All symptoms of fashion turning away from the little-boy look towards something more feminine, even on the beach.

The answers

I DECIDED that the best possible gift parents can give their children is poise. I am sure that for every child that wants squashing, there are half a dozen who want more con-

fidence, who need to be helped along.

And I think we have a better knack for this than our parents. The agonies of shyness we used to suffer are rare among children.

I have been asking parents how they have helped their children to feel as though they fitted in.

Most gave quite simple, practical solutions.

"If they are with us when we meet grown-ups, we always introduce them properly, as though they were human beings, not nuisances."

"We let them use the telephone. It helps them put their thoughts clearly."

"My daughter does most of the household shopping. Her first real friend was the butcher."

"They go out and entertain a lot. I limit the expense strictly, but not the number of outings."

"I keep them as well dressed as I can. Bad clothes can cause terrible shyness."

"I let them pay bus fares, small purchases and tips."

"I was brought up in a nursery. But our children live with us."

So do stop gawping for us, you bishops and schoolmasters,

and magistrates, who never tire of telling parents that we do everything wrong.

In this respect I think we are being quite clever.

New models

MEMO to the thousands and thousands of English girls who want to be mannequins.

Two new models made a resounding hit in London last week.

BOTH WERE AMERICANS.

The first, Barbara Roth, was a lovely high-cheeked blonde of 21 who is studying for the stage.

The second, Diane Chadwick, flew over with the New York designer, Jane Derby, for her successful London show.

Diane Chadwick has a strictly beautiful face. Barbara Roth hasn't got perfect model measurements. But both made the clothes they wore look superb.

WHY?

They were one hundred per cent professional. They smiled and looked tremendously happy. They knew how to move to show off each dress. They really sold those clothes.

If there is one thing I admire in the professional attitude—whether you're a minister, a manufacturer or a model.

(London Express Service)

ROMANCE IN THE AIR?

Few Cases Of 'Love At First Flight'

Montreal.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago this month, a California nurse named Ellen Church made her first flight in a United Airlines plane as the first air hostess.

Today, there are more than 10,000 air hostesses on American airlines and Trans-Canada Airlines has about 300.

Girls aiming for a career in the air often picture themselves marrying a handsome millionaire, but TCA chief stewardess Billie Housman says stewardesses rarely marry passengers. Miss Housman, a native of Central Butte, Sask, says she can remember only eight or nine cases of "love at first flight" during her 11 years with the airline.

CREAM OF WOMANHOOD

However, 40 percent of the girls every year trade in the job for a wedding ring.

"It's probably because we try to pick the cream of Canadian womanhood," Miss Housman said in an interview.

She said TCA has to turn down two out of every three applicants for the job. But registered nurses who are single, between 21 and 28, between five and five-foot eight, and weigh no more than 130 pounds are encouraged to apply at TCA interview centres. These are at Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver.

Jean Pelletier, of Kirkland Lake, Ont., assistant supervisor of training, said if a girl is selected she goes through an intensive five-week course. She learns about meteorology, geography, aircraft recognition and the theory of flight, as well as psychology and good grooming.

JUST A HAND

Miss Pelletier said hand-grooming is especially important.

"To a distracted passenger," she explained, "the stewardess, serving a meal or offering a magazine, may be just a hand."

The student hostess learns to serve meals at lightning speed, until she can get out 40 pre-cooked meals in less than 16 minutes.

On graduation, the students choose their runs in order of their marks. The popular transatlantic run, for which they pay \$395 a month, goes in order of seniority.

Starting pay on domestic runs is \$234 a month. The domestic maximum is \$376 after seven years' service. Maximum flying time is 87 hours a month.—United Press.

BRAVING THE JUNGLE WITH LIPSTICK AND MASCARA

London.

SHE had orange hair and tawny eyes and silver nails, and a jade-green knitted dress which clung to her well-curved figure.

She was fondling two meerkats which scampered out of her hands and made a rush for my ankles.

"Mind your stockings," said Michaela Denis, traveller, peo- lover, TV star and author of *Leopard in My Lap*. "The little creatures just can't resist nylons."

"Naughty darlings," I said, as they clawed my feet.

Mrs Denis and her husband, Armand, are just back from a breath-taking safari in Africa, are here for a month for books, lectures, and films, then off on another danger-laden journey through the belly of the Dark Continent.

NO GUNS...

They will be away a year or more, photographing and taming wild animals. They will take tinned food and cosmetics and colour film and a careful of evening clothes—but no gun. For it is against their principles to take life.

"Please tell me," I said, "how you capture big game. You don't shoot and I am sure you don't approve of trapping. It must be frightfully dangerous."

"Well, we find the creatures when they are babies," said Mrs Denis. "I caught and reared a lion cub, for instance, and it grew very fond of me."

"Goodness," I said, "where was the lioness when you took the cub?"

"She wasn't there. The poor little cub was wandering about looking so lost."

"How awful," I said, "and what about your leopard—the one that's in the Manchester Zoo?"

"I had that from a baby too. I reared it on a bottle."

"Cubkey," I said, "must be full of orphan cubs. Have you ever caught an elephant?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "a little lost elephant in one of the National Parks."

"Poor Jumbo," I said, "was it difficult to catch?"

"Yes, terribly. It fought like a wild horse or a mad bull. It had tremendous strength."

"Heavens," I said, "when how- ever did you get it?"

BY PERSUASION

"Well, I took its little tail and Armand took its little head and the rest of us surrounded it and we persuaded the little creature into our truck."

"How thrilling," I said. "Have you ever been in mortal danger?"

"Yes, often. I think the worst time was when I was photographing crocodiles in Uganda. I was sitting in a canoe in the middle of a deep river full of crocodiles, when a baby croc got caught in my photographic net. I tried to free it, and the canoe tipped over. I fell in the river."

—AND I CAN'T SWIM.

"Go on, go on," I said, "what happened?"

"First I liberated the little creature. Then I thought I was going to drown—so I was calling for help, for my husband was half a mile up the river. But at that moment I was swept under an overhanging branch and I hauled myself to safety."

"Just like Pearl White," I said. "Were you unscathed?"

ONLY DAMAGE

"Yes, the only damage was to my shoe. A crocodile snapped at me and tore the sole of one shoe clean away."

"A narrow squeak," I said. "Tell me about the insects in Africa. Do they drive you crazy?"

"No, they never come near me."

"And snakes?"

"I'm very fond of them. 'Have you ever been chased by a big game?'"

"Yes, many times. By herds of elephant and by rhino."

"It's marvellous," I said, "that you are here to tell the tale. How did you escape?"

"Well, when elephants charge you, the thing is to avoid them; with rhino, I try to get up a tree."

"When," I said, "it would be awful if there were no tree handy. How do you dress in the jungle?"

"Well, I always make up fully every day. I look just as you see me now, lipstick and mascara and powder, but slacks and shirt instead of a dress. And I always take evening clothes with me for wearing when we arrive at towns and cities." Mrs Denis showed me a charming, bouffant strapless dress made of green pleated nylon.

"How pretty," I said. "What do you live on in the jungle, as you do not hunt your food?"

"We barter with the natives, and we take lots and lots of tins."

'AWFUL LIFE'

"No tinned meat, of course," I said. "But one more thing. I've always understood that trapping is much more cruel than shooting. How do you feel about catching these crea-

tures?"

"It's quite all right," she assured me. "If you catch them carefully."

"And what about zoos? Do you mind seeing wild animals in captivity?"

"Not if it's a good zoo. And many animals are happier in captivity. Antelopes, for instance, with their herds about, they have an awful life."

"Yes, it must be a pity," I said. "Good-bye. Good night."

TAI SHUN JEWELLERY CO.

Wholesaler & Retailer



Diamond, Jade and Jewellery

Export orders accepted

72, Queen's Rd., C. Hong Kong. Tel: 20664 & 20618

Illustrated by over 200 "how-to" photographs and drawings, some in two colours.

240 pages. Packed in attractive gift box.

\$25.00

Obtainable only at South China Morning Post Wyndham Street, Hong Kong & Salisbury Road, Kowloon

Remington

AIR CONDITIONERS

• TROPIC-TESTED •

Known for their dependability the world over since 1937—in Hongkong since 1940.

Spalinger's Engineering Dept.

York Bldg. Tel. 37081

Bridal Gowns from \$385.00

Bridesmaid Dresses from \$175.00

Paquerette Ltd

11 GLOUCESTER ARCADE

TEL. 21.15



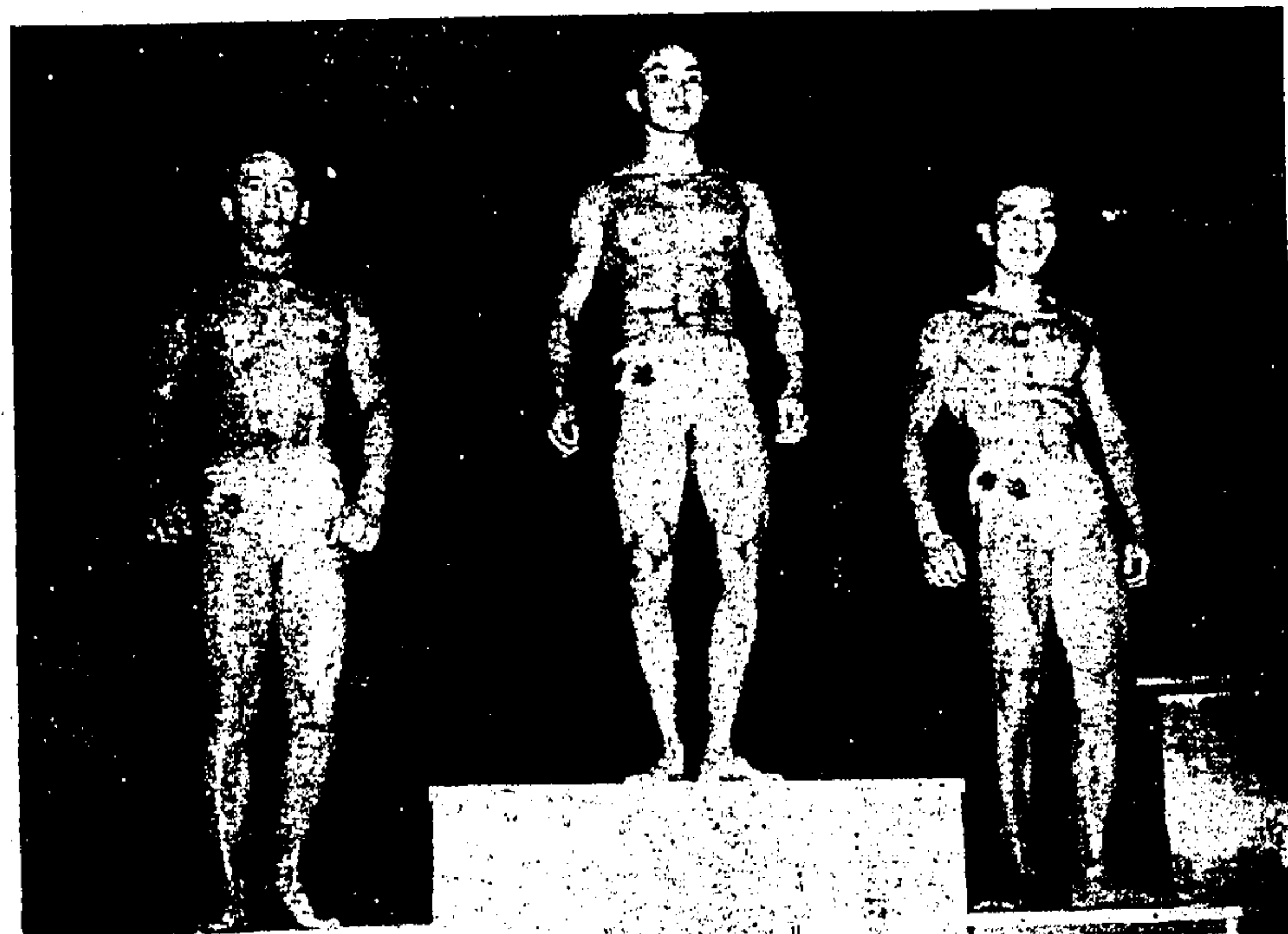
MR E. S. Gregg, President of the Westrex Corporation of New York, greeting guests at a cocktail party given in his honour at the Peninsula Hotel by Mr H. More (third from right), Asia manager of the company. (Staff Photographer)



MR Chu Hau-chiu and his bride, formerly Miss Ho Kwai-yuen, after their wedding at the Roman Catholic Cathedral last Monday.



HIS Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham paid a visit to the Nethersole Hospital on Wednesday and saw many aspects of the work there. In picture above they are accompanied by Dr the Hon. K. C. Yeo, Mr D. L. Prophet and Dr F. Ashton. (Staff Photographer)



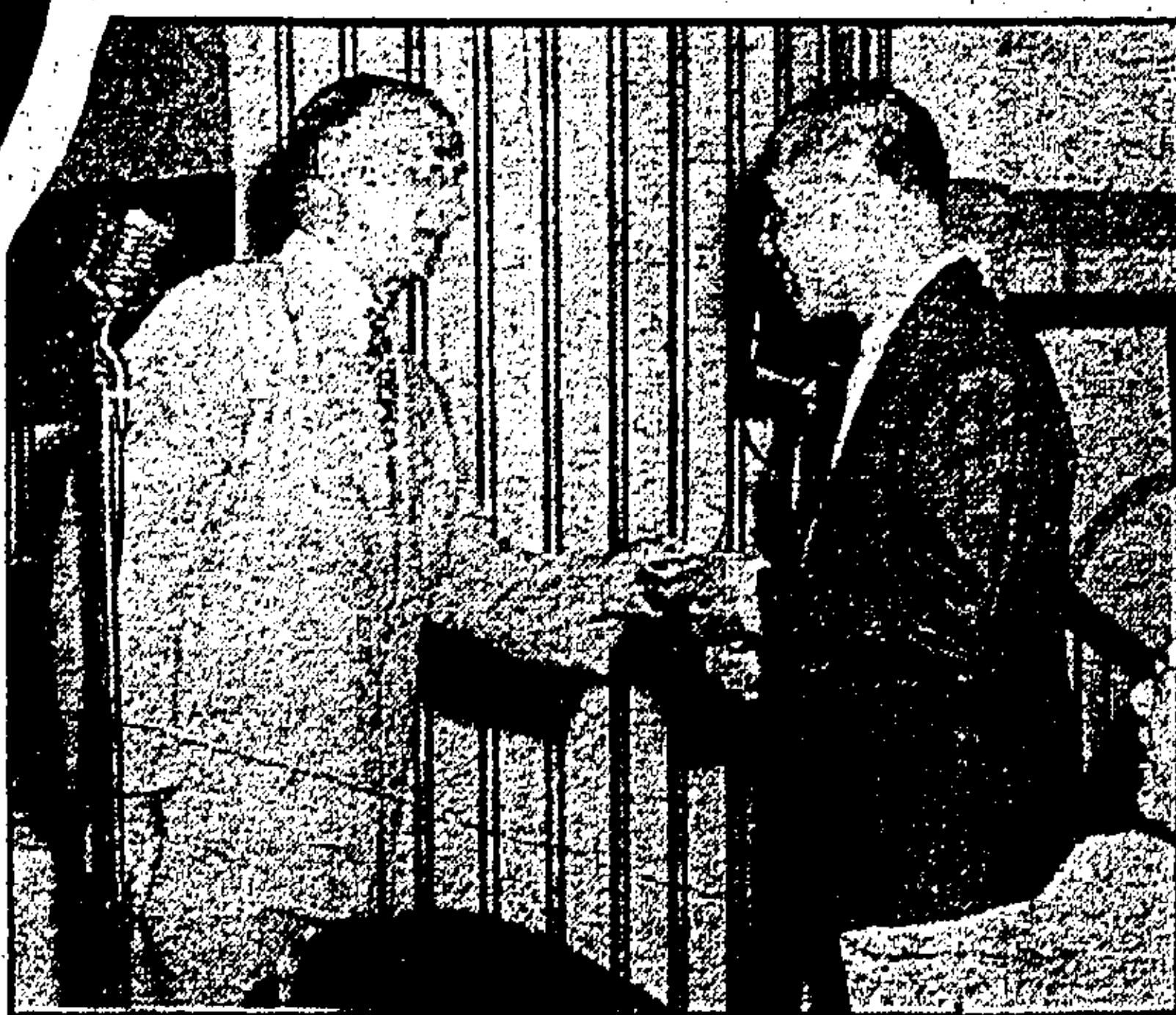
BELOW: Visitors to King George V School during its "open day" seeing the children at work in the classroom. (Staff Photographer)



FINALISTS in the "Junior Mr Hongkong" contest held at the Pui Ching Middle School last Saturday. Left to right: F. X. Sequeira, Wong Chuen-kwong (title winner) and Chan Shu-kui. On left: Wong Chuen-kwong receives the trophy from Mr. A. L. Silva. (Staff Photographer)



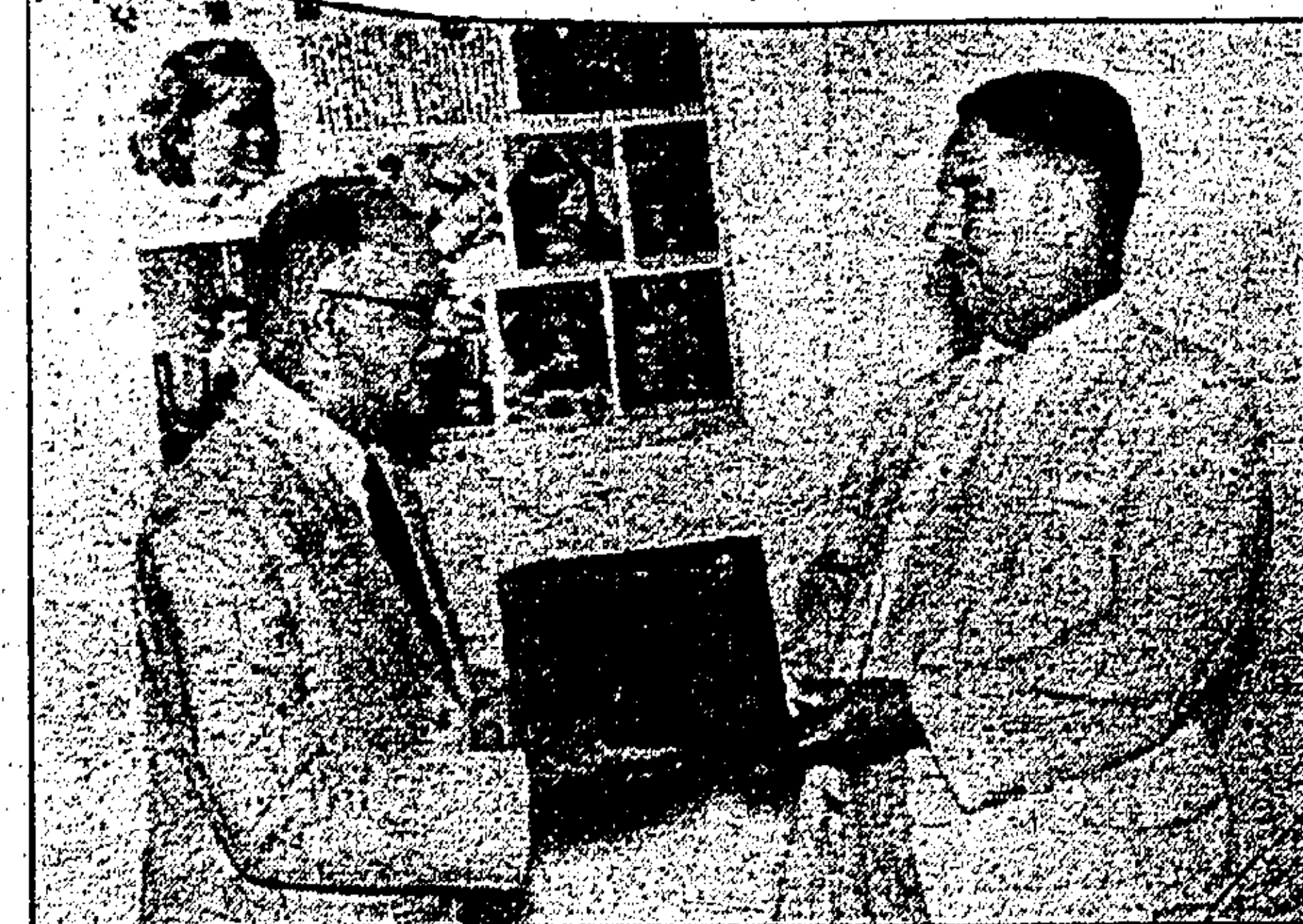
LEFT: At the dinner given by the Hongkong Football Association last week for sports writers and referees, medals were presented to referees by the Vice-President, Mr J. McKelvie, who is seen with Mr Y. S. Cheung. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Dr Guido Relli, Consul-General for Italy (centre), greeting Lt-Col O'Wighton D. Simpson at the cocktail party celebrating Italian National Day. (Staff Photographer)



CHRISTENING at St. Joseph's Church on Wednesday of Marycke Anne, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs L. Rolis. (Ming Yuen)



BRING ALL YOUR
TRAVEL PROBLEMS

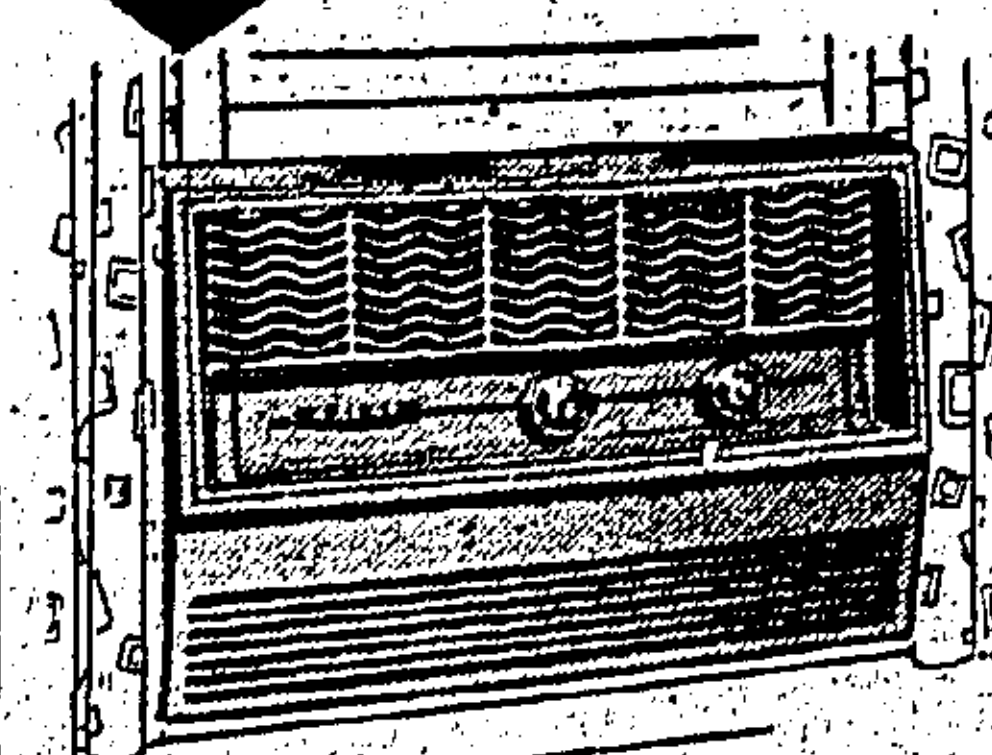
TO
AMERLOYD

AMERICAN LLOYD TRAVEL SERVICE LTD.
Shell House Tel: 31175

AUTHORIZED AGENTS FOR ALL CONFERENCE
AIR AND STEAMSHIP LINES AND RAILROADS.
AFFILIATED OFFICES AND AGENTS THROUGHOUT
THE WORLD.

"Extra Service at No Extra Cost"

SUPER CO-O-L-I-N-G
SUPER QUIET
DRAMATIC STYLING
ADJUSTABLE MOUNTING



Immediate
Delivery.

PHILCO (01-KS). Advanced design... takes up
no space inside the room when mounted flush
with window sill. Extra fast cooling and positive
moisture removal. Adjustable full-capacity fresh
air damper. Arctic finish cabinet, decorative
front. Sealed power system.

FEEL-FITTER-FIT
PHILCO

GILMAN'S
GLOUCESTER ARCADE TEL: 31166



MR Francis J. Chen, President of the Hongkong Junior Chamber of Commerce, is seated between Mr Richard G. Matheson, Joyce Regional Vice-President for North America, and Mr E. LaMar Buckner, National President of U.S. Junior Chambers of Commerce, at a dinner held in the visitors' honour at Winner House. Right: Mr Buckner handing a cheque for "Operation Brotherhood" (aid to Vietnam refugees) to Mr A. de O. Sales, Regional Vice-President for Asia. (Staff Photographer)



ROUNDING a bend in one of the events at last Sunday's open cycling meeting organised by the South China Athletic Association. Right: One of the many spectacular feats of trick riding demonstrated by some of the contestants. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Gathering at the christening of Judith Anne, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs Thomas Styles, at St Andrew's Church last Sunday. (Mainland)



RIGHT: Mr T. S. Pugh, Managing Director of the Hongkong Telephone Co., Ltd., making a presentation to Mrs C. M. Sequeira, who has retired from the company after 52 years' service. The party was held at the Blue Heaven Restaurant. (Staff Photographer)



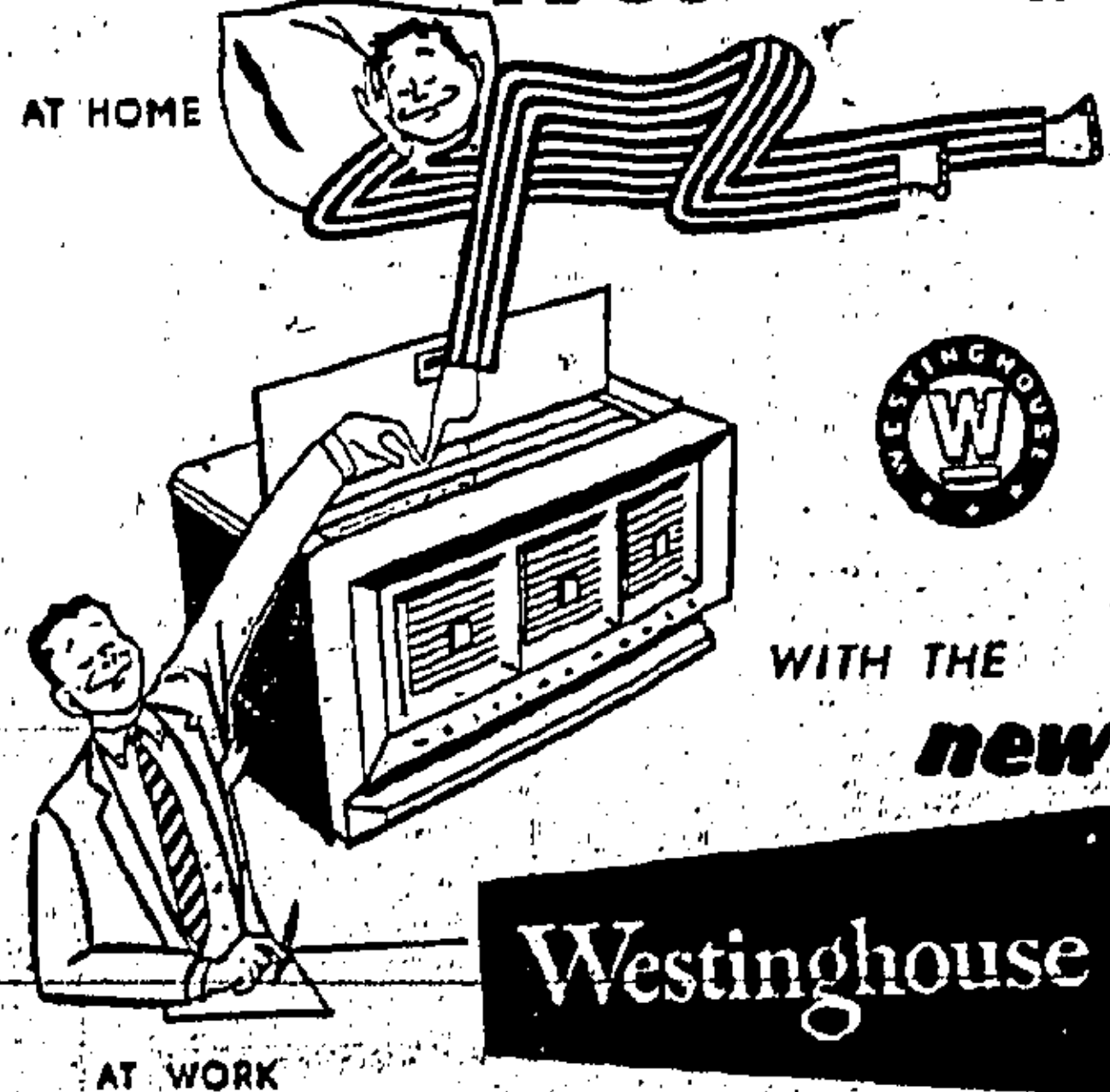
FIONA LEYS and her friends who attended the party she gave to celebrate her seventh birthday. Fiona's father is Mr George Leys, Superintendent of Police. (Willie's)

LITTLE Rocky Chan, who was entered in the gnat-weight division at the Athletic Boxing Club championships last Saturday, receiving a cup from Mr H. G. Richards. (Staff Photographer)

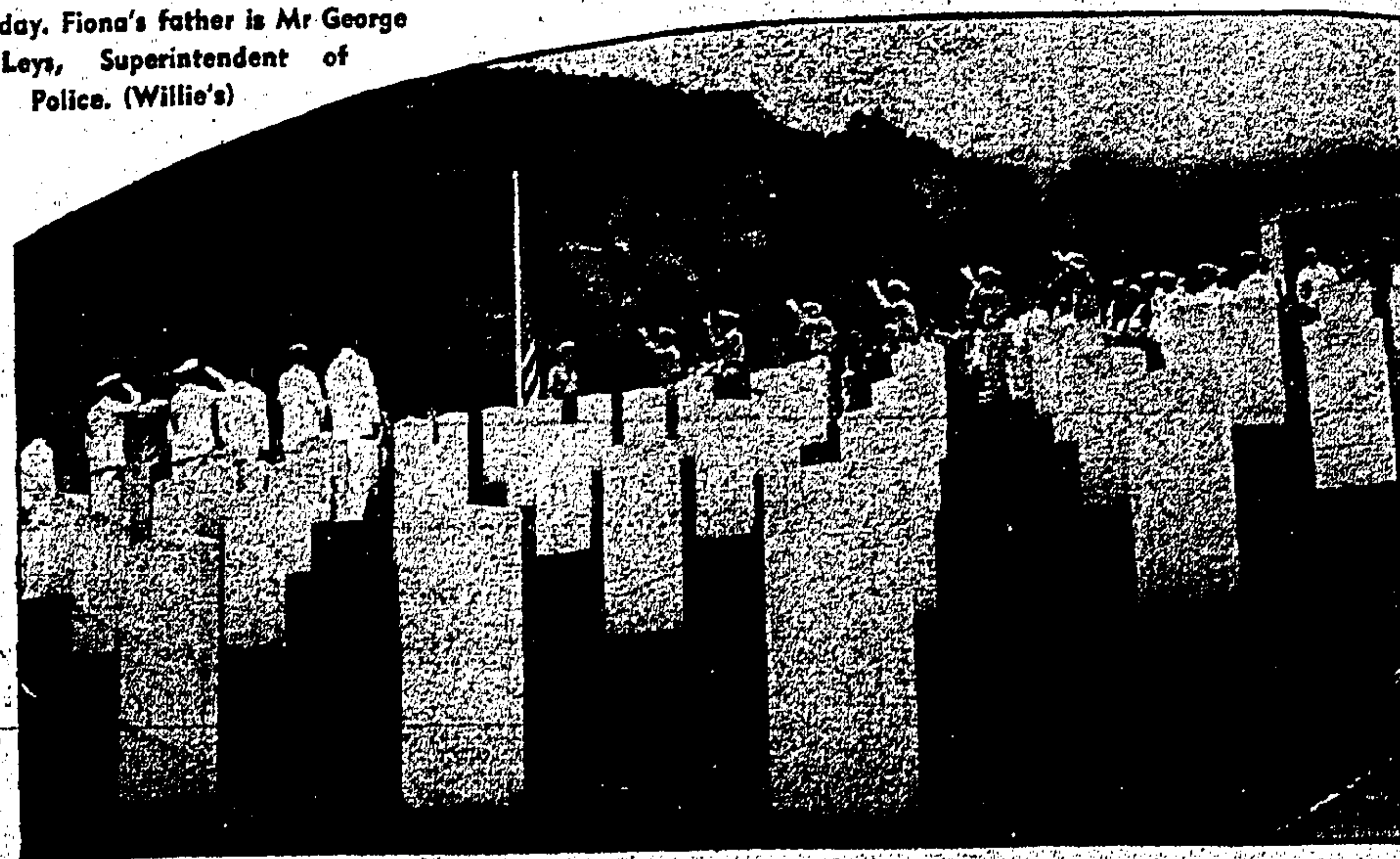


PICTURE taken after Confirmation by the Bishop of Hongkong at Christ Church, Kowloon Tong, last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)

Make your own Weather!



WITH THE **new** Westinghouse Room Air Conditioner
YOU CAN BE SURE...it's Westinghouse
DAVE BOAG & CO. LTD.
SOLE AGENTS, ALEXANDRA HOUSE, TEL 31299



A guard of honour from the 13th U.S. Air Force based at Clark Field, Philippines, firing a salute during the service held at Saiwan Military Cemetery on U.S. Memorial Day. The service was attended by a large number of American citizens. (Staff Photographer)

Be sure it is AERTEX



GLEN MODEL SHIRTS HAVE SHORT SLEEVES, AND COLLAR ATTACHED. THE COLLAR IS SO DESIGNED THAT ALTHOUGH WITH NO TOP BUTTON, IT CAN BE WORN OPEN, OR CLOSED WITH A TIE IN SEVEN COLOURS.

MACKINTOSH'S

ALEXANDRA ARCADE
DES VOEUX ROAD

See Lanolin Plus Liquid Do Wonders For Your Skin Overnight!



Lanolin Plus Liquid is the patented form of concentrated lanolin that penetrates your skin. Used as a cleanser before retiring—then a few more drops quickly massaged in, and you'll awaken next morning to discover that a very definite miracle has happened. No feeling of skin dryness at all—and an extra softness and extra smoothness that is new. But more!

As your skin becomes softer and softer and smoother and smoother, those disturbing, premature, dry-skin crow's feet and wrinkles really fade. Get your bottle of Lanolin Plus Liquid today. Use it tonight. You'll be a happier woman tomorrow morning.

Lanolin Plus Liquid

Ask for these other famous Lanolin Plus products:
Lanolin Plus Hand Lotion
Lanolin Plus Shampoo
Lanolin Plus for the Hair
Lanolin Plus Cleansing Cream

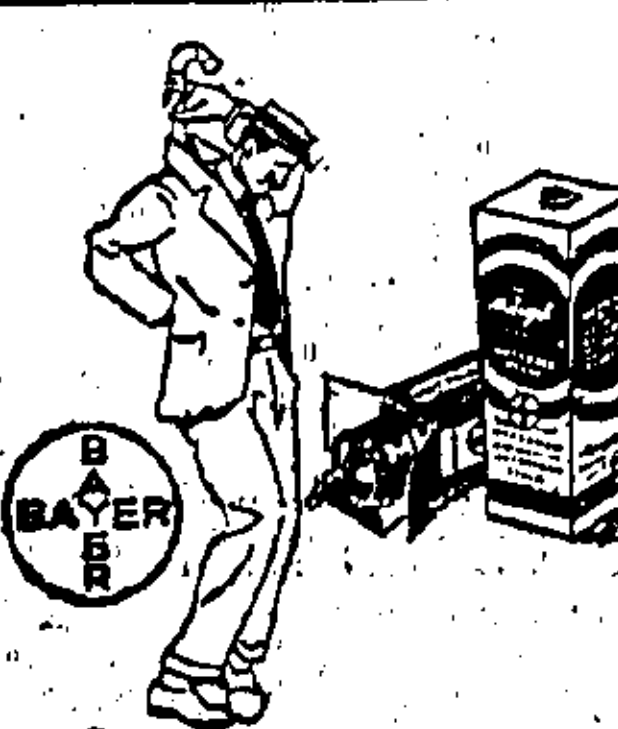
ALWAYS USE
WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR SOAP



Refreshes the whole Family

AFTER WORK,
SPORT
AND TRAVEL

AVAILABLE IN
TOILET AND BATH SIZE TABLETS



Parasitic skin
disease, itching
eczema etc.
Mitigal
OIL & OINTMENT
Bayer • LEVERKUSEN
GERMANY.



PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



RESULT OF A 20-YEAR STUDY

The Accident Habit

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

A 20-YEAR study of over 35,000 accidents is reported by Dr. M. S. Schulzinger in the American Medical Association Archives of Industrial Hygiene and Occupational Medicine. His conclusions, briefly reported here, make an interesting approach to the accident problem and the habit of having accidents.

General Pattern

Doctor Schulzinger summarizes thus: Accidents are "an affliction of youth," with 50 percent occurring before the age of 20 and the peak year 21. Most occur in the summer months; in industry, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. Maladjusted and irrespon-

sible people have greater liability to accident. Men have more accidents than women. Repeated accidents to the same individual are most frequent between the ages of five and nine years.

True "accident proneness" is not common; most accidents are "infrequent solitary experiences of large numbers of individuals." All accidents conform to a pattern—the "accident syndrome." There is a practically fixed annual pattern ranging from the lowest number of accidents in February to the highest in June and August; this pattern is most nearly perfect in children under 15, who also have the widest variation in accident frequency between their high point and low (summer to winter).

Non-industrial accidents follow an hourly pattern of frequency starting with a low at 5 a.m. and increasing steadily to a high at 5 p.m. Girls have fewest accidents at age 13; boys at 11; the highest number of accidents occur beginning at 17 and going on through 28. Males in industry have twice as many accidents as females; repeated accidents are

extremely rare in females. The "accident prone" are a shifting group, with new persons constantly added, while others drop out.

All persons are subject to universal risks—natural forces (wind, snow, heat, ice, plants, animals, waves, gravity), likelihood of accident increases when there are abnormal environmental conditions. The man-made hazards (vehicles, fire, electricity, machinery, toxic substances) are often related to occupation. The risk is still more enhanced when the individual is of an irresponsible or badly adjusted temperament—flighty, quick to anger, absentminded, careless, arrogant, delinquent. They may occur the "trigger" incident, which sets off the accident—a wet pavement, a driver doing the wrong thing, a loss of balance, a rash decision, whatever can precipitate the mishap.

Human Judgment

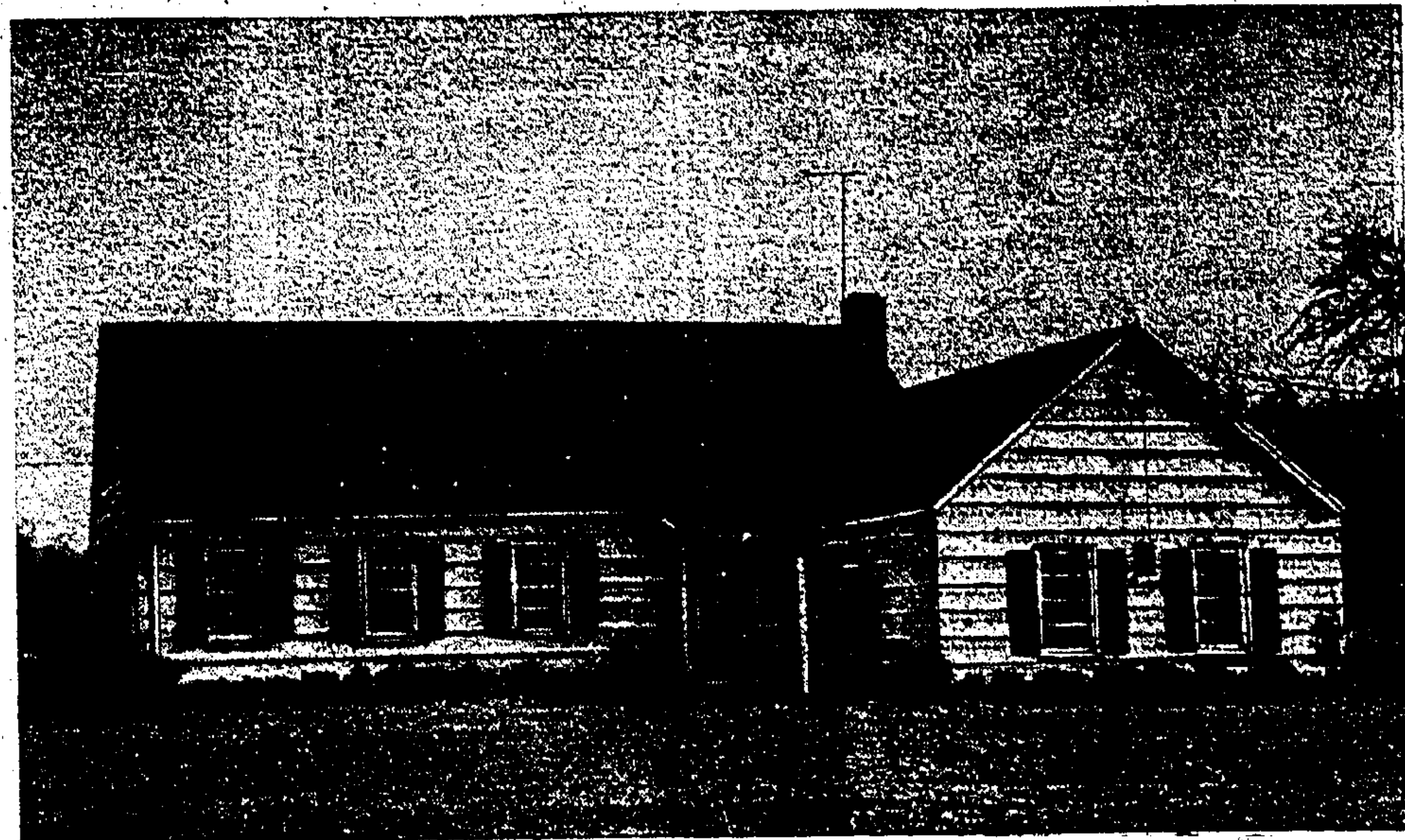
Human behaviour in the presence of the trigger determines the character of the accident; skillful or unskillful driving, etc. The element of chance is discounted. Many if not most apparently chance accidents are traceable to some perhaps remote failure in human judgment of action. Safety engineering has gone a long way but cannot do the whole job. The human personality is the important factor in the equation.

Space permits citing but a few additional accident facts which have come out of this study. Accidents often occur in chain fashion, as if one set off the others; they are more likely to occur when there is stress or strain (injury, violence, family troubles, loss of parents, over-enthusiasm, etc.); 40 percent of persons with repeated accidents worked in occupations poorly suited to their emotional personality; in maladjusted families repeated accidents reach a high point as early as five to nine years; the tendency to have accidents usually passes with aging; some factors which tend to increase accidents are: nervousness, anxiety, boredom, discontent, excitement, frustration, grief, guilt, hostility, fear, indecision, loneliness, obsessions, preoccupation, rashness...

"An accident is almost certain to occur in a young man, aged 21, having a maladjusted background, driving at high speed under emotional strain on a congested highway during a holiday on a hot and humid summer day."

Man, you said it!

For The Growing Family



A STREAMLINED RANCH STYLE, the Jackson is especially well suited to a suburban site. Projecting wing, at right, looks like part of the house, but is actually a 2-car garage. The entrance is sheltered, and the many windows are dressed up attractively with shutters.

By Joan O'Sullivan

THIS simple little ranch window on the adjacent house would be at home wall. Next to it, a separate dining room overlooks the rear grounds, with access to a flagstone terrace.

Ideally designed for the growing family, the Jackson has three bedrooms. Two more can be added, as needed, in the expansion attic. As an alternate plan, the attic, with the addition of a kitchenette, could be converted into a two-room studio apartment and rented.

Actually, the Jackson is well-planned for two families. Both would share a common entrance foyer, but, from there on, each apartment is separate, giving the occupants complete privacy.

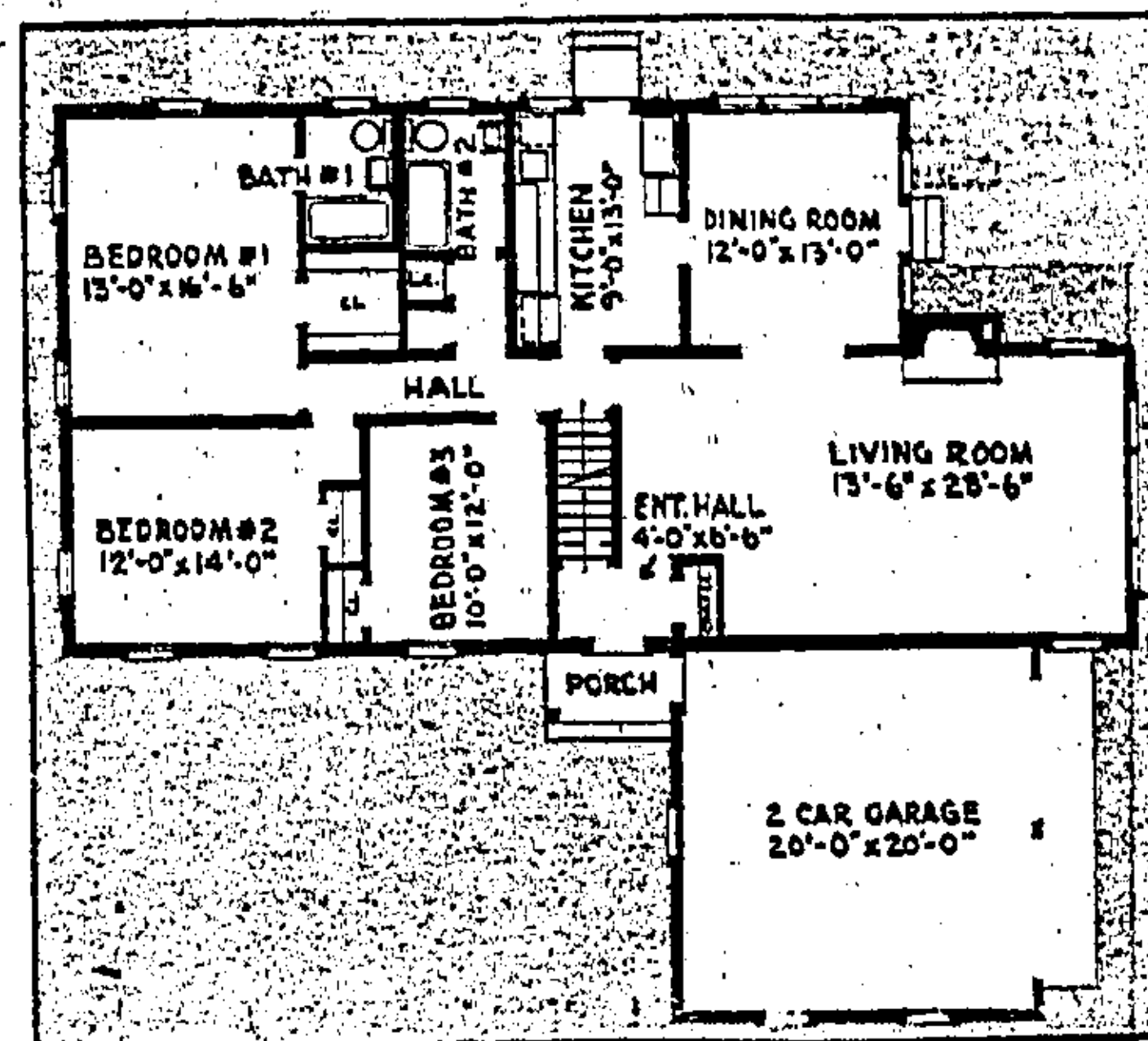
The ground floor has a huge living room, with an interesting brick fireplace along one wall and a picture

The kitchen, small but efficient, has appliances arranged, corridor style, along opposite walls. Here, too, there's an entrance to the back yard.

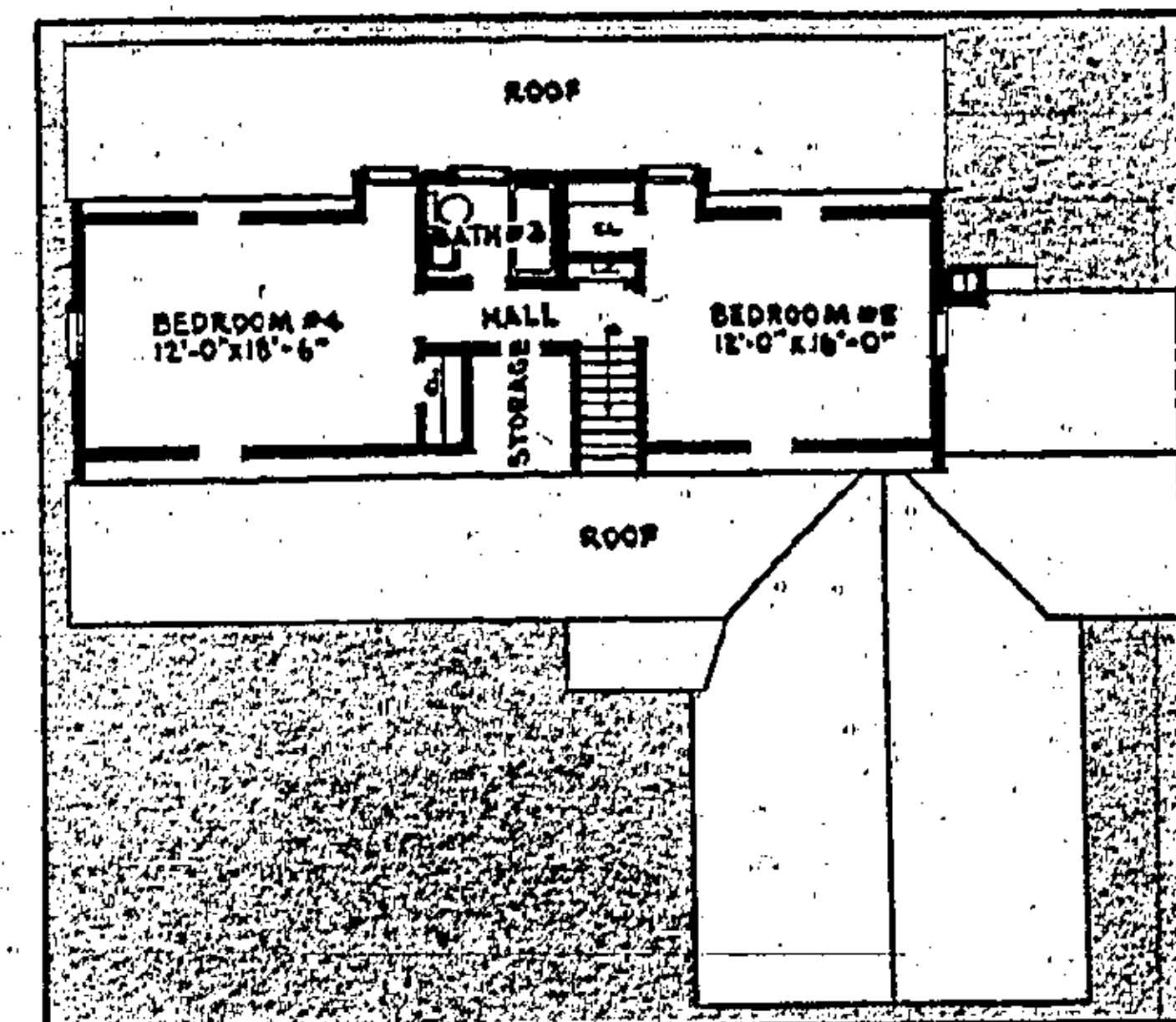
Sleeping quarters are well-proportioned and amply closeted. The master bedroom, in the back corner of the floor plan, is equipped with a full private bath that includes a combination tub and shower.

The first floor, as sketched here, contains two bedrooms, a bath and a huge storage closet. In addition, each of the bedrooms has a good-sized closet.

The ground floor plan of the house comprises 1,670 square feet.



A SPACIOUS LIVING ROOM, a separate dining room and a kitchen, plus three bedrooms, make up the ground floor plan of the house.



UPSTAIRS CAN BE TURNED into a separate apartment or, as is shown above, may be used for two additional bedrooms and a bath.

Clever Table Settings Displayed In Furnishing Shows

By Eleanor Ross

THE spotlight is on the home as American manufacturers set forth enticing displays in furniture and accessories.

Irish linen plays a stellar role in one exhibit, built around table settings, not the fabulous, impossible-to-copy creations, but ideas that are right for the home.

FINE BASE

Despite all the talk about its obsolescence, the fine white damask cloth is very much at home on many a dining table, the ideal setting for a formal dinner. In the setting, the cloth made a fine base for a sophisticated black and white setting, the one that seemed to be the most admired by the young

moderne at the party. The service plates were white, as was the stemware, contrast being provided by smaller black plates placed on the service plates. White freesia in black containers formed the centerpiece.

A pretty summer setting was done on a table of white aluminium, that cleverly simulates bamboo. The table was set with place mats of brown and white in a jacquard tweed pattern. On the mats were white leaf-shaped plates. Tiny cauliflower heads in opaline glass made charming little salad bowls. China was blue and white. Another nice arrangement used a scooped-

out water-melon as a container for bright yellow carnations.

This centerpiece was placed on a bright green linen cloth, with china, glass and organdie napkins all white, a charming summer table setting. Another pretty setting was built around the sea shell motif of embroidered white linen mats, with pink and white china and a charming centerpiece consisting of a tiny tree of fragrant flowers with sea shells filled with carnations grouped around its base.

SPANISH MOTIF

Colour is also the theme of another show, this one of furniture and settings with a Spanish motif. The colours are exquisite, they just sing of Spain. Vivid reds, rich pinks, intense greens, bright yellows, and deep turquoise contribute to this lovely colour range. In contrast to the light look in much of today's furniture, these pieces are solid, but for all that, not heavy. Carving does much to add to the bulkiness, the carving deeply gouged out of the mahogany and giving the impression that the wood is even more solid and deeper than it really is. But the pieces are lightened by the use of colour such as a table finished in red or green or gold and ivory.

The fabrics and the wall-papers are just dancing with colour and rich beauty. We were charmed with a wallpaper design consisting of a series of bullfight posters based on the Goya etchings of this sport. The walls of Granada, the lovely Alhambra, furnished the inspiration for a printed cotton that used the twelve-sided tiles and the grillwork of the building as its motifs.

ABOUT THE SCHOOLBOY DREAMER

By GARRY CLEVELAND MYERS, Ph.D.

THE other evening I read from one of Somerset Maugham's stories that while at a concert, he might not hear the music at all, but he absorbed in a story growing in his mind.

Many a child or youth at school is not different from Maugham, except in the object of his daydreaming. He may be concentrating very strongly, only not on the matter at hand. For Somerset Maugham, the specific type of daydreaming he named bore rich fruit. It

rarely does so for the wool-gathering pupil or student. One mother writes: "We have a son who is in the first grade before he entered school. We noticed that he concentrated hard at a task that was interesting to him. He was so interested that he wouldn't hear me call him or talk to him. We had his hearing checked by a specialist—so we knew he wasn't deaf."

"Now in school, when writing names, numbers, or drawing, he at home or the teacher says to your son at school. At home it might be a good plan to approach the 'concentrator,' speak his name or even touch him.

concentration. Can you inform me how to teach him not to concentrate so hard? Incidentally, his father is a reading and not hear me ask him a question." Here is about the way I wrote this mother: "I don't think you really wish your son or husband would concentrate less. You just wish that both of them might be more ready to concentrate on what you say to either of them at home or the teacher says to your son at school. At home it might be a good plan to approach the 'concentrator,' speak his name or even touch him.

getting his attention before asking a question or speaking further to him.

When you request or command this boy to do something at home, be sure to get his whole attention first. Sometimes you should have him repeat aloud the request or command before carrying it out. By reading much to this boy you might cultivate in him the habit of profitable listening at school. Anything you can do at home to train this lad in paying attention, should help him at school. Unless your son is going to be a Somerset Maugham, he will lose a great deal if he does not learn to concentrate on the matter at hand.

DR HERMAN N. BUNDESEN FAVOURS THE NATURAL WAY TO SOLVE THE FEEDING PROBLEM

MOST of you, expectant mothers, I know, will want to nurse your babies. But before your infant is born, you'll undoubtedly hear neighbours and well-meaning friends tell you how much easier it is to bottle-feed a baby. Don't listen to them. If you can, and not all mothers can, nurse your baby. Nature intended a baby to be nursed at his mother's breast. In addition to being natural, it is the easiest and most inexpensive way to feed a baby. More important, it's the best way.

As for work, why, you won't have to worry about making a feeding mixture or sterilising bottles, nipples and other utensils. Breast milk contains the right amount of the food elements your baby needs. And it is easy for him to digest because it forms small, fluffy curds and brings the mother's body divided into his stomach.

Breast milk is always ready to use. It is fresh, clean, warm and germ-free. It contains more iron than cow's milk. And this iron is absorbed and used four or five times better than the iron in cow's milk.

Advantages

Many doctors believe that a breast-fed baby has less chance of becoming ill and a much better chance of recovering if he does become ill. Severe diarrhoea, for instance, seldom occurs in a baby who is breast-fed. Another argument in favour of breast-feeding is that it forms a closer bond between a mother and her baby. By holding and fondling her baby, a mother satisfies his innate need for love and affection.

Contrary to the belief of many, breast-feeding will not cause a mother's breasts to become flabby. Neither will it cause her to become fat. A mother's breasts become enlarged during pregnancy. Many doctors believe that a baby's suckling is one of nature's way of helping the mother's body return to its normal condition after childbirth.

HYPOCHONDRIACS ON EVERY SIDE

By LESLEY BLANCH

W ITH the co-operation of a goggled-eyed public, eager to be guinea-pigs, medicine now occupies a dominant place in contemporary American life.

It is surrounded by an aura of superstition, magic, and mumbo-jumbo similar to that with which more primitive races approach their religious rituals. The doctor's pronouncements are law, his prescriptions holy writ. "I am to be hospitalised," the American citizen says reverently. Or, in a hushed aside, following an introduction, perhaps: "He has just had surgery."

On all sides, in every walk of life, there is a constant awareness of disease. Moreover, the average citizen now goes to the doctor when well. Check-ups are a regular routine.

Public interest in all things medical is reflected in many ways. Quack-cures are labelled "hospital-tested." Advertisements show dramatic operating theatre teams, whitecoated and tense, proffering antiseptics, poor substitutes it is inferred, for the knife, forceps, and clamp.

Man in, "star" exercise, an almost mystic attraction. Cashing in on this, one famous department store collected huge crowds, by the simple expedient of dressing a high-powered salesman in surgeon's white overalls, gauze mask and rubber gloves. He was promoting a new brand of corn-cure.

EXPLOITATION

Toy manufacturers exploit current trends with dolls dressed as nurses or surgeons, and with all the miniature stretchers, splints, and stethoscopes a young hypochondriac could desire.

Last Christmas, delighted children were able to make merry with a comprehensive dentist's kit which included model instruments and several sets of plastic dentures to stop or extract, as well as a drill which buzzed with appalling realism.

Concert broadcasts are likely to be interspersed with warnings of diseases and their symptoms. An intimate voice precedes the Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy to inquire if our tongues are furred.

"Don't delay, folks, don't delay!" That bilious headache's on his way," croons a lyric tenor. A yodelling soprano counters with a message of hope: "The simple way—for little pay—your stomach's grief—can get relief."

All this is fine for your druggist, but what about Doc? The public must not get the idea they can physic themselves.

Another voice takes up the tale. "If that headache's not gone in an hour," it hisses, "go to your doctor at once. Delay might have grave consequences." In response to the public's yearning for the mystic figure of Doc, there are numbers of radio, film, and TV programmes centred round young doctor this or old doctor that.

DR GALAHAD

Except for Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde, Hollywood seldom portrays the doctor as other than a reliable Galahad figure; a compound of virility and stability; if young, of understanding and protection; if old, omnipresent and reassuring, symbol of the nation's profound craving for security.

Contemporary fiction reflects this mystique of medicine, of the clinical figure, and dramas of hushed operating theatres are a favourite theme.

The nation's No. 1 best-seller, Morton Thompson's "Not As A Stranger," tells of a doctor's professional life in 900 pages of factual detail.

Admitted, most people are boring over their own ailments. Each nation has its particular disease. The English, discuss their liver; the English, their rheumatism. But nowhere, I fancy, is there such a preoccupation with surgery, the newest post-operative techniques, scar-tissues and such, as we find among Americans.

Call bladder operations are the latest enthusiasm. Sir Anthony Eden's case history was followed with knowledgeable sympathy, and a mixture of pride and relief was apparent when he was brought to the States for treatment.

TENSION MOUNTS

The American craving for psychiatry is well known. Citizens hurry off to their analyst—with the alacrity of other races reserved for visits to cafes, the opera, or the current object of their affection; while children are analysed almost before they can talk back from the couch.

Nervous tension assumes alarming proportions, and the facts published concerning the nation's mental health are disquieting. We learn that "there are as many people in mental hospitals as in all the other hospitals combined." "Nine million Americans are suffering from mental disorders." "One in 12 children will need to go

into a mental hospital some time during their lives."

It is said that in New York there is one doctor to every 200 persons.

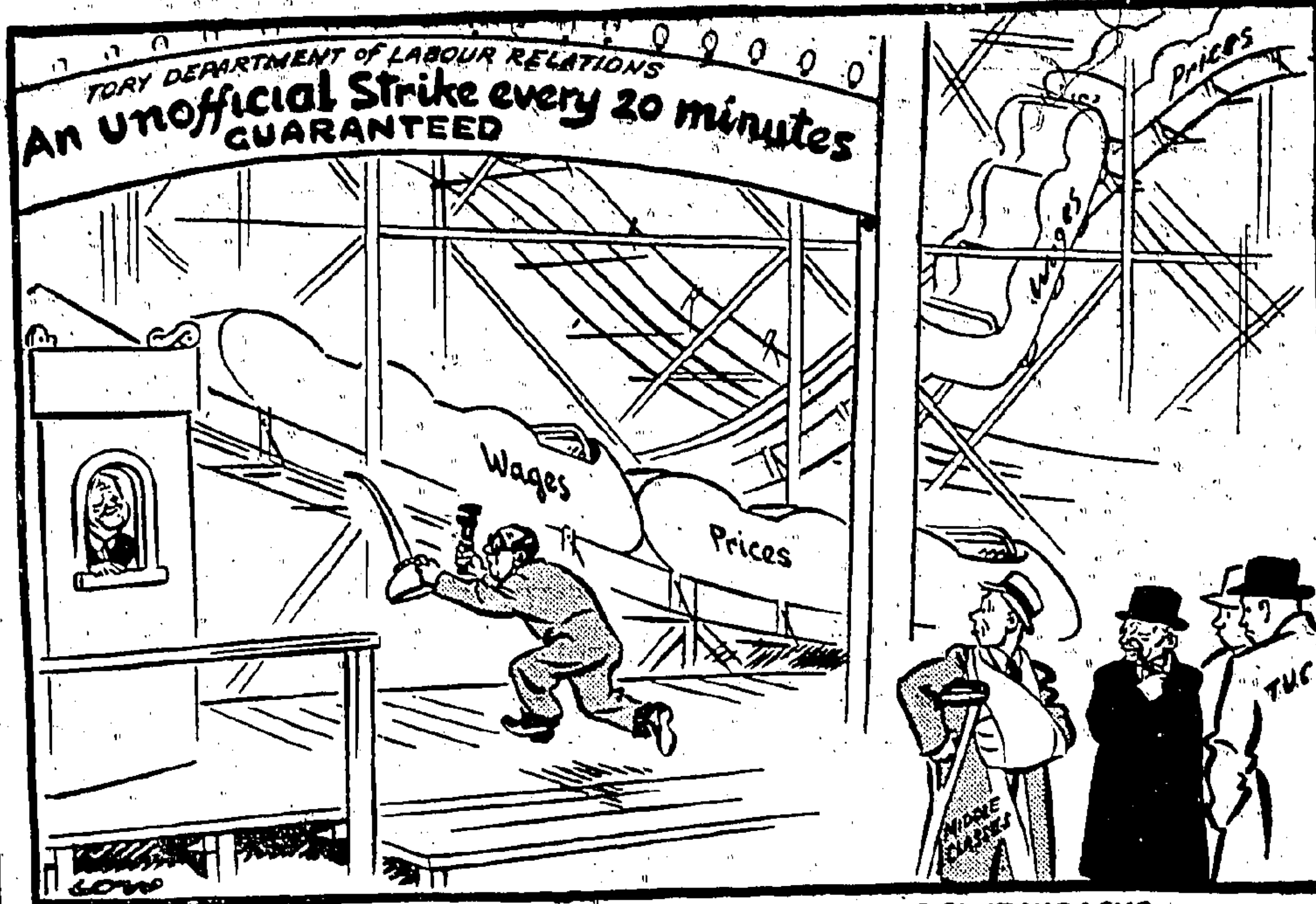
Their offices are mostly at street level, their name-plates and qualifications a constant reminder that in the midst of life we are in death.

Imagine the effect of this on foreigners, invited to a party, let us say, on the 27th floor. They must first run the gauntlet of all the professional name-plates, in the entrance hall. Doctors, dentists, masscuses, electro-therapists, X-ray specialists, chiropodists.

They ascend in a lift, along with several preoccupied-looking patients, past floor after floor which either reveal a whisk of nurse's white cap and apron, or leave an unmistakable whiff of ether to combat the perfumes of the other party-goers.

To Europeans, all this is very dampening to the morale. But to the Americans it is infinitely reassuring.

They have responded to treatment; they are nicely conditioned. If it is true that nowhere are there finer doctors—where are there finer patients, either?



CERTAINLY A JOLLY SWITCHBACK - IF YOU LIKE SWITCHBACKS

World Copyright by arrangement with the Manchester Guardian

By Sir BEVERLEY BAXTER, MP

DIVIDED BERLIN—TEN YEARS AFTER

"N O smoking. Ad-just 'safety belts.' The familiar sign in the BEA plane warned us that we were approaching Berlin. And thus we came down in a cold, bad-tempered spring day.

The last time I had been in Berlin was in the autumn of 1945 when the streets were hardly more than paths cut through the massive heaps of rubble. Berlin, at that time, seemed as dead as the megalomaniac who had killed himself in his hide-out called The Bunker.

But now! No. . . . That is not a transformation scene, from a pantomime. Certainly Berlin has made a sturdy attempt to rebuild its body and perhaps its soul, but it is still a mutilated city, a city partitioned into two rumps, a city that is neither a world capital nor a provincial town.

We put up at a brand new hotel, spotlessly clean, in the avenue known as Kur-furstendamm. The shop windows were bravely lit but they could not make much impression upon the encircling gloom of a night that might have been in November. But the shops were full of pretty things to entice the Fraus and Frau-leins, for the female of the species bedecks herself even in Berlin.

IMPRESSIONS

First impressions have their value. On that walk I did not see one policeman, nor any street walkers such as abound in London's West End. Berlin, under the Nazis, was the most evil city in the world. No doubt organised vice still exists, but at least it does not flaunt itself in the face of visitors.

On Sunday morning we went to a Roman Catholic church which, like so many buildings in this city of tragedy, was half old and half new. There were bullet marks on the old walls, for nothing was spared in the desperate street-to-street fighting in the last days of Berlin's defence.

The church was so crowded that there was hardly room for us to stand. In deep and reverent silence the congregation listened to the priest's words and then they went to their homes in a city that had known great sorrow and is acquainted with grief—but waits and waits for its resurrection.

However, West Berlin, as the name indicates, is only part of the city. What about East Berlin technically known as the Russian Sector? How could we peep behind the Iron Curtain? That apparently would be quite simple—you buy a ticket on the underground and you get out at a station in the Russian Sector. It is no more trouble than that.

PROPAGANDA

But not before you are subjected to propaganda! In each of the minor underground stations, once you are out of West Berlin, there are signs: "Down with the Paris Agreement! Russia only wants Peace!"

Emerging at a quiet East Berlin station we found a solitary taxi cab and dickered with the driver. He explained in understandable German that he could drive us anywhere in the Sector but could not take us back to West Berlin. What he really meant was that he could not take the cab to West Berlin. The Russians are realists!

Naturally they would not assume that any German would prefer the West Sector to the East, but he might sell his taxi to the wicked capitalists.

In turn the authorities allow anyone to come into the West Zone but unless he has a work permit he has to go back when his visit is over. Thus do the rules emerge to cover the strange game of East-West.

But we had not been in the Russian Sector for more than a few minutes on this Sunday when we began to feel a curious, almost uncanny feeling. The weather had cleared. The sun was warm and inviting. And it was a holiday. Slowly we drove up what is left of the famous Unter den Linden. There on each side is what remains of the glory of the Hohenzollerns, of Bismarck and Frederick the Great. But on the right there was a disordered mass which was Hitler's bunker.

GHOSTS

Chancelleries, offices, miniature palaces, embassies, the State Opera. The glory of it still lingers despite the wreckage. They did themselves well; those German Emperors, and Hitler and

Goering were not out-done by them.

But now comes the odd thing about our visit to the Russian Sector. Remember that it was a Sunday, that the weather was warm, and that the East Berliners had pretty much nowhere else to go. Then how many people were visible in the whole sweep of the Unter den Linden? As far as I could see, there were eighteen Russian soldiers in uniform talking listlessly to each other, and there were five assorted civilians. I find it hard to explain but the ultimate effect was that we were in a city of ghosts.

But now let us visit the Stalinale, which can be translated as Stalin Avenue. In the very midst of the wretched, unpainted and un-repaired houses of East Berlin there is an avenue of such elegance that it almost challenges the upper reaches of Fifth Avenue in New York.

It is as wide as the Champs Elysees. All of a pattern there are magnificent blocks of flats faced with a white shiny finish that is washable. What is more they are all heated from one source—a large heating plant some distance away. The achievement of such an avenue is a tremendous thing—but who occupies the flats? Eighty-five percent of the tenants are party officials. The remaining flats are awarded to workers on an allotment basis.

CLIMAX

Just to teach the East Berliners to remember their benefactors there is on the avenue a portable statue of Joe Stalin in an ordinary suit of clothes. There is also a sentry box for a guard to keep watch with a loaded rifle lest there should be a repetition of the unfortunate incident, not long ago, when a wicked deviationist pushed the statue over on its back.

But the climax of the Russian glorification of themselves and their rulers is in the remarkable war memorial erected in one of the lovely parks that adorn East Berlin. There is a rising slope in the beautifully kept park and in the distance, outlined against the sky, is the splendid statue of a young Russian soldier with a sword in one hand, while

his other hand holds a child on his shoulder. Beneath his feet is a broken swastika. At the entrance to the memorial garden there are two immense marble flags that touch the ground in salute to the dead. On each is the face of Stalin and also the hammer and sickle.

ALL-CLEAR

On either side of the memorial park as we move towards the top of the rise, there are white marble murals extolling the Russian people as workers, saints, heroes, and Communists. The murals on the left are exactly the same as those on the right, duplicates in fact, but one set has Russian captions and the other has German.

The whole thing is magnificently done as far as the craftsmen and the architecture are concerned. Nor is it lacking in emotional appeal, for Stalin brought the bodies of 7,000 Russian soldiers to be buried in the soil of the memorial park. But again one must ask: "What does Russia achieve by this?" On that lovely Sunday there were not more than twenty people in the memorial park—yet it is one of the sights of the world. Nor is the park any distance from the city. If Stalin had been as shrewd as he was dynamic he would, instead of the beautiful young Russian soldier, have had two mothers, a German and a Russian, sweeping for their dead sons. We have only to visualise it to feel the emotional impact.

The German is not good propaganda fodder these days. He has a stomach full from Hitler and he is not going to swallow the Stalin legend or any other—not yet. And when the East Berliners are asked to gaze on Stalin as the male counterpart of Joan of Arc, they are apt to remember that it was he, Stalin, who gave Hitler the "all clear" for World War Two when the infamous non-aggression pact was signed by Russia and Germany in 1939.

No one knows what fate lies ahead for Berlin. At the moment she is like a kept woman who has to do all the house work for her protectors. But in trying to read the riddle of Berlin it is wise to remember that the Berliner is abnormal, the most resourceful, resilient creature ever created, in fact he is as distinct as any of the occupying races.

IRONY

The Berliner is a great joker and it appeals to his sense of irony that the Allies, having destroyed his city, are now pouring money into it so that the city will rise again. His factories will be as new as tomorrow, whereas the Allies, whose factories were not destroyed, will have to improve. He cannot see the occupying powers withdrawing yet, and he likes their money.

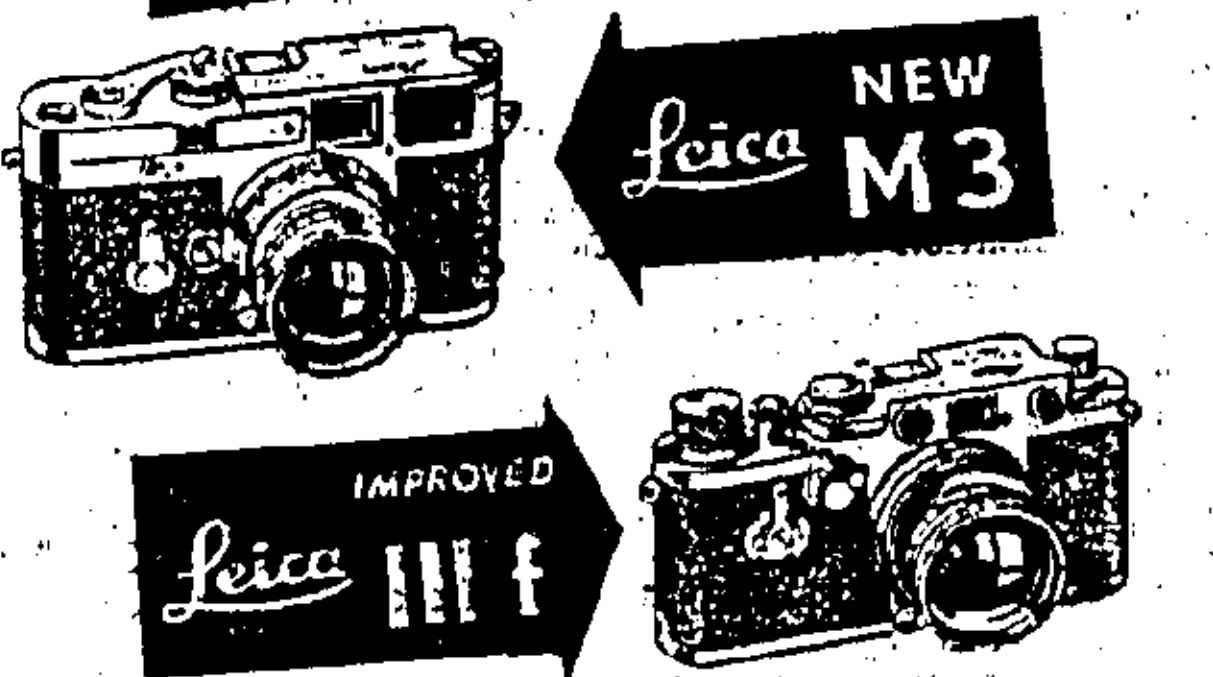
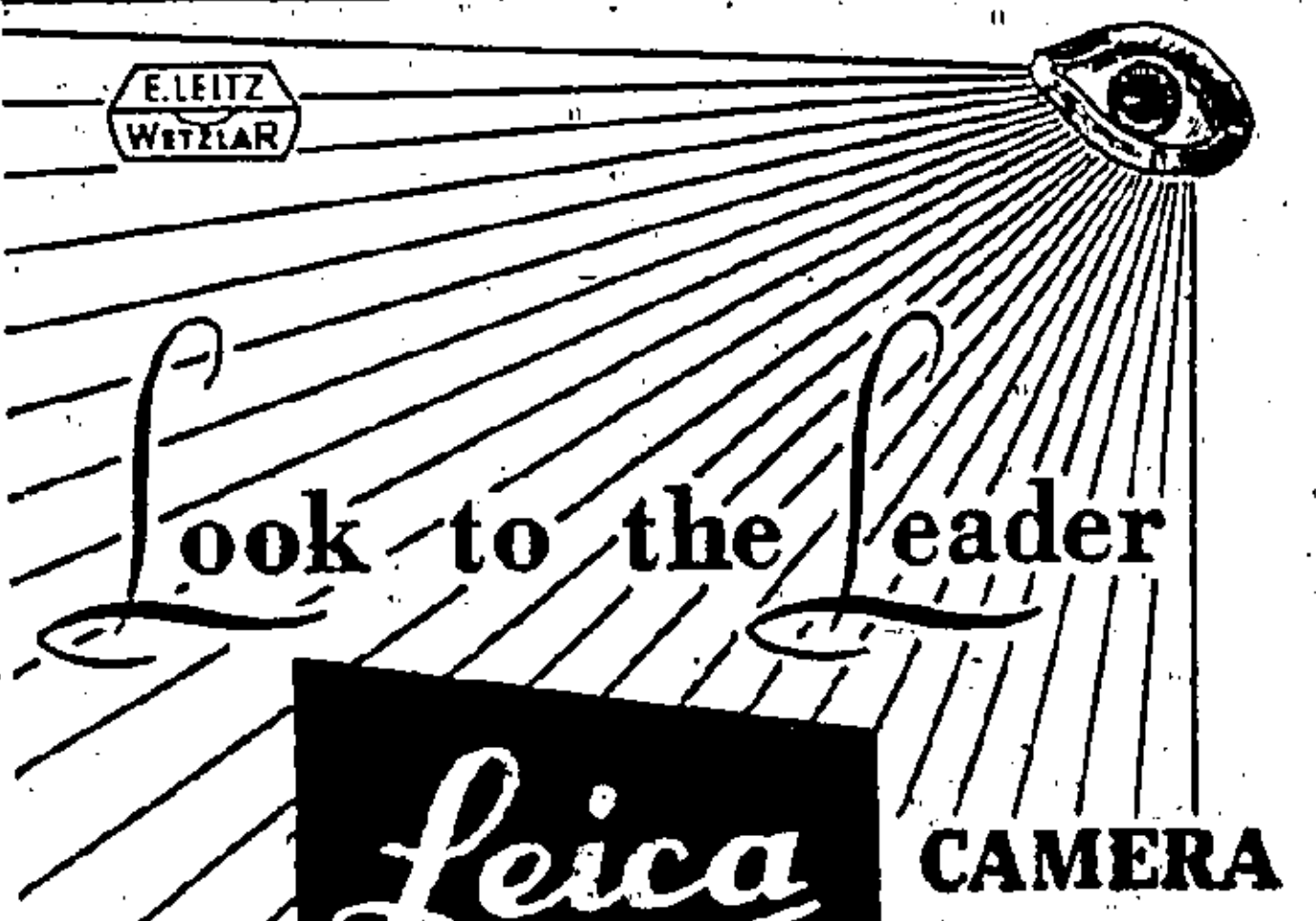
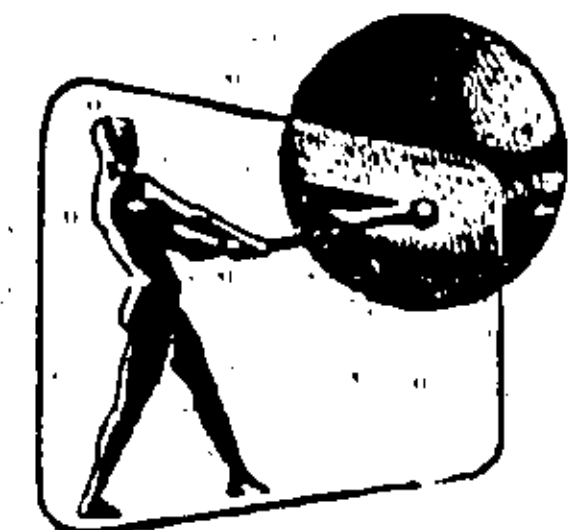
But the Berliner is proud. He intends that his city shall become once more the seat of Parliament, BORN! Where is

ODILE, ALEC and PARIS

with

JOHN and MARSHA IN COLOUR

IMPOSSIBLE? NOT A BIT!



ON SALE AT LEADING PHOTO DEALERS

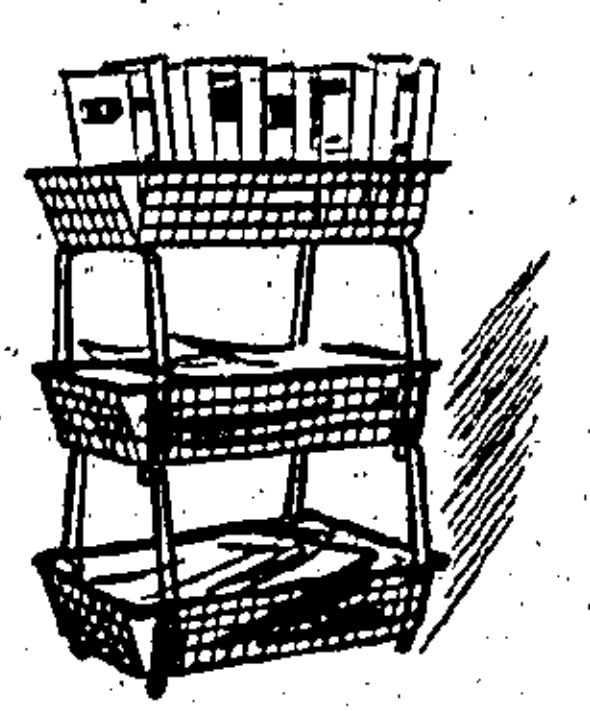
Sole Distributors: UNIVERSAL MERCANTILE CO. LTD. 14 QUEEN'S ROAD, C. TEL: 22502

The Versatile Beanstalk

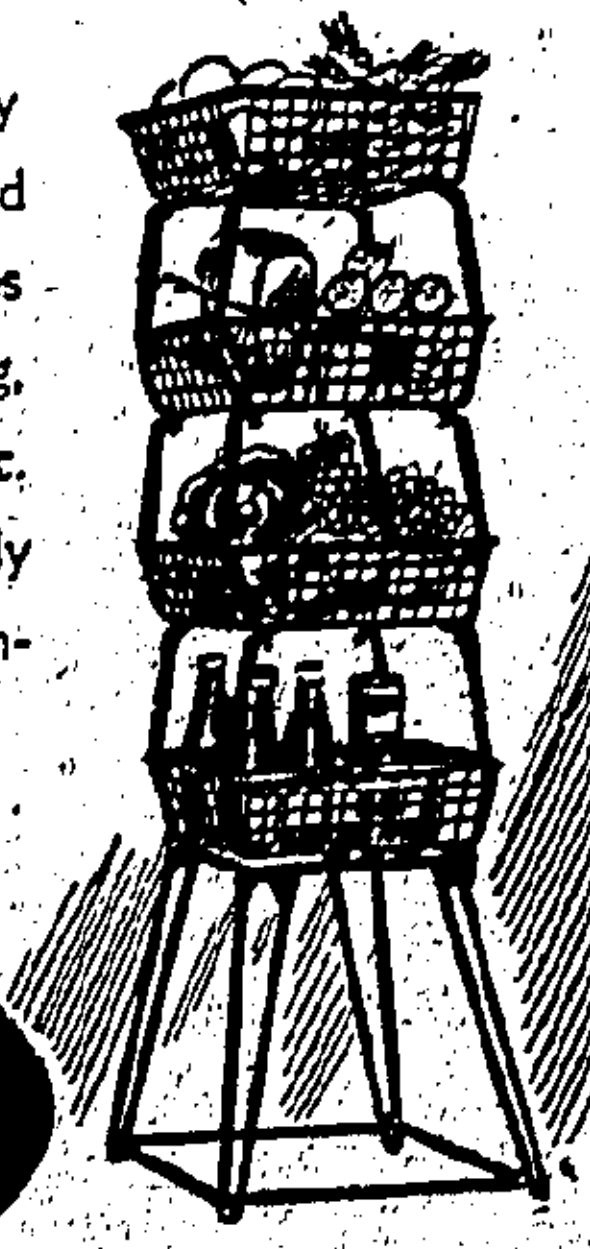
FOR STORES ETC.



OFFICES



HOMES



Suitable for Display purposes in Stores and Dispensaries, Offices and Homes for filing, general storage etc. Clean, handy & easily moved for convenience.

PRICED FROM HK\$20 TO \$145

Tiers can be added or reduced. With or without stands. Also Hanging models. Can be seen at

Sole Agents: TRADESHIPS, LIMITED, Lake Yew Building, Top Floor, 50, Queen's Road C. Tels: 31233 & 30903

POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER

BAD? BRILLIANT? BAFFLING? STILL, THEY ARE GIVING MR HUXLEY A NEW AUDIENCE

By Robert Pitman

IN a sleepy mountain community six thousand feet above California's Mojave Desert stands a white bungalow with shutters drawn. It is empty. But sightseers are still peering at it through surrounding pines. "Yes, that's his place," the locals tell them.

And when the visitors drive off down the dusty plain they check another home of distinction off their list—the home of Mr Aldous Huxley, novelist, poet, cynic, mystic, script-writer.

THE THIRTIES found Huxley not so much bad as baffling. And especially baffling was his *Brave New World* (1932).

It was a futuristic novel—today let's call it science fiction. It looked forward to a century when children are produced in bottles; when the words "father" and "mother" are taboo as religion, and people swear "By Ford!"

One scene from *Brave New World* made a sharp impression. A cluster of babies is let loose on the nursery floor.

Books are set up, temptingly bright and colourful. The babies crawl to the books, they finger them eagerly. Almost immediately a tangle of bells dings at their ears, electric shocks tingle through the floor.

THE REACTION

Howling the children recoil from the books. They are destined to be workers, they have been conditioned for life against the perils of the printed word.

The reaction to *Brave New World* was not so sharp. Some readers imagined that this was Huxley's notion of Utopia.

Others were annoyed at him turning—puritan—even if a puritan who obviously got such fun from describing the things which disgusted him.

INTELLECTUAL SOUP

At home young Aldous was reared on an intellectual soup which made the stuff he tasted in terms of En and Balliol seem like thin gruel.

IN THE TWENTIES it seemed that Aldous had inherited his grandfather's bludgeon. Everywhere staid critics wrote him off as brilliant but bad. They found that his first novel, the general *Chronicle*, Yellow (1921) "referred to matter to which decent-minded folk do not refer."

And hands were raised in horror at Gumbrell, hero of *Annie Hay* (1923); for Gumbrell—like Huxley an ex-schoolmaster—poses as superman; donning a false beard he frequents the National Gallery in search of "Old Masters' young mistresses" and finds them.

Worse still, Huxley was seen too frequently in the company of D. H. Lawrence.

But, if anything, Huxley was felt to be the brawler of the two. For, unlike Lawrence, he was so scientific. Huxley would have been as much interested in Lady Chatterley's liver as in her lover.

With *Eyeless in Gaza* (1938) this rap: disgust obtruded still more.

There were also spreading symptoms of a new Huxley—a pacifist, mystic Huxley. By 1939 he was lecturing to Indians on religion. And by the war he had settled in California.

Here, between musings on the blessings of the spirit and the grossness of the flesh, Huxley found time to earn high fees in Hollywood.

HIS SCRIPT

His was the script of *Pride and Prejudice* (with Olivier and Greer Garson), although Jane Austen had some share in the plot.

When Orson Welles, as Rochester, growled his way through Jane Eyre the words were Huxley's.

Here with his Belgian wife (she died this February), Huxley enjoyed the company of Chaplin, Garbo, Ronald Colman, Groucho Marx.

Now he is touring America, visiting other agencies and correcting the proofs of his latest sort novel *THE GENIUS AND THE GODDESS* ("moving and dramatic" say his publishers).

Will Aldous Huxley stand the test of the years? At £4 10s. is his scrawled signature a safe investment? The common reader can now judge.

REST OF THE NEW BOOKS

● **MOONRAKER.** By Ian Fleming. Cape. 10s. 6d. 256 pages. James Bond, modern-style secret agent (Number 007) and man about Mayfair, hears the red telephone say "I want you." It is the preface to a fresh tale (the third) of horrid adventure for smooth, dangerous Bond.

● **SARAH DANE.** By Catherine Gaslin. Collins. 12s. 6d. 443 pages. Romantic—and most readable—story of Australia in the early days of colonisation. A big book with a sustained dramatic power.

● **THE VERDICT OF YOU ALL.** By Rupert Croft-Cooke. Secker & Warburg. 15s. 254 pages. The verdict was guilty (of a homosexual offence), the sentence was nine months, mostly spent in Wormwood Scrubs. The outcome? A book of bitter insight into prison life and angry comment on social "intolerance."

● **COROMANDEL.** By John Masters. Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d. 319 pages. Robustly coloured, tropically passionate novel of Indian adventure. Period: seventeenth century. The hero (not called Jason) Savage for nothing) leaves quiet Wilshire to roister through the glamorous, dangerous East.

● **THE PICNIC AT SAKKARA.** By P. H. Newby. Cape. 12s. 6d. 229 pages. A first-class light novel. Comic mishaps of an English lecturer at Cairo University among Egyptian students of the most highly unpredictable and engaging rascality. — London Express Service.

PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

RICH BUT SCARED The Chinese villagers of Pulau Tikus (Rat Island), three miles from Penang, are £60,000 richer—and scared too. They say the "Galloping Ghost" gave them the tip which brought in the money. And it wants a human life as payment.

Villagers say the spirit, a "mounted monster," told five men to put their money on number 1018 in a lottery based on the Singapore Turf Club's cash sweep. The ghost then named the price—the sacrifice of a baby.

The men protested. In the first place, they said, it was against the law, and in the second place, babies were hard to come by. The ghost agreed to accept a human heart.

The villagers streamed to bookmakers to lay bets. When 1018 came up as the last four digits of the winning Singapore ticket they stood to win £360 for every half crown stake.

The village was in a festive mood as punters collected winnings. But now everyone is wondering what will happen when the ghost turns up to collect payment.

HUSBAND WORSHIP

Married life in Lucknow is back to normal again.

After a very black week for the women. For it was the week of Hindu husband-worship.

First, just as a precautionary measure, tribute was paid to Gauri, jealous spouse of the God Shiva. And then, chanting sacred Hindu vedas, the procession of wives—and husbands—moved on to the real business of temporarily boosting the male ego.

In a sacred pavilion, the Lucknow wives made floral offerings to their husbands, and reverently washed their feet. And then drank the water used for the ceremony.

Prostrating themselves before their lords and masters, they chanted: "You are Brahma, the creator. You are Vishnu, the preserver. You are Maheshwar, the destroyer; you are God. If I have committed any mistake, my husband, forgive me."

Why all this fuss? The holy man who initiated the ritual thought that half the world's ills came from wives who had too little respect for their husbands.

In the recent Parish Council elections, six women and one man were returned after a record poll. The one male member of the original petty council, Mr Fred Marlow, was replaced by Mr Frank Moore.

The six elected women, all of whom are grandmothers, are Mesdames Heginbotham, Smith, Robbins, Jenkins, Pain and Chapple-Hyam.

FINANCIAL A PROBLEM A 74-year-old woman has helped solve a weighty financial problem. When Mayor Arthur Edmond announced that he had 3,000 worthless foreign coins for sale, Miss Agnes Borrowman rang him up and made him an offer of £20 for them.

He accepted, and she plans to use them to make a child's costume for someone going to the next Chelsea Arts Bazaar. Any left-over coins she will make into knick-knacks and bracelets.

TRYST WITH A MIKE On a night last week a heavily veiled young woman stepped out of a taxi in an Eden side street and tipped into a deserted empty office block to keep a secret tryst—with a microphone.

In doing so 20-year-old Meriam Aly—the name by which she wishes to be known, but not her real one—was etching an important page in the history of that British colony.

For Meriam is the very first Aden Arab woman ever to broadcast.

"How did it feel?" someone asked her when her 15-minute talk, initiating Aden Radio's women's hour, had been recorded on tape.

From behind the heavy folds of her purdah veil she said: "I liked it. But I am terrified." It wasn't "mike fright" that was worrying Meriam. But what could happen to her if her father or any of her friends found out who the mysterious "Meriam Aly" is.

Before Meriam's broadcast Aden Radio had no single programme aimed at the women. Now there's sure to be a lot of muttering in the bazaars.

And every father will be closely questioning his daughters, and every husband his wife, or wives.

TUMBLING DOWN Residents of Selston, in Nottinghamshire, lake their saws to bed with them at night, in case they have to cut their way out in the morning.

Strange things are happening in "Tumbledown Terrace," the name which 15 families have given to their brick cottages in the suburb of Poplar Terrace.

Doors suddenly lean at crazy angles, floors tilt and residents are reluctant to turn their radios on for fear of falling plaster.

There seems to be no explanation for the occurrences.

PIGEON PIGGIN Blue-blooded racing pigeons are being encouraged away from their modest lofts by freedom-loving wild pigeons which haunt the ancient towers of Colchester Castle.

And it's getting local pigeon-fanciers so worried that they've asked the council to trap the castle pigeons and take them somewhere else.

The castle pigeons are believed to be "blitz" refugees from London's Trafalgar Square, who now prefer the simple life of Colchester to the noises and tough competition of the capital.

And there (say the fanciers) they perch on the castle walls, and when an attractive-looking racing pigeon comes by they give it a simple life of Colchester to the noises and tough competition of the capital.

Complained one fancier: "Some of the racing pigeons just can't resist it—but when they cost as much as £100 each, it's heartbreaking to see them go like this."

LADY WITH A TORCH Cynthia Streeton, a schoolteacher of Ripley, England, triumphed through the jewellers' list looking for a prize to present at the children's drama festival she was organising. Then she spotted it: "Achievement—Lady with a Torch."

It seemed just the thing she was after, so she served off an order for it.

The Lady With a Torch arrived in the nude. So Miss Streeton consulted a headmistress friend. And both agreed: "Definitely unsuitable for children."

So she asked the jewellers if they could maybe put some clothes on the lady. The statuette came back—this time with "a very brief, tightly stretched garment."

To Miss Streeton the lady looked somehow more undressed than she had before.

So the Lady With a Torch went back to the jewellers. Schoolteacher Streeton had decided the safest thing was an old-fashioned plain silver cup.

CARRYING ON It has to be a pretty special event to keep regular customers away from the Black Horse pub in Catford, South-east London suburb. Last week 30 of them went through fire and water to get their regular pint. As they drank in the swanky little bar 33 firemen were fighting a blaze in the upper room.

The customers just went on drinking. A nursemaid rushed downstairs, bringing the pub-owner's children, in their nightclothes, to safety.

Later on, water from the firemen's hoses started pouring through the ceiling. The customers went on drinking for a while—until it got too wet. Then they went home.

DEATH SCENE The applause thundered as the curtain rang down on the "Death Scene" performed by an amateur theatre group in the little playhouse in Epinal, France.

For never had Epinal seen such a masterly performance of a young woman by Julie Marie Vauthier, 56-year-old em-broiderer.

Even the other actors applauded her acting. But Julie Vauthier did not take a bow. At precisely the moment she was to die in the play she fell dead of a heart attack.

DEAD DUCKS Police are using duck-shooting tactics to kill Communist bandits in Malaya's jungles. Chief police officer in Selangor, J. B. Masfield, said surrendered terrorists disguised as rubber tappers were being used to decoy bandits into the open.

They were sent to work as rubber tappers with other labourers. When bandits recognising them came to the jungle fringe asking for food their old-time comrades cut them down with bullets.

Said Masfield drily: "The plan is proving very successful."

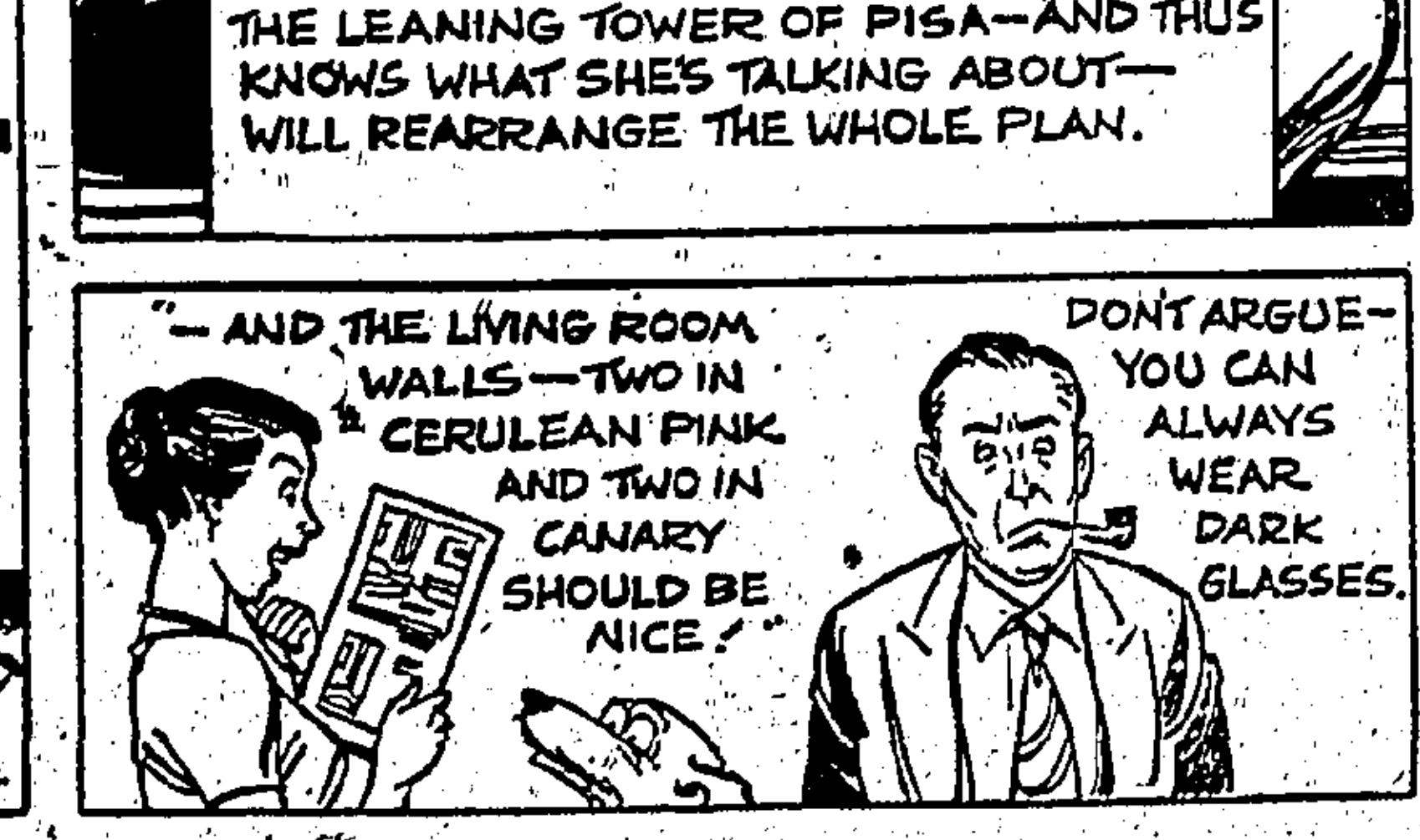
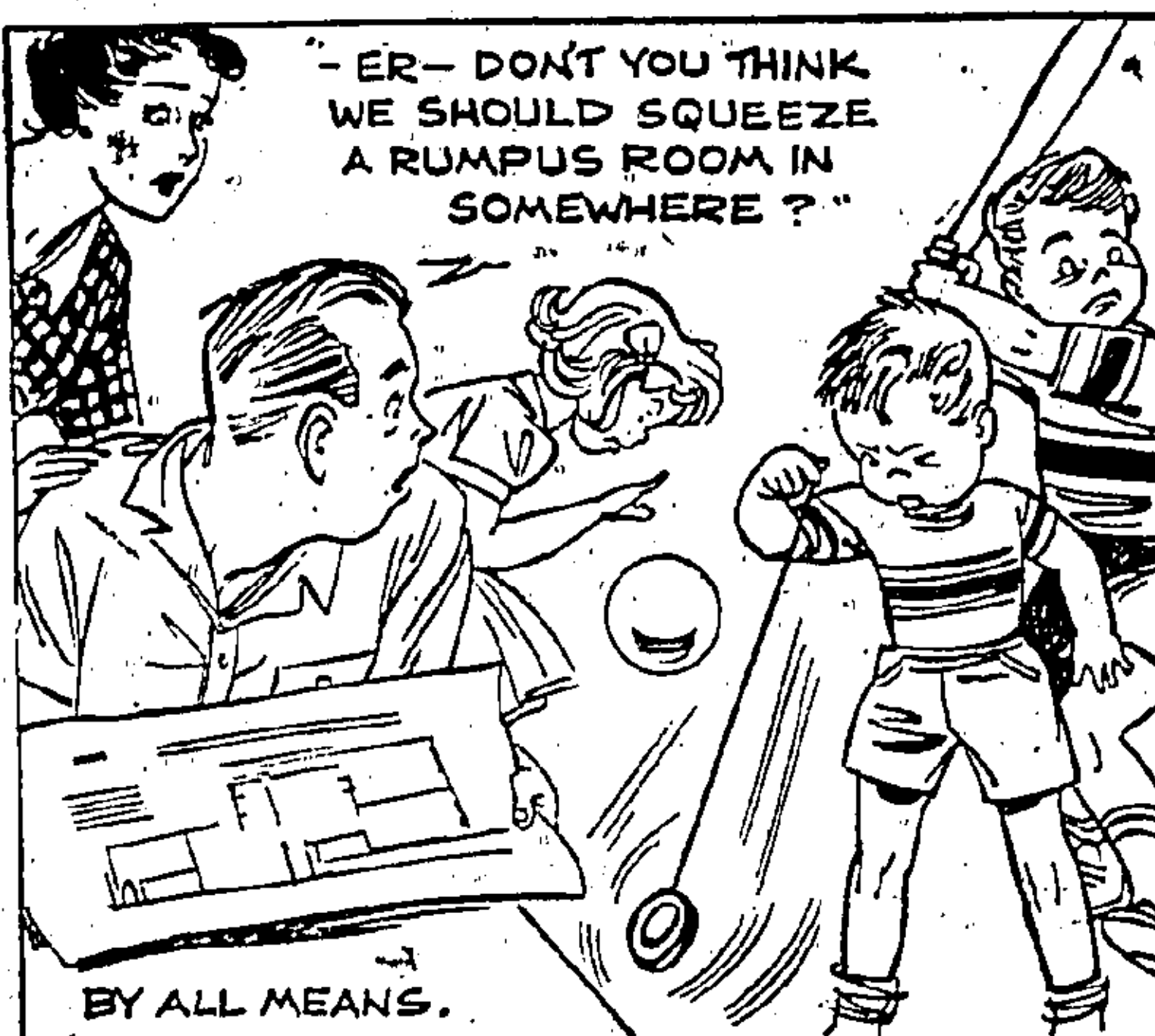
CHRISTIAN REVELATION Singapore's Young Men's Christian Association last week took stock—and found it wasn't such a Christian organisation as it had imagined. Among its members were 438 Christians, 95 Buddhists, 49 Hindus and 23 Moslems.

But what surprised officials most was 215—715—members claimed to have no religion at all.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Help For Home Builders

BY HARRY WEINERT



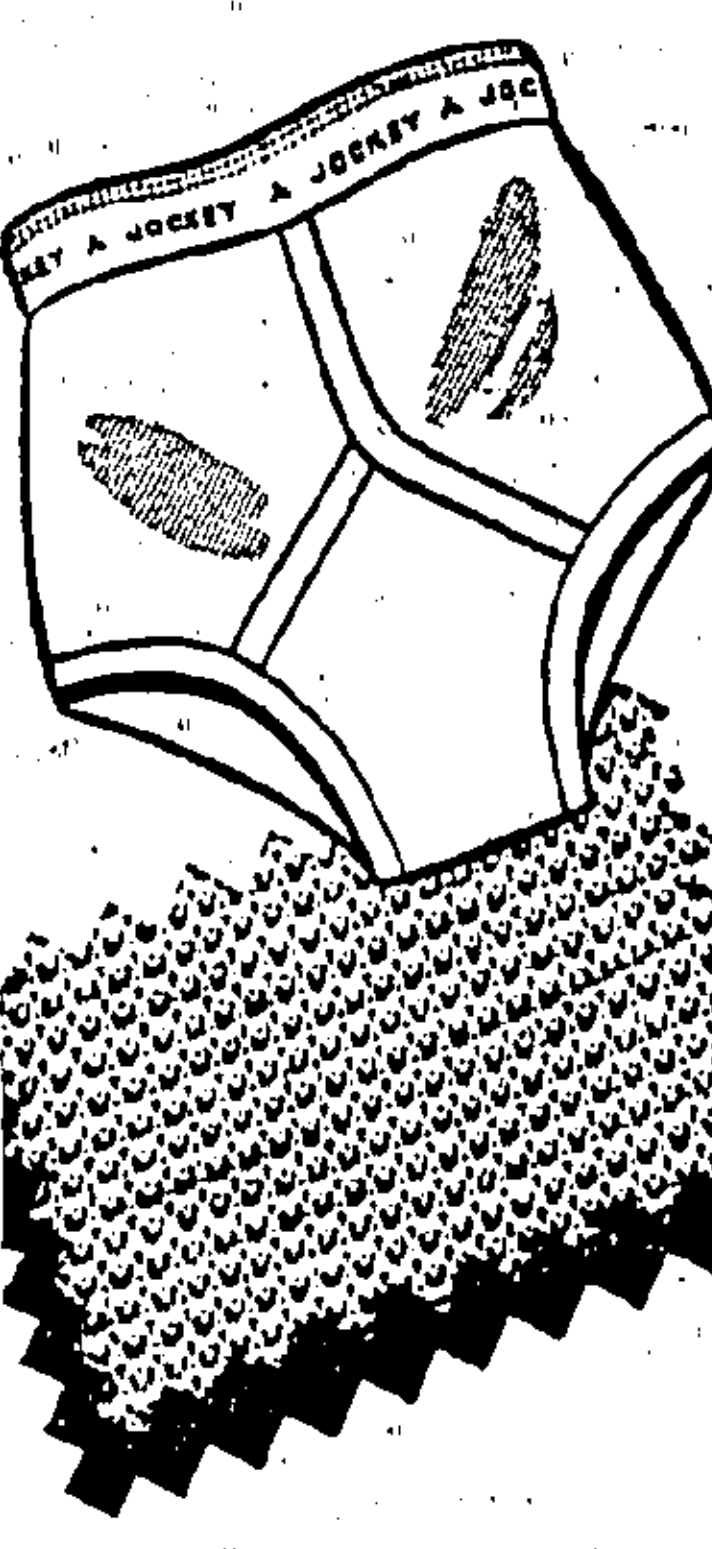


SANDMAN
SCOTCH WHISKY

The King of Whiskies

SOLE AGENTS: DOOWELL & CO., LTD.

LIGHT AND AIRY
for Comfort!

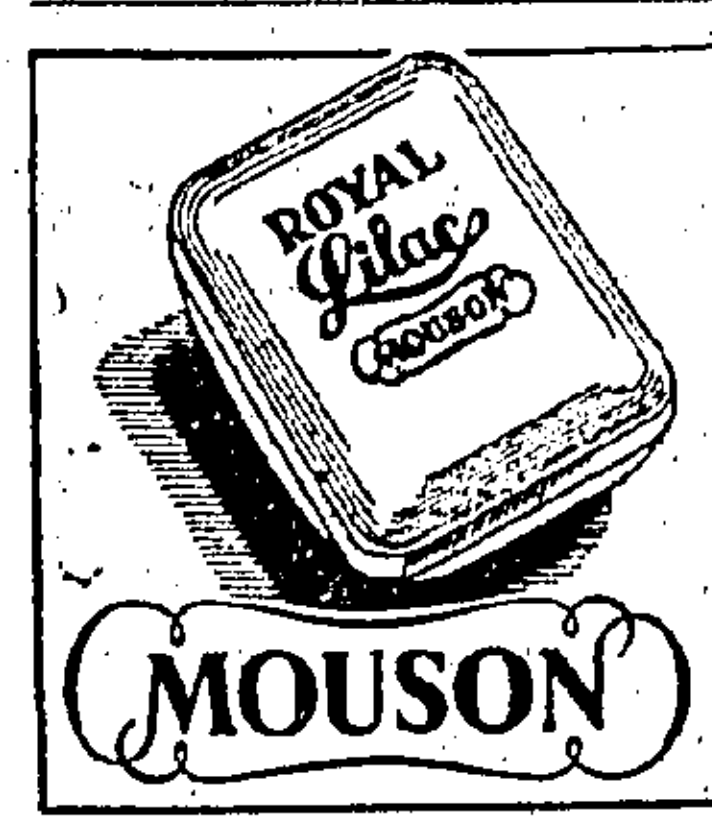


MESH
Jockey
SHORT

We have the new Jockey Short in the open mesh fabric. You'll like it. It's light weight and super comfortable. Made with all of the exclusive Jockey features. Sleeveless shirt to match.

MADE ONLY BY
Coopers

SOLD BY YOUR
FAVOURITE MEN'S SHOP.



FANS

SANDALWOOD-SILK FANS,
PLASTIC CARVED FANS, ETC.

JUB TAI CHOON FAN FTY.
254 QUEEN'S RD. C.
HONG KONG

TEL: 27081 CABLE: 8170

LEAGUE BOWLS

TITLE-ASPIRING CLUBS FACE THEIR REAL TEST FROM TODAY ONWARDS

Says "TOUCHER"

The real test for title-aspiring clubs in the Colony Lawn Bowls League begins this afternoon as the season enters its second quarter with practically all top teams already recovering their bearings.

The First Division League this year will in all likelihood produce one of the keenest competitions in years. Up to the present stage no fewer than six of the nine competing teams are well in the running, all almost abreast of each other.

Optimism among the contenders has been further heightened by the two early defeats of the Champion Recreation "Blues," who with 11 points from four matches are actually most unfavourably placed among the six top teams.

Although Kowloon Bowling Green Club is currently at the top of the League table with 14 points from four matches, Indian Recreation Club "Blues" are in the most commanding position with three successive wins and 11 points to their credit.

An additional feature of the First Division games so far has also been the keen struggle for skip honours.

SKIPS' TABLE

FIRST DIVISION

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	U.	D.	Pts.
H. W. Bradbury (CCC)	4	3	0	1	91	69	22	—	2 1/2
H. B. Dewar (PRC)	3	3	0	0	66	49	17	—	3
A. Harvey (KBGC)	4	3	1	0	83	80	23	—	3
R. F. Luz (Rec. "B")	4	3	1	0	78	66	20	—	3
J. McKelvie (KBGC)	4	3	1	0	83	63	20	—	3
J. F. V. Ribeiro (Rec. "B")	4	3	1	0	91	72	19	—	3
A. E. Coates (CCC)	4	3	1	0	91	81	10	—	3
A. M. Omar (IRC "B")	3	2	0	1	77	40	37	—	2 1/2

HOW TO PLAY BETTER GOLF

Never Approach A Golf Problem In A Pessimistic Frame Of Mind

Says ERIC BROWN

Most golfers—a good 80 per cent, I would say—are scared at the thought of getting into a bunker. They think that a sand trap means a stroke lost.

That is a foolish attitude, if only because you should never approach any golf problem in a pessimistic frame of mind. Belief in yourself is half the battle.

There is no reason to worry much about bunkers. From a trap around the green you should get down in two shots six times out of ten.

The main trouble is that the average player steps into the sand asking himself: "What if I don't get out at all?"

So rule number one is: Stop worrying!

The obvious way to success is to get into the sand and try the shot out—again and again. Rule two, therefore as for all shots is: Practice.

Now for the technique of the job itself.

You must have a sand iron to play bunker shots properly. It is the most lofted club in the bag—and the heaviest.

The weight must be there, sand is not the easiest stuff to get the club head through.

LINE OF FLIGHT

STANCE should be very open. The left foot should be pulled well back from the line of flight, with the ball positioned just off the left heel.

This will force you to take the sand before the ball. And have the face of the club "opened up" slightly.

SWING slowly and easily, without any suggestions of hurrying or jerking. You should be a little steeper in the back swing.

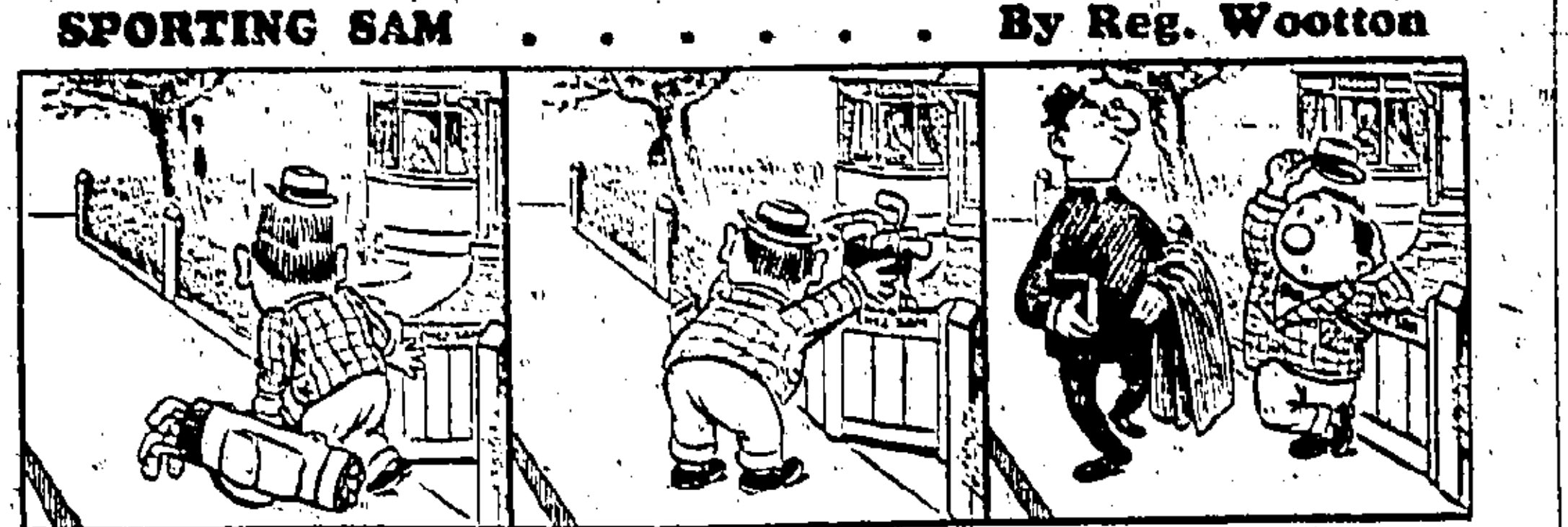
The club should be taken back outside the line of flight. Get it well back—at least three-quarters of the full swing.

The club comes down ACROSS the ball, with the head entering the sand about two inches behind the ball. And don't forget to follow through.

So many shots of this kind are spoiled by trying to scoop up the ball.

The first job, of course, is to get out. So concentrate on that. You'll be surprised how accuracy will follow.

Sounds simple enough, doesn't it? Believe me, it is!



The More Tense The Situation, The Better Wardle Seems To Be

Says BRUCE DOOLAND

This is the coldest opening to any cricket season I remember. Maybe I haven't been here long enough for that to mean much, but when umpire Frank Chester tells me that he too cannot remember such a sustained opening spell of sheer biting weather I begin to feel that the cricketer's problem out there in the middle is something almost unique.

Frank has been playing and umpiring in first class cricket for over thirty years—and he must have seen some pretty tough openings to seasons before now.

After the Tourists—who came straight here following one of the hottest summers South Africa has ever had—my sympathies right now go to the England Selectors. It is their job to find England's team next week-end, and what sort of form in these poor conditions have they got to go on? Precious little, I would say. My bet is they will be judging as much by past reputation as actual current form.

The burning problem, of course, will be whether to choose Johnny Wardle or Tony Lock for the left arm slow bowler position. I think they will go for the man in possession—Wardle. But I would pick Lock.

Of course, selection difficulties in this instance are a healthy sign. England is very lucky to have two such fine bowlers to cause these headaches. I would be well content with either in MY side, for they are both of great talent and superb temperament.

But the reason I would give Lock the edge of my preference for the first Test is that I think he might be able to dig in enough to bite and turn.

Another advantage in Lock is this: England badly needs that improvement in fielding which the Selectors have already been talking about. As Lock is probably as good a catcher as any in the world, near the wicket, I would have him in the team to take those half chances which can count for so much.

RUN-MAKING ABILITY

On the other hand, the England Selectors may well feel—as Hutton did in Australia—that Wardle's run-making ability is still indispensable. Look carefully into the figures of those Tests in Australia—and even more closely into the inside stories of those battles—and you will find that Wardle's runs, and the timeliness of them, had match-winning significance.

In fact, one of Wardle's great qualities is that the more tense the situation the better he seems to be; in Australia the more England needed runs the more Wardle seemed to produce them.

Moreover, if we have to think in terms of typically sound, lifeless test wickets, I am not at all certain that I wouldn't prefer Wardle's bowling to Lock's. He is now doing more and more with his wrist-spin Chinaman—he can make it turn a foot into a right hand batsman—and he has cultivated a googly which is getting him a lot of good wickets. Certainly the cheerless Clown-Prince as he is so often called, has strong claims.

But for this first Test, anyway, my pick would still be Lock. For surely England should not be struggling for runs against the apparently limited "South African attack"? Or should they?

The next point on the Selectors' agenda is bound to be the fast bowler position. They will call on two of the great three—Tyson, Statham or Trueman. And, very properly, it is all Headingley to a China orange that it will be Tyson and Statham who wrought such havoc throughout Australia.

I think it was one of the best things of the first few matches this season that both Tyson and Statham should get away to good starts despite the damp cold pitches they had to bowl on. They earned that by their wonderful efforts in Australia. With Brian Statham probably still technically the better of the two, they are a great pair of bowlers.

With wickets varying so much between [should try to assess them BEFORE they go in by

watching their tricks with other players. It pays dividends to "read" the pitch as well as the bowler.

But do not discount from your calculation for this season that remarkable young man Freddie Trueman. He, too, is a great fast bowler—greater and stronger this season than ever before. He hasn't quite got Tyson's pace and he cannot match the deadliness of Tyson's Yorker. But on English wickets and in the English atmosphere he moves the ball a great deal more and I can only tell you that many good batsmen I know would rather face Tyson than Trueman. Of course, some of these haven't faced Tyson this season; they have got to find out how much he has improved during his triumphant Australian tour.

Just the same, if I were a betting man I would wager a good sum that Freddie Trueman will force himself into one or two of the five Tests this summer. It will be no easy job for the Selectors to decide very often, but as with Wardle and Lock they are lucky to have such quality to choose from? Moreover, there's nothing like a bit of red-hot competition to keep up the quality of the market.

WHAT ABOUT BATTING?

What about batting? I can't see Colin Cowdrey making the first Test anyway. He's not had the chance to play enough cricket to get up to Test tuning. And this likely young man needs hard, good-quality practice to reach his best. This season, so far, he just hasn't had it. In fairness to him it might be better to leave him out for the first game.

The news this week that Colin may have a recurrence of the toe-joint suffering which necessitated an operation during his last year at Tonbridge School has depressed many—particularly those who have seen in young Cowdrey the ready-made England captain to succeed Hutton when the time comes.

The danger is that such a recurrence could cut down his top-class cricketing career.

I sincerely hope it won't, for great youngsters like Cowdrey come all too rarely; and when they happen to be as nice as they are great, it makes the thought doubly hard to harbour.

Colin I know, has always had what he calls the "care" of his feet and in Australia he had regular treatment to keep them in condition.

It helped a lot and I understand he will be fit for plenty more cricket. If his treatment can keep up with the bone problem there, Colin himself treats this worrying problem with magnificent cheerfulness. In talent and character he has certainly got what it takes to be big. So here's wishing him all the luck in the world.

Congratulations, too, to Len Hutton on being appointed skipper for the full season instead of match to match. It is a compliment from the Selectors which is fully deserved. Will Len bat at number one or number five this season? I think it all depends on the sheer pace of South Africa's Mr. Adcock. It would not surprise me to see Len at number five with Peter Richardson going in first with Tom Graveney.

COACHING HINT

With wickets varying so much between [should try to assess them BEFORE they go in by

SPORTS QUIZ

1. A South African called "Toey" is currently worrying many English sportsmen. Which ones?
2. Bobby Riggs, Wimbledon Men's Singles Champion in 1953, and Maureen Connolly, Women's titleholder for the past three years, were taught by the same coach. Who?
3. Who won the 1,500 metres at the Helsinki Olympic Games?
4. Who was the only British athlete to win a gold medal in the 1952 Olympics—horse riders excepted?
5. The Mariano-Cockell fight was the second all-white world Heavyweight title since 1935. Which was the other one?
6. Sporting anagrams. Who are these "mixed up" personalities? KMET WTRH, NOAH, SCIRH AATHY, WAC, ASYDN DLEARDS, MSA DSANR.
7. When Len Hutton leads England in the second Test against South Africa, he will equal the record for international cricket captaincy. What is it and who holds it?
8. Cold golders! On please among the following: Bobby Locke, Ben Hogan, Max Faulkner and Harry Weetman.
9. How many countries have won the Davis Cup since its inception in 1900?
10. Which athlete won four gold medals at the 1948 Olympics? (Answers on Page 17)



Excuse Me While I Collect My Spear, Shield And Bludgeon

Says ERIC NICHOLLS

Excuse me while I collect my spear, shield and bludgeon. I'm taking up professional sport. Which one doesn't matter. The necessary implements remain the same.

In the past week we have seen enough of it to make us wish we had stuck to such tender pastimes as jousting, severing each other's throats with swords, and the old one-two-three-bang of the duel. At least we knew where we stood in the old days.

Nowadays, professional sport—internationally speaking—has become open warfare in which the rules are there to be broken, competitors ignore the code of sportsmanship, and too many officials, who appear to know about as much about their particular game as my dear departed Aunt Florence, condone all, punish nothing.

There was a time when boxing was known as the "noble art of self-defence".

In what was billed as a fight for the Heavyweight Championship of the World, Britain's Don Cockell was subjected to the sort of punishment that one expects only in all-in wrestling, or back alley brawling.

Oh yes, this Mariano can punch. He does quite often. But when that attack is supplemented by the not infrequent use of head, knees, wrists, elbows, one could reasonably suggest he is on a good thing.

MOCKERY

It is not the fault of Mariano. A more kindly person you could not find outside the canvas square. The blame does lie with the American fight bosses who dragged the sport down to the gutter and made a mockery out of small matters like sportsmanship, when they instituted the "No Foul" rule.

They are to blame for creating a situation in which when even American fight reporters were crying stinking fish, the referee

could tell journalists: "I thought it was a very clean fight. I saw no intentional fouls."

Footballers are no lily-white angels either. When the English soccer tourists played in Madrid, they suffered such indignities as shirt-ripping, man-handling, and boot-swinging when the ball was elsewhere.

The Scots soccer tourists beat Austria 4-1. But not before they had been involved in one glorious punch-up, which culminated in the arrest of an unconscious spectator, who, on invading the pitch with a hundred others, was greeted by the untutored but enthusiastic left hook of Scottish centre-forward Laurie Rellly.

Ruffed by this setback, the Austrians sought blood. Only a police escort for the Scottish party through the back streets, prevented them from getting their wish.

We thought we had seen everything in the famous "Battle of Berne", when boots and fists were flung between Hungarians and Brazilians. We were wrong.

Unless swift action is taken international sport is likely to degenerate into a free-for-all with no holds barred.

I recommend the international boxing authorities and the Federation of International Football Associations should begin cleaning up their houses.

PROBLEMS ENOUGH

Captained by Jean Richardson daughter of the old West Bromwich Albion player, England women's soccer team is to play a series of matches in Portugal this summer.

I do not doubt the sincerity of these young ladies. Indeed some of the world's greatest sporting triumphs have been achieved by women.

But football is a man's game. It should remain so. Apart from obvious physical advantages—and the danger of serious injury, they must be told firmly that such a tour can only bring ridicule upon British football. We have enough problems at the moment. (London Express Service.)

POP

LOOK—NO HANDS!

NO FEET!

NO

—BRAKES!

CALEY

make wonderful chocolates

SPORTS SURVEY

Nothing Is Left To Chance In Running The Wembley Cup Final

Says ALL-ROUNDER

After all the hullabaloo, thrills and excitement of the Wembley Cup Final, let us for a moment consider something of the precision with which the proceedings, or of any other big event there, for that matter, are conducted, a precision that is met with nowhere else in the sporting world.

Distinguished guests and milling thousands in comfortable seats or on wind-swept terraces are regimented with orderly precision to a timetable which the FA issues in booklet form to clubs and officials and staffs under the name of Sir Stanley Rouse, the FA secretary.

It reads like a series of military orders and methodically organises just another Cup Final into a well-timed, fool-proof spectacle and glittering social festival which runs like clock-work and covers every aspect from competing teams and officials down to stewards and transport.

Section I indicates the respective dressing rooms the teams will occupy. It also instructs the referee not to start the match until Royalty are seated in the Royal Box. Section 2 informs referees and linesmen that they will be taken from FA Headquarters by car to Wembley at 12.15. There is also the precautionary special note: "If the match should be drawn after extra time, the players and match officials will file past Her Majesty as though they were to receive their medals."

Section VIII enjoins the massed bands to be ready to play the National Anthem at a nod or a raised finger from Sir Stanley Rouse in the Royal Box. As for the coveted trophy itself, it is placed in the Royal Box ante-room, well guarded. And no matter which team wins it, it is always correctly adorned with the club's coloured ribbons by Sir Stanley.

On a ledge in the Royal Box are two sets of favours on each side. At a suitable moment just before the final whistle, Sir Stanley ties on the appropriate colours. Eleven winners and eleven losers medals are issued. All are the same, except that a set is engraved "winners" and the other "runners-up." The Manchester City Club will give their injured pair, Hart and Clarke, a specially-struck medal at the club's own expense, subject to FA permission, which will insist that the medals must not resemble the FA souvenir.

KNOW THE RULES

Many soccer clubs in Britain try to instruct their supporters on the finer points of the game through the weekly series of papers and answers printed in the programmes. It would seem, however, that something like this ought to be done for the players, many of whose knowledge of the laws of the game is distinctly poor, according to the latest edition of the Football Association bulletin.

It points out that examiners of players on coaching courses reveal that many footballers are unaware even of the existence of a booklet entitled "The Referee's Chart" and "Players' Guide to the Laws of the Game." Yet rule 30 of the FA states that a copy of this, which elaborates on the basic laws, must be kept by each club for the use of their players on application.

The bulletin goes on to pose a number of problems which appear to have troubled candidates on the course. For instance, what is the correct decision if a player taking a direct free kick from outside the penalty area passes the ball back, as is in order, hard enough for it to go wide of his goalkeeper and into the net?

It would mean a corner kick, for Law 13 decrees that from a direct free kick a goal can be scored direct against the offending side. The last two words make all the difference. And what is wrong if, when a penalty kick has been ordered to be retaken, both goalkeeper and the original kicker of the ball are changed? Nothing, provided the change of goalkeeper is notified to the referee. Few supporters are aware that when the referee drops the ball after a stoppage and it is handled on the way down, there is no offence.

The ball is actually not in play until it has touched the ground. The FA are also at pains to reiterate that if a goalkeeper is not actually in possession of the ball and if he is inside his own goal area, he cannot be charged, even fairly, unless intentionally obstructing an opponent. Once beyond the six yards area, he may be charged fairly if the ball is within his playing distance and his challenger is making an attempt to get it.

THE "LITTLE WEMBLEY"

There were no bands, no civic reception or financial glory about Shipley's "Little Wembley" the other night.

Shipley is a Yorkshire urban area hinging on Bradford, and its local soccer team called "Salts" has most emphatically put itself on the West Riding map.

Salts beat Barnoldswick seven-one at Valley Parade, and became the Riding's top amateur football team of the season with their League's Championship trophy to go alongside the same League's County Cup and the West Riding FA County Cup they also won this season.

They have only drawn four and lost two of their 41 games. There were no riches about this "Little Wembley."

Salts players were allowed five pence each for expenses to go on the bus to Bradford to play in the match. The rate was said to be a very fine one at 2.873 and the takings at £158. Each club received £32 10s. out of the net proceeds, but for Salts it was a first-time honour and glory for them and Shipley in their "Little Wembley" but there was no civic reception.

A former successful racehorse once most popular with racegoers because of his consistent running and the time he was once awarded a race he didn't win, is now happily employed at the age of 15 as a hack at Newmarket by Mr. Adrian Sorpe, Lord Derby's racing stud manager.

He is High Stakes. Being a gelding, he was kept in training until his ninth year, and a saying racing proposition he was, too. He had the remarkable record of 34 successes in 55 outings, three of which were walk-overs.

This Lord Astor horse was also placed in no fewer than 16 of the races he did not win. High Stakes will be remembered for his contesting the Bentinck Stakes at Goodwood in 1949 when the first of a number of heated arguments over points and penalties took place. A casual glance at the photograph indicated High Stakes as the winner, and so he was declared. A later more careful and protracted scrutiny with magnifying glasses and all revealed without any doubt that the French horse Hornet III had in fact won by inches.

FIRST CRICKET MATCH

This season's first cricket match of the British Railways Shildon Staff Association sports club in the North-East Region was a most momentous affair, for it was on their new £13,000 sports field made possible by the weekly fourpenny donations of its loyal members and supporters over the last five years.

The ground has two unique pavilions, each comprising railway coaches laid on the top of

brick pillars. Two railway coaches were cut down the centre at the rail wagon works, taken to the site on lorries and laid end to end on their respective foundations by giant cranes.

The field covers nine acres, with provision for several kinds of sports, ample room for athletics and commodious shower and changing accommodation. It is hoped that when funds permit they will build a hall for dances and other events alongside more permanent pavilions.

Goodbye To The Speed King In The Blue Helmet— Ascari Never Knew Fear

By COURTENAY EDWARDS

The world's motor-racing circuits and particularly those in Europe will be less colourful and certainly not so exciting now that Alberto Ascari is gone.

For with his death while practising at Monza—scene of some of his most spectacular triumphs—Grand Prix racing lost one of its most popular and dashing exponents.

He was still, at 36, one of the best six drivers in the world, with every prospect of gaining the World Championship for a third time, though not perhaps this year.

THE ESCAPE

Indeed, this big, burly, broad-shouldered Italian speed king was at the zenith of his career as anyone would confirm who saw him win the Naples Grand Prix at 68.9 m.p.h. on May 7 this year and the Valentino Grand Prix last March.

In both these races, he was driving one of the new 2½ litre Lancias for he was No. 1 pilot for this Italian marque. It was in one of these fast-lightweight cars that Ascari had a miraculous escape at Monza.

What a dramatic moment that was, Britain's Stirling Moss was leading in the European Grand Prix in a Mercedes and looked a certain winner. Suddenly Moss retired with engine trouble, and we looked round across the harbour for Ascari, who had only to roar past Moss's stricken Mercedes to take the lead. But as he came out of the tunnel near the Casino we saw him swerve through the wooden fence and straw bales at the harbour edge and plunged into the water.

Ascari was thrown clear. He swam to a rescue boat and when taken to hospital was found to be suffering from only slight head and nose injuries.

Ascari would not hear of withdrawing from next Sunday's 12-hour race for sports cars at Monza—the Super-corsemagione Grand Prix.

In this famous race he was sharing the driving of a three-litre Ferrari with Eugenio Castellotti, 25-year-old up-and-coming Italian driver who was a teammate of Ascari in the Lancia stable and who finished second in one of these cars in the European Grand Prix last Sunday.

The Lancia firm had released both these men to drive for Ferrari—Ascari's old firm—in the following Sunday's race, though reports would indicate that the car in which Ascari crashed was not the one he was going to drive with Castellotti.

FIRST TIME

The virtuosity of Alberto Ascari won him the World Championship in 1952 and 1953—first time any driver has gained this honour in two successive years.

He achieved the distinction in Ferrari cars, for it was not until last year that he threw in his lot with Lancia—and promptly celebrated the change by winning for his new employers last year's Mille Miglia for sports cars.

Ascari, son of a racing driver who was killed when Alberto was only six years old, was a protégé of Luigi Villorossi, another great Italian driver.

What sort of a man was this modern gladiator whose cars so often rang with the cheers of huge racing crowds? He was essentially a family man greatly devoted to his wife and two children.

He was a man who would have greatly preferred a quiet family life.

Behind a quiet, mild manner invested with much Latin charm, his good-looking Italian concealed a stubbornness and toughness.

LIKED BRITAIN

If a rival driver ever showed an inclination to "play rough" Ascari always knew how to deal with him and seldom hesitated to do so.

Ascari spoke only a few words of English, yet he often confessed to his great liking for Britain and the British. He once told me that it was a matter of great regret to him that the British Grand Prix is not held later in the season so that he could stay for a month.

This talented, fearless driver was a great favourite with the racing crowds at Silverstone. He was down to lead the Lancia team in this year's British Grand Prix at Aintree in July. We shall, alas! look in vain for that lanky figure wearing the familiar short-sleeved pullover and blue crash-helmet. Ascari himself would be the last to moan about the reason for his absence.

OAKS DAY AT EPSOM



H.M. The Queen walking on the course with Lord Rosebery, when Her Majesty and other members of the Royal Family were present to watch the Oaks.—Central Press Photo.

PHIL DRAKE'S JOCKEY WAS CERTAIN

IF HIS MOUNT WAS NO. 12 ON THE RACE CARD, IT WAS BOUND TO WIN

By ROBIN GOODFELLOW

As soon as 32-year-old Fred Palmer saw a race card at Epsom on Derby day, he knew he would win the Derby on Madame Volterra's Phil Drake. "What's my horse's number?" he inquired, turning over the pages. "No. 12—bon! I shall win." Just like that.

Fred, who was born in France but whose father was born near Canterbury—grinned and told me: "I have won three Grand Prix de Paris in the last six years—Vieux Manoir, Orfeo, and Popoff. They were all No. 12 on the card."

I could sense the confidence which this number promoted in lean Fred, a jockey who uses his brains—and is never rattled. He had need not to be, for Phil Drake in the early stages ran so green he scarcely seemed to know how to gallop.

"That was why I was so far behind," Fred said. It was only the third race for Phil Drake's career.

Every Derby has its drama, and this one will rank high. Seven weeks ago it was touch and go whether Phil Drake would be able to run.

But he made a good recovery, and when he won at Longchamp on May 12, it was evident, he had not only recovered but improved immensely.

On the gallop he was now a long way in front of his stable companion, Datur, who had beaten him at Longchamp a month earlier.

DEVASTATING RUN

As for the race, the feature that gripped us was the devastating run that took Phil Drake past 20 rivals in three-quarters of a mile, and the final swerve, like that of a Rugby centre three-quarter cutting through, between Panasslipper and the rails.

This change of direction in the last 100 yards took me back to the Derby of 1949 and the effort of another Volterra horse, Amour Drake, when he just failed to catch Nimbus.

The start was a "first-timer"—"The quietest I have ever heard," starter Alec Marsh said.

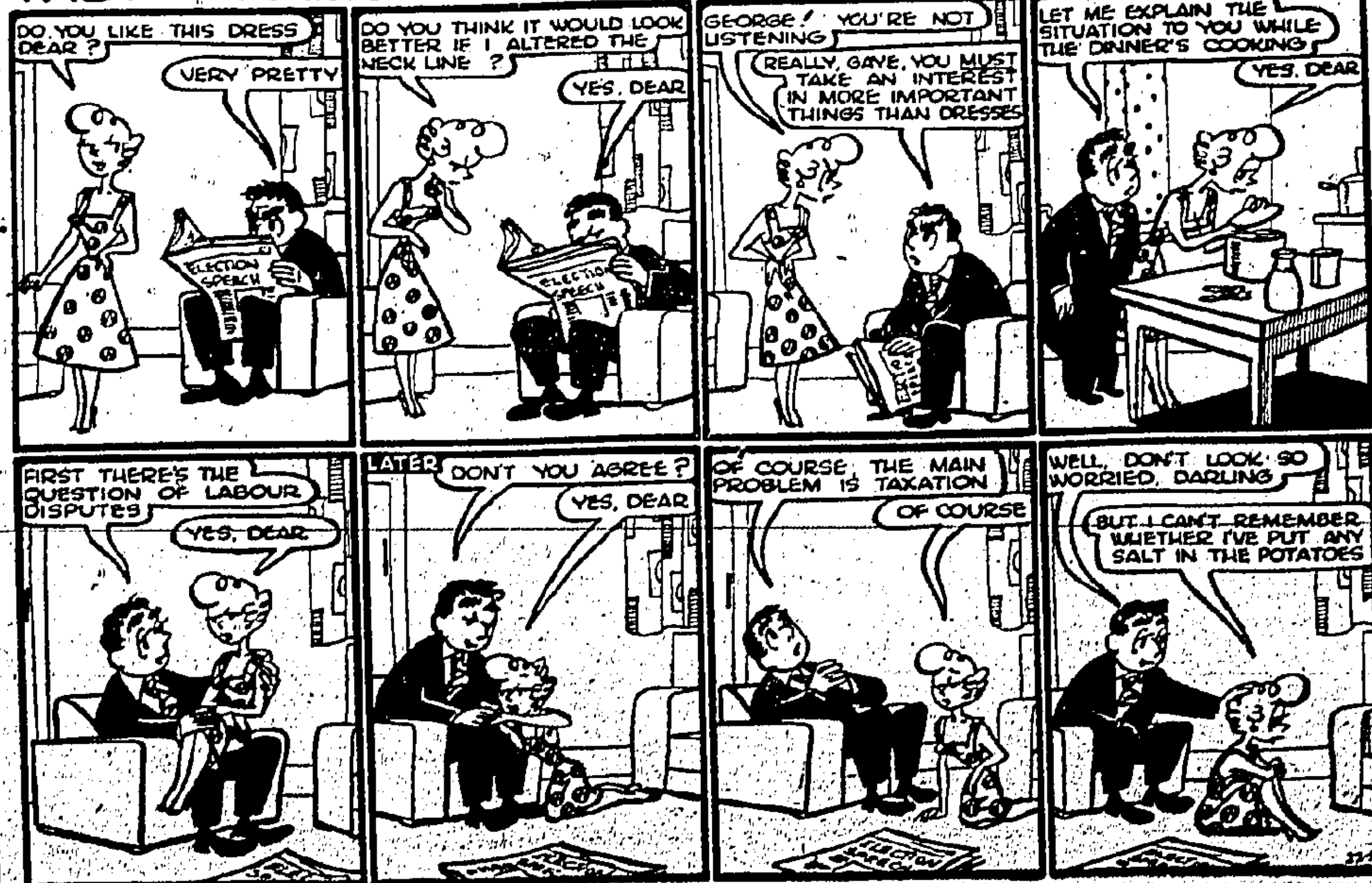
With three-quarters of a mile to go, Noble Chieftain led True Cavalier, Starlit II, and Daemnon, with Ascari about sixth and the winner last but three. Daemnon soon started to go backwards, and I also noticed Lester Figgott and Windsor Sun rapidly losing ground.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Cricketers. He is Hugh Tayfield, an off-spin bowler with the South-African tourists.
2. Eilen "Teach" Tennant.
3. Josy Barthel of Luxembourg.
4. Jeannette Altwegg, at the Winter Olympics.
5. Marciano against Roland LaStarza in 1953.
6. Mike Hawthorn, Chris Chataway, Sandy Saddler, Sam Snead.
7. 25, by Australia's Bill Woodfull.
8. Harry Weetman. All the others have won the British Open title.
9. Four—America, Australia, Britain and France. Before 1919, however, Australia played as Australasia and Britain as the British Isles.
10. Mrs Fanny Blankers-Koen of Holland.

THE GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby



So Tender and Tasty
FRANCIS MILLER'S
GREAT NORTHERN
FANCY RED SOCKEYE
SALMON STEAK

Sole Agents:
SWINE & MACLAREN
LTD.

For the most refreshing
THIRST
QUENCHER



Sole Agents: Swine & MacLaren Ltd.

Choose
BOOTH'S
DRY GIN

Wherever you are—
FINEST DRY GIN
HOUSE OF LORDS

IMPORTED FROM
ENGLAND

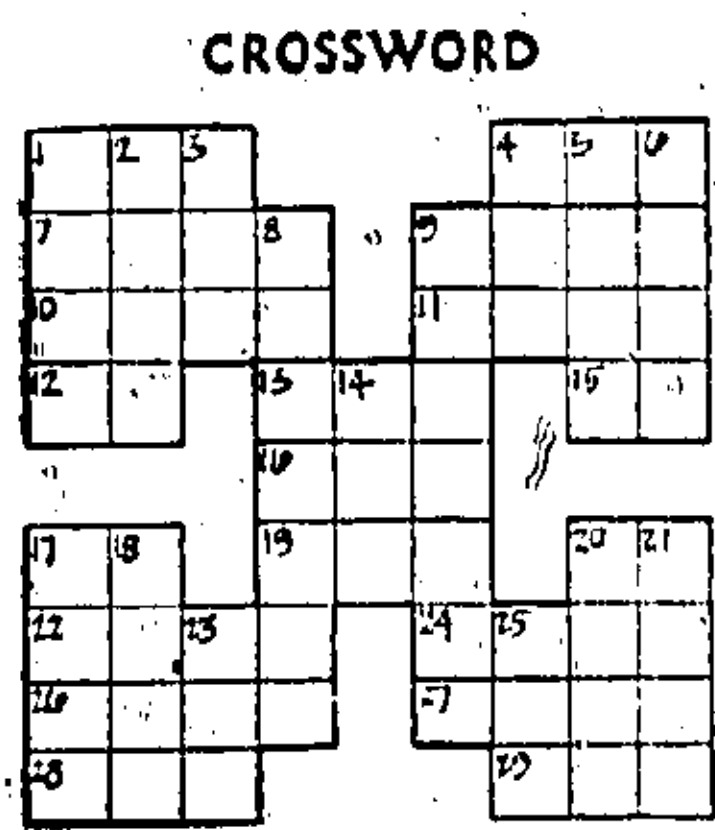
BOOTH'S
FINEST
DRY GIN
LONDON

EACH BOTTLE BEARS OUR SIGN
AND TRADE MARK (S) & R

Sole Distributors:
CALDER, MACGREGOR & CO. LTD.
of Great Britain

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER



CROSSWORD

- ACROSS
- 1 Varnish ingredient
 - 4 Youth
 - 7 God of love
 - 9 Peel
 - 10 Headsstrong
 - 11 Check
 - 12 Postscript (ab.)
 - 13 Individual
 - 15 Near
 - 16 Damp
 - 17 Exist
 - 18 Female sheep
 - 20 White
 - 22 At all times
 - 24 Fastidious
 - 26 Food containers
 - 27 Mend, as sock
 - 28 Malt drink
 - 29 Seine

DOWN

- 1 Sweet secretion
- 2 Brazilian macaws
- 3 Lettuce
- 4 New Guinea port
- 5 Operatic solo
- 6 Depression
- 8 Rains
- 9 Feign
- 10 Novel
- 11 Greek letter
- 12 Wicked
- 13 Measure of land
- 14 Dispatched
- 15 Compass point
- 16 John (Gaelic)

HOMONYM

Missing words in the following sentence sound alike, but they are spelled differently. Can you complete the sentence correctly? When they reached _____ destination, they found another group of hikers already _____

CHUCKLE BAG

Mamma: Eat your spinach, dear. It makes strong teeth.

Johnny: Then why don't you feed it to grandpa?

Teacher: What is a volcano, Martha?

Martha: A mountain with the hicups.

Teacher: Please define the word spine.

Boy: The spine is a long limber bone. Your head sits on one end, and you sit on the other end.

A woman went to buy a drinking bowl for her dog, and the shopkeeper asked, if she would like one with the inscription, "For the dog."

"I really doesn't matter," she replied. "My husband never drinks water, and the dog can't read."

Doctor: Well, young man, your cough is a little better this morning.

Patient: It ought to be. I've been practising all night.

Willie: What gets wetter while it dries?

Billie: Beans me. What?

Willie: A towel.

Waitress: We have almost everything on the menu today.

Diner: So I see. Bring me a clean one so I can read it.



WHALES HAVE A THICK LAYER OF FAT UNDERNEATH THEIR SKIN TO KEEP THEM WARM.

WORD CHAIN

Change GILL to PINT in four moves. Change only one letter at a time and be sure you have a good word on each change.

WORD SQUARE

Rearrange the letters in each row to form a good word and then rearrange the rows correctly; you will find your answer reads the same down as across:

E	E	N	R	T
A	O	C	L	R
E	E	L	R	S
A	E	E	R	T
E	O	R	T	T

TRIANGLE

An ADDRESS serves as a base for this triangle. The second word is "a paid newspaper notice," third "conclusion," fourth "a German river," fifth "a Roman magistrate," and sixth "anoints." Complete the triangle:

A	D
D	R
R	E
E	S

ADDRESS
(Solutions on Page 20)

HOW MAKE A COIN TO DISAPPEAR

1. Borrow a COIN... put it in a hat and let each one feel it to be sure it is in the hat.

2. NOW... DO A LITTLE HOCUS POCUS AND SAY THE COIN IS GONE!

3. ASK THEM TO LOOK FOR THEMSELVES!

THEN... SAY YOU'VE MADE THE COIN GO INTO SOMEONE'S POCKET!

4. ASK EACH IF HE HAS THE COIN... AND SAY "KNOW IF YOU ARE TELLING THE TRUTH, WHEN YOU COME TO YOUR PAL YOU SAY..."

YOU'LL FIND IT IN JACK'S POCKET!

IT WILL BE THERE TOO, IF JACK KIDS AND TOOK IT FROM THE HAT!

By IDA SMITH

ONE of the most gentle creatures of the southwestern desert in the United States is the chuckawalla lizard. It is the largest of the harmless American lizards. Only one other is as large—the Gila monster—but it is poisonous. It is the only known poisonous lizard in the world, and looks very different from the chuckawalla.

Little is known about chuckawallas except that they are vegetarians, can blow themselves up like balloons when frightened, and can dart into rock crevices and hide so quickly that their presence is unsuspected.

Johnny Rengo is a civilised chuckawalla. He has lived with Mr and Mrs Oscar Rengo of Phoenix, Ariz., for 15 years. Mrs Rengo raises a variety of flowers for him to eat. His favourites are dandelions and



Although Johnny's making-like Ferdinand in a bull-ring, he's about to gulp down that rose.

roses. He also likes cooked carrots—if they are pressure cooked.

Johnny sleeps in a cardboard box. In the winter he has a little blanket. In the summer he kicks the blanket out. He loves to ride in the back window of their car and watch the traffic, but if he sees an aeroplane or a big bird he will dart quickly down and hide. He thinks they are hawks that might eat him.

Johnny knows his name too. Mr Rengo says, "Come on,

Johnny, let's go for a ride," he will run and climb into Mr Rengo's hand. If he is asleep under a cushion or magazine and Mrs Rengo calls, "Johnny, where are you?" he always peeks out or jiggles the cushion to let her know where he is.

He loves to sleep on Mrs Rengo's shoulder in the evening while she reads. He also loves company and gets all excited when he hears children playing. Sometimes Mrs Rengo takes him to school. The children are as fascinated with him as

he is with them. They learn to handle him gently. Some women scream and are terribly frightened when they see Johnny. These, he eyes with wonder. Perhaps he knows that a wild chuckawalla would be just as afraid of them.

Insect-eating lizards are difficult to keep as pets, but are valuable in the wild state because they help to control the fly and ant population.

NEEDS ATTENTION

Chuckawallas are hard to keep alive in captivity too. They need a variety of plants to eat and also friendly attention. Many have died because they were put in a cage and "left alone," and with an unattractive diet.

The Rengos never forget or neglect Johnny. While most lizards would welcome a chance to escape from captivity, it is doubtful that he would want to, exchange his good home and care for his freedom. Excuses would soon destroy him in the wild now. He would not know how to protect himself because of his trustfulness born of long captivity.

CALCULATE YOUR FAME WITH TRICKS

By FRANCIS HOWARD

ARE you out for fame as a "lighting calculator?"

If you want to make your friends sit up and take notice, try one of these numerical stunts on them. Have them write down in a row all of the figures except the number 8—like this:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 9

Now have them choose any one of these figures and multiply it by 9. Suppose they choose 3. When multiplied by 9, the result is 27. Then, have them multiply the row of figures by this number.

Before they have found their answer, you will be able to tell them what it is—333,333,333.

If they had chosen 2 in the first place, the answer would have been all 2's, or if 5, all 5's, and so on.

Here is another stunt. Suppose you have your friends write down any sum of three figures. Then have them reverse the figures and subtract the lesser amount from the greater. When they have found the answer (the middle figure will always be 9), have them reverse again and add these last two figures. Again you will be able to give the answer in advance—1089.

There is only one rare instance when the answer would be different, and that is when the first two figures of the original sum are alike, and the last figure is next in regular order, like 665,443, and 998. In this case the answer will be 198.

The third stunt is the trickiest. Ask someone to write down a number without telling



you the figures. It can be in hundreds, thousands, or tens of thousands.

Then have him add the figures composing this number, and subtract what he gets from the original number.

Next ask him to strike out one figure (but never a cipher), and add the remaining figures for his answer.

When he gives you the result, you can tell him the figure he struck out.

The reason you can do this is because, when your friend makes the subtraction in the first place, the figures in the remainder always add up to 9 or a multiple of 9.

For illustration, suppose your friend picks the number 7889. Added together, these figures total 30.

When subtracted from the original number, the remainder is 7899.

If your friend strikes out the 8, the sum of the three remaining figures is 19.

When he tells you this number, you immediately reckon

that the next highest multiple of 9 is 27. All you have to do is to subtract 19 from 27 and you are able to tell him the missing number is 8. Tricky?

A Busy Waterway

—A Tiny River Ran Along the Curb—

By MAX TRELL

IT had been raining all night but now with the morning came the bright sun, glistening in a million points of light where the raindrops still clung to the ends of leaves and along the edges of roofs and windowsills.

A Rushing River

Knarf and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-out names, went outside to look at the rushing river that ran along the curb at the edge of the road.

They sat down on the curbstone. "It's the Mississippi!" said Hanid.

"No, it's the Amazon!" said Knarf.

Neither Knarf nor Hanid had ever seen either the Mississippi or the Amazon! However, they sounded like very important names, just right for a rushing raindrop-river that ran along the curbstone down to the end of the street.

As they watched, Knarf and Hanid were surprised to see how many other neighbourhood folk had discovered the Mississippi—Amazon—raindrop-river as well.

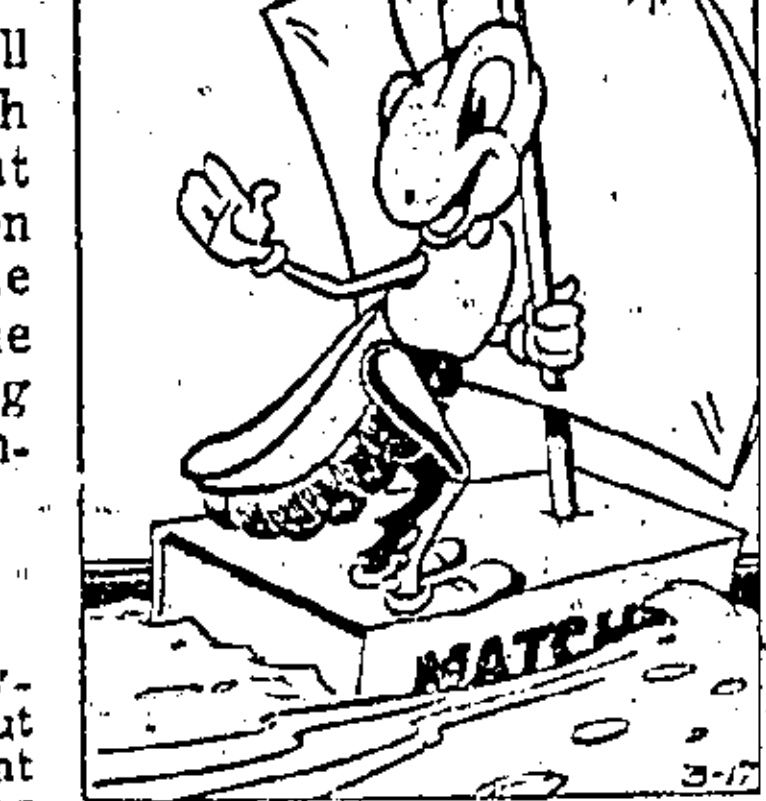
"Ahey there! Make way!" cried a voice.

Nautical Grasshopper

Knarf and Hanid looked down and saw a grasshopper sailing on a matchbox-schooner. It shot down the river in a flash and disappeared around the corner at the bottom of the street.

"I wish I were on that schooner," said Knarf to Hanid. "You have to be as small as a grasshopper," said Hanid.

The next minute, they heard a chorus of voices: "Sailing,



A grasshopper was sailing on a matchbox schooner

sailing, over the bounding main!"

This time it was three ants riding on a raft made of two twigs. The raft turned slowly as it floated down the river until it, too, disappeared around the corner.

"The little things have all the fun," said Knarf in an envious voice. "They can go sailing on a raindrop-river while we can only sit and watch."

The next sight they saw was a small sitting in the middle of a leaf. He nodded gravely to them as he swept by.

"I've never seen a small move that fast," said Hanid to Knarf. During the next hour, they saw lots of their friends go sailing down the river. They saw Blackie Beetle sitting on top of an empty bottle as it floated past. They saw a spider sailing down on a postage stamp. They saw a moth floating down, with her wings spread out.

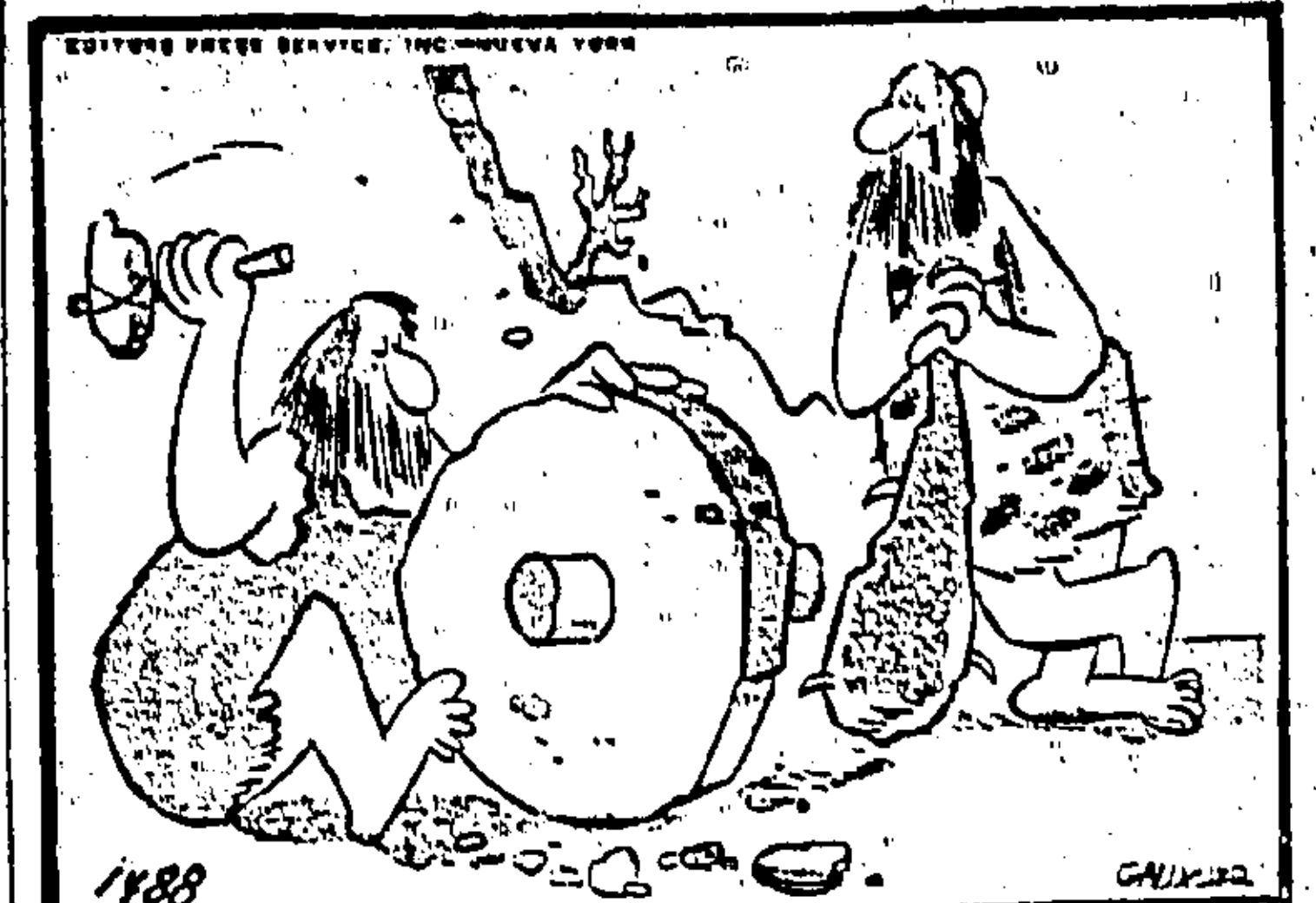
"She's shouting for help!" said Hanid.

So Knarf fished her out. The moth shook the water off her wings. "I fell in. I almost drowned," she said. "Thank you for saving my life." Then she fluttered off to find a dark place to sleep until the moon came out.

The Snail Was Last

A daddy-long-legs came sailing down last of all, standing on a bit of bark. "Last trip!" he was shouting. "The river's drying up!"

And sure enough, he was right. Even as Knarf and Hanid sat on the curbstone, they saw the Mississippi-Amazon-raindrop-river dwindle in size, growing narrower and narrower, until finally it was just a tiny trickle. Then, when it had stopped altogether, they saw all the sailors come trudging back from around the corner, the grasshopper, the ants, the beetle, the spider, the daddy-long-legs and, last of all, the very last of all... the snail.



"What good is that thing? You can't hit girls with it."

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JUNE 4

BORN today, you have a happy kindly nature yet one which tends to drift along with the tide rather than strike out against it. You may do a lot of daydreaming and build castles in the air. But, when it comes to instrumenting those dreams, you are slow to get moving! Learn to be a little more decisive and then, once you have made up your mind, stick to your guns until you have reached your objective. Only in this fashion will you achieve the heights to which your talents should entitle you.

You have real artistic and dramatic ability and probably would be happiest in the arts or the professions where you could express your individuality freely. The one lesson you will need to learn is that success is apt to be nine parts perspiration—and one part inspiration! Although you have a magnetic personality and attract many friends who may be able and willing to give you excellent advice you are disinclined to listen to them. Be a little more open-minded in this regard and you will get along faster.

Among those born on this date are: King George III of England; Walter L. Dorne, painter; Fontaine Fox, cartoonist; Frances Starr and Rosalind Russell, actresses; Harry Greb, pugilist; Wendell P. Garrison, editor.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JUNE 5

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—You can become the peacemaker for everyone if you will only exert yourself.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Even if exterior matters prove to be depressing, you can conquer problems with tenacity and optimism.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Plan to do something that you have been postponing for a long time.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Make calls or invite close friends to pay you a visit. You will find pleasure and enjoyment.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—This is a second day for well-favoured activities. Make plans for a happy, pleasant time.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—You have an inspirational day. Your spiritual life could be enhanced by church attendance.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Even if you are in your part of the country are not as far as you had wished, follow through with your plans.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Family from near and far may be gathering for a gala occasion. Enjoy yourself thoroughly.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—If you have been able to enjoy week-end out of town, get an early start home to avoid the rush.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Enjoy this late spring day to its fullest. Plan an all-day affair with your family outdoors.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Even if things at home become confused, due to a sudden change in plans, adapt yourself tactfully.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Church attendance today might bring you the faith, hope and consolation that you need now.

BORN today, you have a life that is more exciting than many others' and it can never be said that you have a dull moment at any time. You are happiest when in the midst of great activity. It is likely that your cycles of success and decline will alternate with mystifying rapidity and it is good that you have a high degree of adaptability in your nature. You can switch from one thing to another with such great speed that often your closest friends may not fully understand your change in mood or tempo.

The stars have given you special talent in music and the arts, which should be developed from earliest childhood. You probably will have the artistic temperament that goes with a touch of genius. How far you carry your native talent toward material success will depend in large degree upon how careful you are to take instant advantage of opportunities offered you.

In addition to your sense for the dramatic in the arts, you also have a gift for getting at the basic facts of a problem with great speed. You would make a good investigator, attorney for the defence, or promoter for some worthy cause.

Emotional and affectionate, you are happiest when surrounded by members of your own family who give you their unstinted love and devotion.

Among those born on this date are: George T. Angell, reformer; Stravinsky, composer; Roger Batchelor, author; Velasquez, painter; William Tyler, noted churchman; Columbus Delano, statesman.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JUNE 6

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—You may have to suffer a disappointment today, but don't be discouraged.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—This is not the day to be too adventuresome, especially when it comes to business or finance.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—If you have been too extravagant lately, now is the time to make a sensible budget and follow it.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—It may be a temptation to spend more than you should. Save for your vacation later on.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Someone may be on the point of offering some excellent advice. You might do well to listen.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Get an early and energetic start this morning, for there is a lot to be done this day!

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Schedule your work carefully and distribute your energies evenly and you will succeed.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Don't permit yourself to be imposed upon by someone retelling a hard-luck story! Investigate, first.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—The sun is shining on your affairs at the office. Take advantage of an offered opportunity.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Be content with what you have, for even a little envy can destroy your happiness just now.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—All that glitters may not be pure gold, so carefully investigate everything.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—You may be able to avail yourself of an unexpected good opportunity for advancement. Be alert!

Famous Festival Honoured

IT happens three or four times in every hundred years and this summer is one of these occasions. It is the famous Wine-growers Festival at Vevey, on the azure-blue Lake of Geneva in Switzerland.

This special stamp which the Swiss have issued for the occasion "catches the spirit of it all—a bunch of grapes pinned to a girl's straw summer hat.

Wine-growing is one of the oldest and most traditional in this part of Western Switzerland. And those who have wandered the picturesque streets of Vevey and looked across the lake to the snow-capped mountains opposite will appreciate what a beautiful setting nature has designed for the Festival.

It is going to cost over 3,500,000 Swiss francs (about 2,300,000). Taking part will be 120 musicians, 450 singers, 850 children and 3,500 men and women in national costume and 300 horses, cows and sheep.

It is indeed a proud Festival that the new stamp honours. It is printed gaily in red, yellow, white and green in the photo-



grave process. Perforation is 1½ and the stamp costs 1/8d. in London.—J. A. A.

Rupert and the Cold-cure—10



The old Professor agrees to Rupert's request and gives him an extra tablet for Bill. Thinking him again the little bear takes his leave and the small servant accompanies him part of the way. "My master is very worried about his wonderful



invention and the missing paper that would complete it," says the dwarf. "So if you and your friend take those tablets I wish you'd come back some time and tell him if they work well." "Of course I will!" Rupert agrees cheerfully as he waves another

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



EVERETT ORIENT LINE

Fast Regular Freight Refrigerator Passenger Service
Loading for Singapore, Penang, Rangoon, Calcutta and Chittagong.

"NOREVERETT"	Arr. June 27	Sails June 28
"BRADEVERETT"	Arr. July 13	Sails July 14
"LENEVERETT"	Arr. July 23	Sails July 24
"REBEVERETT"	Arr. Aug. 20	Sails Aug. 21

Loading for Kobe, Osaka, Nagoya, Yokohama.

"BRADEVERETT"	Arr. June 10	Sails June 17
"LENEVERETT"	Arr. June 23	Sails June 29
"REBEVERETT"	Arr. July 24	Sails July 25
"NOREVERETT"	Arr. Aug. 18	Sails Aug. 19

LIMITED PASSENGER ACCOMMODATION.

All the above subject to alteration without notice.

EVERETT STAR LINE

FAST REGULAR FREIGHT REFRIGERATOR SERVICE
Loading for Singapore, Port Swettenham, Madras, Colombo, Bombay, Karachi & Persian Gulf Port.

"STAR ALCYON"	Arr. June 14	Sails June 15
"LAO"	Arr. July 14	Sails July 15
"STAR BETELGEUSE"	Arr. Aug. 2	Sails Aug. 3
"STAR ARCTURUS"	Arr. Aug. 22	Sails Aug. 23
"THAI"	Arr. Sept. 7	Sails Sept. 8

"LAO"	Arr. June 13	Sails June 14
"STAR BETELGEUSE"	Arr. July 4	Sails July 5
"STAR ARCTURUS"	Arr. July 26	Sails July 27
"THAI"	Arr. Aug. 11	Sails Aug. 12
"STAR ALCYON"	Arr. Aug. 31	Sails Sept. 1

LIMITED PASSENGER ACCOMMODATION.

All the above subject to alteration without notice.

EVERETT STEAMSHIP CORPORATION S/A

(Incorporated in the Republic of Panama with limited liability)

Chinese Department: Telephone 28293.
Queen's Building, Telephone 31206.

MESSAGERIES MARITIMES

P.O. Box 53 Queen's Building Tel: 26651

FAST PASSENGER/FREIGHT SERVICE

"LAOS" sailing June 19th
"VIETNAM" sailing July 17th

FAST FREIGHT SERVICE

"BIR HAKEM" sailing June 26th
"MEKONG" sailing July 9th

Enjoy the last word in flying luxury...

Fly KLM Super Constellation

Manila to Tokyo!

No waiting — no stopovers when you fly KLM to Tokyo! Superb meals and fine wines served on the big, luxurious KLM Super Constellations help make your trip extra pleasant and comfortable. There are four cabins to choose from—two for tourist passengers and two spacious cabins with complimentary "Sleepair" Deluxe for first class passengers. KLM Super Constellations leave Manila for Tokyo every Thursday. Direct flights to Europe are also scheduled.

IT'S ON RECOMMENDATION THAT NAME OUT OF TEN OF OUR PASSENGERS FLY KLM

For fares, time schedules and reservations, contact your Travel Agent or Philippine Air Lines, Inc., General Sales Agent for KLM in Hongkong, Peninsular Hotel, Kowloon.



THE "POST" TYPHOON MAP

Mounted \$5.00
Unmounted \$4.00

and TYPHOON TABLE

Giving bearing-distance and time-distance for typhoons likely to affect Hong Kong. A useful adjunct to the "Post" Typhoon Map.

\$2.00 Mounted

Obtainable from

SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST
HONGKONG & KOWLOON

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Tourney Is Scene Of Tricky Plays

By OSWALD JACOBY

TODAY's hand was played last year in the finals of the Mid-west Regional Team Championship. The hero, in the South position was Dave Carter.

West opened the queen, of diamonds, and Carter took with the king, drew two rounds of trumps, cashed top hearts, discarded a heart on the ace of diamonds, and ruffed the jack of hearts. The only remaining problem was to limit the loss in clubs to one trick.

Carter solved the problem by leading a low club from his hand and finessing dummy's eight. East won with the queen of clubs and casually returned the seven—a very fine attempt to deceive declarer.

The plot didn't work, as it turned out. Carter carefully covered with the nine of clubs, which won the trick. The rest was easy.

The point was that it couldn't cost anything to play the nine.

NORTH (D) 31	
▲K184	
▲AKJ	
▲AQ	
▲K854	
WEST EAST	
▲32	▲106
7843	▲Q105
▲QJ10552	▲QJ107
▲6	
SOUTH	
▲AQ75	
▲82	
▲3	
▲A932	
North-South vul.	
North East South West	
2NT East 3 Pass	
4 Pass 6 Pass	
Pass Pass	
Opening lead—♦Q	

If West could follow suit, the clubs would break 3-2, and the clubs would be cleared by the ace and king. If West couldn't follow suit, it was vital to put up the nine.

East couldn't have saved himself by returning an honour instead of the seven of clubs. For example, if East returns the jack of clubs, dummy wins with the king. Since West shows out on this trick, declarer has a proven finesse through East on the next round of clubs.

East couldn't have saved himself by returning a different suit. Dummy would ruff, while declarer discarded the losing club. Hence declarer didn't worry about losing to a singleton club. He likewise had nothing to fear from a 3-2 break; and the actual play showed that he was ready for the 4-1 division as well.

CARD SENSE

Q—The bidding has been:
South West North East
1 Heart Pass 2 Spades Pass

You, South, hold:
A73 ♥KJ532 ♦AKQ ♠853

A—Bid three hearts. The hand is a minimum opening bid and the choice is between three hearts and two no-trump. You choose three hearts because the suit is fairly good and because one side suit is wide open.

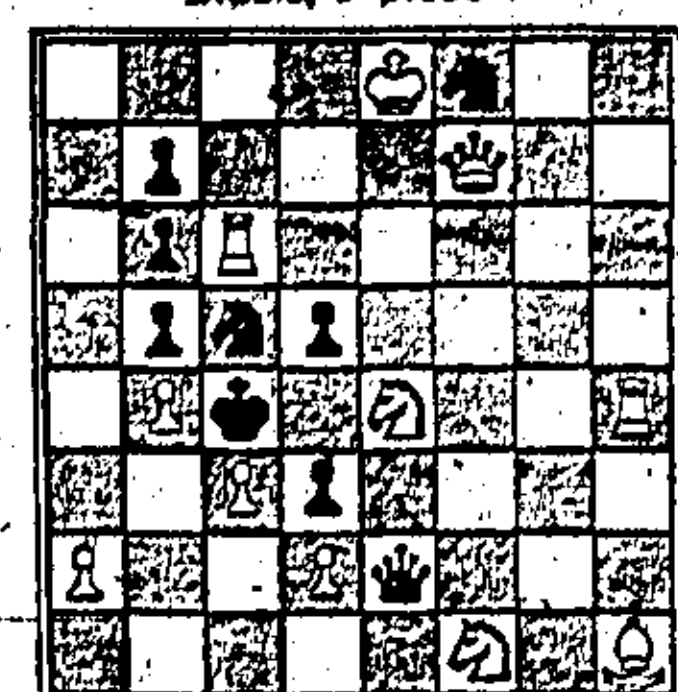
TODAY'S QUESTION

The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, hold:
S73 ♥AKJ8 ♦KJ106 ♠C853
What do you do?

Answer on Monday

CHESS PROBLEM

By E. SALARDINI
Black, 9 pieces.



White, 11 pieces.

White to play; mate in two.

Solution to yesterday's problem:

1. R. (B8)—R8; threat 2. P—B8 (=Kt ch). 1... Q—B3; 2. Kt (Q7)—B8 (ch); 1... Q—K2; 2. R. (Kt8)—B8 (ch); 1... P—Q4; 2. P—B8 (=Q).

BY THE WAY

By Beachcomber

WHEN Miss Marilyn Monroe said, "There's something about Art that gets you," she showed integrity, awareness, and a sense of values.

Senior Doll, hesitating whether to paint a night-watchman as a porcelain alligator or a trumpet-trumpet filled with violin strings, seems to be following to its logical conclusion the movement started by Zym Gorias in the rue Lepic in Paris. Then again, there is a young painter who sticks inverted paper bags on to a canvas and invites the spectators to pull them off and all them with anything they like. She says: "An artist must not be a tyrant, a dictator. The public should be allowed to take a hand in the finished product of the artist's brain."

The naked chairman's hat

A COLONY of naked people has been having a row with the French Navy. The navy wants their island for experiments with rockets, and is afraid of spies. The chairman of the colony retorts that a naked person cannot walk off with secret plans, forgetting that a suitcase carried by a naked man disarms suspicion. "It's only his clothes," say the secret service men. The chairman, by the way, is allowed to wear a bowler, presumably as his badge of office, so what more likely than that the lining should be stuffed with blueprints, memoranda, photographs, and so on?

Dr. Rhubarb's corner

F. L. writes: My fiancée is so nervous—of my father that whenever he comes to our house he makes faces at him; involuntarily, of course. Dad makes faces back, and Mum howls with laughter. All this makes my fiancée worse. What can we do?

Dr. Rhubarb says: If your mother and you were to join in the dancing your father might think it was all a joke, and thus be put at his ease.

In passing, rather quickly

ANGRY motorists, who complain that a really high speed is impossible on our roads, may have taken comfort from an article I have just read. It describes how a driver kept his speedometer "steady at 100 miles an hour" on a country road, with "utter confidence." The confidence of anybody who got in his way may have been a little shaken, but that would be the careless fellow's own fault for obstructing traffic.

HAS a decent, law-abiding citizen any redress when he is called, in print, a unit of overspill personnel in a satellite dormitory zone?

★ TARGET

P	E	I
L	P	A
E	N	P

How many of four letters or more can you make from the letters in the square on the left? In each word the letter in the center square must be used once only. Solution on Monday.

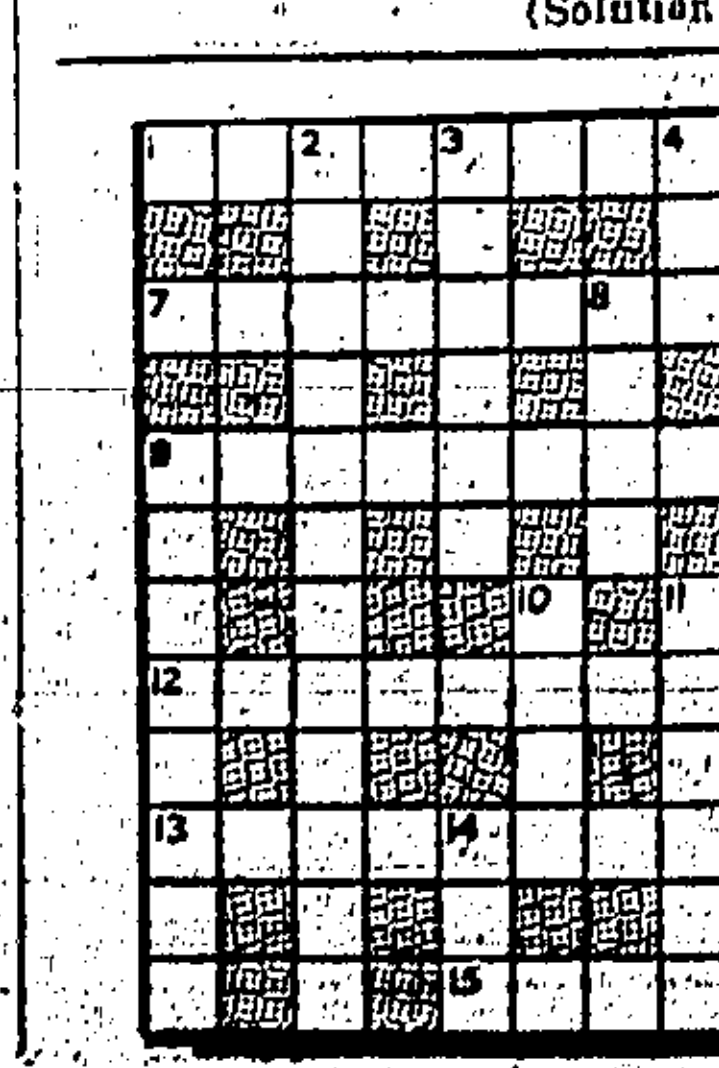
DARTWORDS

READY for your first word with Dartwords? The first word is CUBIC, and the last is CURVE. Puzzle it to get from the first word to the last by putting the other 48 words in their proper places. It is a test of the relationship between any word and the one next to it. A list of 48 words, good, 22 words, very good, 22 words, excellent.

SOLUTION

1. The word may be in an anagram of the word that precedes it.
2. It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it.
3. It may be found by adding one letter to, or subtracting one letter from, or changing one letter in the preceding word.
4. It may be associated with the preceding word in a little or in the action of a book, play, or other composition.
5. It may form with the preceding word a name of a well-known person, place or thing in fact or fiction.

(Solution on Page 20)



• The only modern articles in the courtyard were my car and my clothes. There were no gates. And when I left after my weekend with the friars nobody gave me a bill.

I WAS A FRIAR FOR A WEEKEND

By WALTER SCHWARZ

I PACKED my bag the other day—and went away to a Carmelite priory. Not because I wanted to become a friar: it was just curiosity.

Of course, I rang them up first. The voice was reassuring. Yes, they took week-end visitors. No, there was no need to bring blankets. Supper at seven. From London I drove 30 miles to Aylesford, in Kent, and asked the way to The Friars. It had no gates, so I just drove in.

No one was about. Only modern objects in the 13th-century courtyard were my car and my clothes. I was apprehensive.

Suddenly, from behind a cloister, a girl appeared. "Good afternoon," she said. "I'm the Guest Mistress." She smiled. "I'll show you to your room. It's number 13—hope you don't mind." She wore a neat, 20th-century dress.

In my room was central heating, with running water. In the corridor were oak beams that had petrified with the centuries.

★ ★ ★

PAULINE proved an efficient Guest Mistress. By the time I had seen my first friar she had already shown me round Cloisters, Chapter Hall, Pilgrim's Hall, Refectory, Repository and Rosary Way.

I met my first friar in a corner of the Great Court. Shy, quiet-spoken, in the brown habit of the Carmelites, Father Clement shook my hand. Immediately, he began telling me the story of the Baron of Aylesford who went away on a Crusade.

It was back in the 1230s. On Mount Carmel, in the Holy Land, this pious baron found a group of hermits, brought them back to his place at Aylesford, and set them up as a Mendicant Order. They took vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience.

Just three centuries later Henry VIII burned them out, and exactly four centuries after that all the Carmelites of the world clubbed together, bought back the Aylesford ruins for £25,000 and moved in again. That was 1949.

"Since that day," said Father Clement proudly, "we have spent £150,000 restoring the ruins. Now comes the church, that will cost another £200,000. And after that, the workshops..."

Timidly, I interrupted the friar. How do the Mendicants, sworn to poverty, acquire a quarter of a million income? "We have no income—not a penny," he said categorically. "You see, it is a miracle." However, he was ready with details.

"It happens like this. We have many friends. We send them a newsletter (circulation

20,000). We have appeals. And nearly 50,000 pilgrims come to Aylesford in a year.

"In all, last year's takings were £28,000. Expenditure: £37,000. The balance?—Overdraft!"

★ ★ ★

RESPECTFULLY I complimented Father Clement on the ease with which he quoted figures. He blushed. "It's nothing, really. You see, I'm the Precursor. High finance is, as you might say, my hobby."

Supper time. We ate in silence, before a log fire, while the Prior of the Third Order read to us from a book. Fish with potatoes were on the menu. But later, during the bread and cheese, we talked.

Fellow week-enders on my right was a professor of philosophy. He comes every week to look after the bees ("this awful winter has killed most of them off") and to argue philosophy with the Prior ("the man's an inveterate Thomist").

★ ★ ★

OPPOSITE me were two girl typists from London. They came for peace and quiet. Also, at table were the Third Order people, or secular Carmelites, in plain clothes. (First Order are the real friars; they ate elsewhere. Second Order are the nuns; there are none in England.)

When he had finished reading, the Prior of the Third Order, who wore sports coat and flannels, sat down beside me and explained. "We have not taken the full vows; we just help as best we can. Pauline, the Guest Mistress, is one of us; she used to be a civil servant. I was an Intelligence officer in the Indian Army."

Now, at 62, he lives at The Friars on his pension and savings. "I watch all the young people who come here and try to enrol the likely ones. Already I have 400 up and down the country. They help according to their means; I help them with their spiritual problems, by correspondence."

★ ★ ★

TEN P.M.: Lights Out and enforced silence, 8.30 a.m.; Rising Bell. I awoke with sense of apprehension. For the day held in store my Talk in Context with Father Prior.

His name is Father Malachy Lynch. Everyone at The Friars has the Talk.

Mine began with the weather. Seconds later we were discussing Aristotle, St. Thomas Aquinas, Graham, and Graham Greene. Effortlessly, the gentle, white-haired Irishman had me floored on each topic in turn. It lasted for three hours.

Afterwards he explained. "That is my job—talking to people. I keep open house, and help each guest according to his need. In return, many of them help me."

Some, I learned, leave five shillings before they go. Others pay to wash dishes, or paint frescoes. Some go away without leaving anything—then send a cheque for a thousand pounds!

But why do Father Malachy and his 25 friars need so vast and expensive a home? He sighed: "Where else can you cope effectively with 50,000 pilgrims a year?"

After my Talk we lunched at High Table in the Refectory. An 18-year-old Brother came and served cold meat; the other Brothers talked in a low murmur as they ate.

"They don't take the vows until they're 21," explained Father Prior, about the younger ones. Do they ever need to be disciplined? "Never—they're too busy working to get into mischief!"

Before leaving The Friars I approached Pauline to settle the bill. "There is no bill," she said. Pressed for a figure, she conceded: "We recommend 15s. for a full day."

1, for one, left a little more than 15s.

In which of these major European markets are you selling?

AMSTERDAM BRUSSELS FRANKFURT BERLIN
COLOGNE DUSSELDORF HAMBURG MUNICH
STUTTGART VIENNA ZURICH
ZURICH ROME PARIS NICE BARCELONA
MADRID LISBON OSLO STOCKHOLM
HELSINKI COPENHAGEN



One-carrier CLIPPER CARGO SERVICE GETS GOODS THERE FASTER

...assures dependable handling

• Pan American expedites your cargo through customs fast. Keeps it moving to market with no loss of time. Your shipments get personalized service all the way by this one-carrier service.
• Fast, frequent schedules insure speedy delivery.
• Pan American flies more international cargo than any other airline. Discover the benefits one-carrier Clipper Cargo service can offer you. For details and schedules—

CALL YOUR CARGO AGENT

or Pan American
Alexander House, Phone 37031 (Cargo Section)
Peninsula Hotel, Phone 57572

*These are Pan American World Airways, Inc.

World's Most Experienced Airline



5

FLIGHTS WEEKLY

to MANILA

PAL PHILIPPINE AIR LINES

QANTAS announces REDUCED FARES to Australia & New Zealand

Qantas now introduce a new tourist service to Australia — Fares are reduced — but the same high standards of service still remain. From the moment you step into the comfortable Skyliner, until you land in Sydney, less than two days later, it's service with a smile. For convenience, and for economy, fly direct to Sydney by Qantas. Now only \$1,760.

QANTAS

JARDINE'S AIRWAYS DEPT.

14-16 Polder Street, Hong Kong, Telephone 27754
1 Peninsula Arcade, Kowloon, Telephone 59151

STREAMLINE FILTERS LTD.
FILTERS FOR OIL PURIFICATION
ENGINEERING EQUIPMENT CO. LTD.
H.K. & Shanghai Bank Bldg. Tel. 27789

CHINA MAIL

Established 1843

Page 20

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1955.

SHEAFFER'S
Skrip

JOHN CLARKE'S CASEBOOK

The Lost 11 Years

HUNGER showed in the hollowed cheeks of his weathered young face, and showed in his eyes, that searched with a kind of wild, unrelenting despair over the counters that were piled with food.

His name was Henry, and he stood, lean and haggard, and watched those who queued along the cafeteria rail of the railway buffet.

Slowly the queue moved along. Henry took his place at its tail.

TWO-COURSE MEAL

"GIVE me some soup," he said, when his turn came.

A girl scooped out a bowl of tangerine-colored liquid, which Henry took. He passed on, took a sausage, reached the cashier.

"Soup 6d., sausage 8d., that will be 1s. 2d." The cashier turned to her till.

Henry did not wait to pay. He bolted to an empty table, and began to gulp down the soup. It was only lukewarm, and he managed to drink most of it before the affronted authorities could stop him.

By the time a policeman arrived Henry had eaten most of the sausage, too.

QUALIFIED ENGINEER

THEN he stretched expansively, as a man might after enjoying a rare feast, and said: "You can't prove I didn't pay."

But at Bow Street, next morning, he pleaded guilty to stealing food valued at 1s. 2d., and sat with closed eyes in his dock, while the story of his crime was told to Mr. E. G. Robey.

"There are no previous convictions," said the officer in charge of the case. "This man is a qualified marine engineer, and served his apprenticeship in the north from 1935 to 1940."

"From 1940 until 1944 he was at sea with the Merchant Navy. On each ship he served in the engine room, and was given a very good character."

IN BAD SHAPE

"HE was sunk three times in the war, and since 1944, he seems to have allowed himself to go right down. He says that he just wanders the country now, doing casual work when he can."

"He looks to be in bad shape now," said the magistrate, and asked Henry what he had to say.

"Nothing, thank you," Henry answered. "The magistrate remanded him, so that the doctors might check him over."

When he came back to the dock, Henry looked a different man entirely. His cheeks had begun to fill out, his eyes were red, and the detective went back into the witness-box.

NO INTERVAL

"THE sojourn in Brixton does seem to have done him a lot of good," said the detective. "I think hunger was the cause of what he did."

The magistrate nodded and consulted again the doctors' report. According to this, though, the trouble is he doesn't want to be cured of his alcoholism."

A probation officer stepped forward. "There is a job he could go to in a few days' time," he said.

"Very well," said the magistrate to Henry. "I'm going to remand you in custody again for those few days. I don't want there to be any interval between your leaving here and starting a job. Do you understand?"

"I understand," Henry said, and grinned. "I understand perfectly."

They led him away, and he went with a swagger, sensing perhaps that this might be the beginning of the end of his 11 years since he last went to sea, and was last sunk, and tried to drown the horror of it all by drinking his memories away.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

STREETCAR, Dredge, Exclamation, Boat, Bend, End, Bitter, Blot, Tiber, Room, Tame, Tom, Thumb, Nail, Tooth, Fang, Gang, Press, Stop, Snoot, Stool, Pigeon, Hole, Home, Homer, Note, Hole, Shop, Soot, Tilled, Tailed, Detail, Retail, Retain, Keep, Seed, Seed, Lever, Clever, Dick, Duck, Bob, Cob, Corn, Horn, Cape, Capet, CURVEY.

HOME RULE FOR TUNISIA

Accord Reached With The French AGREEMENT SIGNED

Paris, June 3. France and Tunisia today formally signed an agreement for broad Tunisian home rule, which had been initiated at the close of negotiations last Sunday.

The Tunisian Premier, Tahar Ben Ammar, and the French Premier, M. Edgar Faure, signed on behalf of their countries. The lengthy accords grant wide internal autonomy to the North African protectorate.

FRENCH TENNIS

British Pair In Paris Finals

Paris, June 3. The highlight of the first women's doubles semi-finals was the brilliant play of the young American girl, Doris Hart, whose volleys drew gasps of enthusiasm from the spectators.

She was well supported by her partner, Mrs. Beverley Fleitz, together the American pair got the better of the British girls, Angelina Buxton and Angela Mortimer after a tough struggle in the third set.

In the other semi-finals, the British team, Shirley Bloomer and Pat Ward won from the Australian pair Miss Mary Carter and Miss Beryl Penrose by 6-2, 4-6 and 7-5.

Miss Bloomer and Miss Ward will meet Doris Hart and Beverley Fleitz in the finals on Sunday.

Vic Saixas and Tony Trabert won their way into the finals of the men's doubles by beating Art Larsen and Morsa 6-1, 6-3 and 6-2. They will meet the Italians Nicola Pietrangeli and Orlando Sirola, on Sunday.

France-Press.

French Indignant

Paris, June 3. French sources tonight commented indignantly on "certain petitions" sent to the United Nations Trusteeship Council after disturbances in the French Trust Territory of the Cameroons.

They said that these petitions were "outrageously exaggerated and based on 'pure fantasy'."

The French sources, which gave these "off the cuff" comments stressed that they were not in any way anticipating the official reply of the French Government to these petitions.

Petitions have been received by the United Nations Trusteeship Council from the pro-independence party known as "the Union of the Peoples of the Cameroons."

Other petitions from Cameroonian organisations have been received, condemning "acts of violence and crimes" by the UPC.—France-Press.

Cotton Deal

Karachi, June 3. The Swiss Charge d'Affaires here today signed an agreement providing for the delivery of cotton goods to Pakistan to the value of one million dollars, the counter value of which will be paid in American raw cotton.

This triangular agreement comes within the framework of American aid to Pakistan.

Total deliveries which will thus be made to Pakistan by the different producing countries at present total 22,000,000 dollars.—France-Press.

AUSSIES WIN

Antigua, June 3. The Australian cricketers beat the Leeward Islands by an innings and 219 runs here today.

Leeward Islands, who followed on 400 runs behind the Australian total of 499, were all out in their second innings for 181.—Reuter.

Davis Cup Preview At Manchester

Manchester, June 3. In the semi-finals of the Northern Lawn Tennis Tournament at Manchester today, the match between Roger Becker and Krishnan of India was a possible preview of one of next week's Davis Cup matches.

Becker began confidently and went into a 3-2 lead in the first set. Games went with service to the 9th when Krishnan broke through and won the set at 6-4.

Becker's plan to rush Krishnan near the net was failing badly and the Indian went into a 3-2 lead in the second set. Services were held until the 12th game when Becker, helped by two fierce forehand drives broke through to win the set at 7-5.

The agreements give extensive local powers to Tunisian officials, while defence, security and diplomatic affairs will continue to be handled by France for the present.

DRAMATIC MOMENTS

After the signing ceremony, Tahar Ben Ammar said there had been "dramatic moments" during the nine-month negotiations.

They took place "freely on a basis of law, justice and idealism," he said, they were always "cordial and sincere," he added and the French found an admirable way of combining "French idealism with the interests of their country."

M. Pierre July, the French Minister for Tunisian and Moroccan Affairs, said that the conventions gave Tunisia "the internal autonomy which had several times been promised to it and tended to give 'new scope and effectiveness to the Franco-Tunisian community'."

He pointed out that the "ratification letters" would now have to be submitted to the Bey of Tunis for the affixing of his seal and that the French Parliament would have to voice a bill, authorising the President of the Republic, M. Rene Coty, to sign the ratification instrument.

M. July continued: "The two countries have established a customs and monetary union and practically an economic union."

"France retains responsibility for the defence and security of Tunisia, as well as its foreign relations."

He concluded: "A page of history has just been turned, but conventions, far from threatening the common destiny of the two countries should, in my view, strengthen it on the basis of Franco-Tunisian co-operation, born of 73 years of life together."—France-Press.

Atomic Agreement

Washington, June 3. The United States and Israel today initiated a bilateral agreement on the peaceful use of atomic energy. The United States will provide Israel with the technical knowledge to construct a research reactor and will also supply her with 13.2 pounds weight of uranium 235 enriched to a maximum percentage of 20 per cent.

The agreement falls within the Eisenhower administration's programme of "atoms for peace." During the past 30 days, similar agreements have been signed between the United States and Turkey, Brazil, Colombia and the Lebanon.—France-Press.

MEMORIAL WAS NOT A TOMB

Berlin, June 3. East German workmen today finished removing the pedestal of a Soviet tank memorial in West Berlin and said that, contrary to a previous Soviet statement, no Soviet soldiers were buried beneath it.

When the American authorities first suggested that the tank, said to be the first to have entered Berlin 10 years ago, should be removed—it had been defaced by Berliners—the Soviet authorities replied that it was more than a monument because 10 Russians were buried under the pedestal.

SOVIET PERMISSION American engineers removed the tank—with Soviet permission—a month ago, after more than a year of discussion between the two authorities.

The Russians, insisting on removing the pedestal themselves, arrived a month ago, but refused to allow pressmen to watch them.

After a scene with American officers, who refused to turn the reporters away, the Russians withdrew and were replaced by East German workmen. They

found the concrete base hard going, breaking several pneumatic drills and having to use six charges of explosive before finally rolling down their sleeves today.—Reuter.

Manchester Cup Probables

London, June 4. Twelve probable starters with jockeys for the Manchester Cup to be run over one and a half miles at Manchester today (Saturday) are:

Chatsworth, F. Barlow; Guide, W. Nevett; Brilliant Green, J. Forde; Tintinnabulum, J. Lindley; Lapworth, W. H. Carr; Slary Lyon, W. Marland; Dingo, D. Smith; Purple Martin, E. Britt; Greytown, D. Ryan; Merry Minstrel, E. Hider; Torbango, C. Gaston; Autumn Gold, A. Carson.—China Mail Special.

Cold War Breaks Out During Labour Conference

Geneva, June 3. The "cold war" between Communist and non-Communist employer delegates flared up again today in the plenary session of the 38th International Labour Conference here.

Employer delegates from white Russia and the Ukraine said they had lodged protests with the Selection (steering) Committee against the "illegal and discriminatory" action of the "free employers" who yesterday voted overwhelmingly to exclude the Communists from membership of all the technical committees of the conference.

The dispute is a repetition of the tangle that arose last year when the "free" employers' delegates refused to recognise the Communist employers' delegates saying they only added to the Communist government delegation.

Until the issue is settled, the various committees cannot function properly. Last year the conference finally awarded them seats on the committees as non-voting deputy members.

Referring to yesterday's vote against the Communist delegates, M. Pierre Waline (France), president of the employers' group, said "this was a perfectly democratic procedure, but perhaps we have varying conceptions of democracy."

Mr A. A. Arutunian, government delegate of the Soviet Union, retorted "we protest most categorically against this democracy which does not respect the rights of all"—Reuter.

Ceylon Worried Over Tea

Colombo, June 3. The Ceylonese Cabinet has again considered the question of the Ceylon tea export duty reduction which is still being urged, owing to the continued slump on the tea market.

The Ministers have decided to revise the recently introduced tea export subsidy in order to ensure that smallholders get twenty cents per pound of green tea sold to factories.

Subsidies will be paid directly to the smallholders though there will be no reduction of the duty of one rupee per pound. Smallholders claim they have been the worst hit by the fall in tea prices.—France-Press.

REPLY TO CORRESPONDENT

J. Keating—We are not aware of any restrictions, but suggest you could probably get all the information and advice you require from the Boy Scouts' Headquarters, Cox's Road, Kowloon.—Ed. China Mail.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS

CROSSWORD:
ACROSS: LAG, LAD, EROS, PARE, KASH, REIN, PS, ONE, AT, BE, EWE, AS, EVER, NICE, TING, DARN, ALE, NET.
DOWN: CAROL, ARTIE, RENTE, OTHER, LEGS.

TRIANGLE:
AD, END, EDER, EILE, ANELES, ADDRESS.

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES

W. CHAN: GILL, pork, pile, pine, PINT.
WORD SQUARE:
CAROL, ARTIE, RENTE, OTHER, LEGS.

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES

m.v. "CHANGSHA" arrd. 4th June, 1955. Damaged cargo ex this vessel will be surveyed by Messrs. Paulsen & Bayes-Davy at Holt's Wharf from 10 a.m. on June 7 and 8, 1955, and consignees are requested to have their representatives present, during the survey.

BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE Agents. Hong Kong, June 4, 1955.

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES

m.v. "CHANGSHA" arrd. 4th June, 1955. Damaged cargo ex this vessel will be surveyed by Messrs. Paulsen & Bayes-Davy at Holt's Wharf from 10 a.m. on June 7 and 8, 1955, and consignees are requested to have their representatives present, during the survey.

BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE, Agents. Australian-oriental Line Ltd. The China Navigation Co. Ltd.



EXECUTORS and TRUSTEES for the COLONY and the FAR EAST

HONGKONG & SHANGHAI BANK HONGKONG (TRUSTEE) LIMITED
The Trustee Company of The Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation Hong Kong

NOTICE

HONG KONG SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

The Office of the Society is situated at Beaconsfield Arcade, Queen's Road Central, Hong Kong.

Members and the Public can contact an Official of the Society by dialling 37870 by day and 37594 by night.

Subscription and Donation should be sent to:—

A. G. GARDNER, Esq., Hong Kong Electric Co., Ltd., P. & O. Building, Hong Kong.

HONGKONG COUNCIL OF SOCIAL SERVICE

To co-ordinate the activities of voluntary welfare organisations, and to promote the knowledge and practice of social welfare work.

Information will be gladly supplied by the Secretary. Office: 403, China Building. Tel. 21706.

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES

"CLYTONES" Damaged cargo ex this vessel will be surveyed by Messrs. Paulsen & Bayes-Davy at Holt's Wharf from 10 a.m. on June 7 and 8, 1955, and consignees are requested to have their representatives present, during the survey.

BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE Agents. Hong Kong, June 4, 1955.

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES

m.v. "CHANGSHA" arrd. 4th June, 1955. Damaged cargo ex this vessel will be surveyed by Messrs. Paulsen & Bayes-Davy at Holt's Wharf from 10 a.m. on June 7 and 8, 1955, and consignees are requested to have their representatives present, during the survey.

BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE, Agents. Australian-oriental Line Ltd. The China Navigation Co. Ltd.

CHINA MAIL

HONGKONG PUBLISHED DAILY (AFTERNOONS)

Price, 20 cents per copy, Saturdays 30 cents, Subscription: \$6.00 per month.

Postage: China and Macao \$3.00 per month, U.K. British Possessions and other countries \$7.00 per month.

News contributions, always welcome, should be addressed to the Editor, business communications and advertisements to the Secretary, Telephone: 2841 (5 Lines).

KOWLOON OFFICE: Salisbury Road, Telephone: 4233.

Classified Advertisements

20 WORDS \$4.00 for 1 DAY PREPAID

ADDITIONAL INSERTIONS \$2.00 PER DAY

10 cents PER WORD OVER 20 Births, Deaths, Marriages, Personal \$5.00 per insertion not exceeding 25 words, 25 cents each additional word.

ALTERNATE INSERTIONS 10% EXTRA

If not prepaid a booking fee of 50 cents is charged.

CARS FOR SALE

FOR SALE 1947 Standard 4 h.p. saloon, in excellent condition, running on petrol, \$2,000, Box 110, "China Mail."

PREMISES TO LET

FURNISHED FLAT, with telephone, kitchen, etc., at 7, Cantonment Road, \$300, no key money. Apply Tel. 20639, 20632.

WANTED KNOWN

DR. SCHOLL'S Foot Comfort Service. Footwear Clinic at 7, Cantonment Road, \$300, no key money. Apply Tel. 20639, 20632.

HOME & OFFICE STATIONERY. Folders, books, etc. Very wide selection is available at South China Morning Post, Limited, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

CHURCH NOTICE

ST. PETER'S CHURCH The Missions to Seamen, 41 Gloucester Road, Tel. 18421.

6.00 a.m. Holy Communion. 7.00 p.m. Evening Service. (Other services arranged at any time by request.)

STOPS NAIL BITING

New invisible paint effectively checks habitual nail biting.

If your child persists in the disgusting and insanitary habit of nail biting, you can now help him (or her) to stop it. Just paint on "Nubite," the new harmless liquid which usually stops the habit in 3 or 4 days. Contains no alcohol, no quassia, no oil of guaiacum, no quinine, 100% effective; washes off with soap and water. One bottle of "Nubite" is sufficient for the most persistent case. From all dispensaries and stores.